# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVII FEBRUARY, 1905 NO. 2

## THE LIGHTS AND THE STARS OF BROADWAY

By John Corbin

LIGHTS that extinguish the stars—the earth is full of them! In the play world of Broadway, the south pole of which is the Flatiron Building and the north pole, the tower of the *Times*, the electrical signboards assail the sight with a glare that blinds the soul, as the candle flame blinds the moth flitting crazily about it. What if the plays in the theatres are worse written and worse acted than in any other country! The cavernous maws beneath those blazing boards nightly suck in throngs of amusement seekers vaster than in any other of the world's thoroughfares. Overhead the gelid lights of heaven flash like diamonds. But the man in the trolley sees only the burst of terrestrial lustre enticing him to the Girl from Here or There; the sight of the lady in the cab is fixed by the emblazoned name of an actor of the kind called stars.

### I

THE fate of the drama lies in the souls of the men and women in the audience, as the fate of a jest lies in the ear that hears it. At first glance the Broadway public seems both varied and inclusive. This is the land of the common school and the commoner dollar. Nowhere is wealth so easily and so generally attained, and nowhere is love of amusement, and curiosity as to the world of men and women, so wide-spread and so keen. On the one side the theatres draw their audiences from the vast world of Fifth Avenue, open and splendid, the sinews of which receive their strength from the latest turn in Wall Street, and the spirit of which is of new elegance. But they depend perhaps even more on the world on the other side—the Tenderloin, dark and mysterious, yet open to everyone who pursues the will-o'-the-wisp of the flesh, and excluding no one who has money in his purse.

Varied and inclusive the Broadway public seems, but is there in reality so much difference between Fifth Avenue and the Tenderloin? In many places the two meet even if they do not mingle—in the great restaurants, at the races, and here in the shrines of dramatic art; and in all the object of pursuit is the same—some new sensation to quicken a pulse that is dulled in the pursuit of money and pleasure. Both are for the most part too newly learned to care for simple art, too jaded to wrestle in the theatre with the drama of ideas or of great tragic emotions. The gods of the parquet of to-day are the gods of the gallery of yesterday, and the heart and mind of the playgoer is much the same, whether shifting uneasily on the hard and elevated bench or reposing in the embrace of a padded orchestra chair. Fifth Avenue and the Tenderloin alike delight most in ragtime showgirls and the thrill of crude theatric sensations.

But what of the educated public, the product of established leisure, of university and foreign travel? Surely it is cultivated enough to love the sensuous side of dramatic art without stooping to sensuality, and robustly intelligent enough to find joy in grappling with the great problems of life and death! No doubt! But the tra-

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ditions of God-fearing Americans for centuries have been against the theatre, and even those who are above mere prejudice have not yet come to realize, as men educated in France and Germany realize, the importance of the acted drama to the mind, heart and manners of the normal citizen of the world. And if they did realize this the last place they would look for such culture is among the lights and stars of Broadway.

Much the same is true of the small world of function and fashion. The so-called Four Hundred, which is so conspicuously present at the opera, is vastly less devoted to the theatre. In actual numbers, to be sure, its patronage would not be an important item, for even at the most liberal estimate the Four Hundred does not exceed two thousand! And that is not enough to keep a play going a single week. But its importance is out of all proportion to its numbers. No metropolitan institution can reach its deepest and most permanent influence without it. Artists and men of letters also are conspicuously absent from the theatre, and this is perhaps a greater calamity. To any one familiar with first nights in London or on the Continent a first night in New York is very gray and uninspiring.

## II

THE dominant influence in Broadway is unknown, or at least unnamed, in any European country—her serene highness the Matinée Girl. What insures her her power is the possession of leisure. Mere man is too busy in the pursuit of wealth, too absorbed in the spending of it, to give over his mind and heart to any matter of the imagination. His little sister or some other fellow's little sister, his wife or his mother-in-law—for age cannot wither nor custom fade the heart of the matinée girl—does his reading for him, and tells him what plays he is permitted to take her to.

There seems no limit to the power of the matinée girl. She is even abolishing that old-time stronghold of the ever-masculine, the bald-headed row. According to ancient standards the musical comedy of the present hasn't a leg to stand on! Time was, and not so long ago, when man had his rights, even in the theatre, and one of his rights inalienable was that musical comedy should not be so silly as to be quite without understanding. Have the heads, innocent of thatching, become covered with shame? Alas, no! Is it that the matinée girl is a shepherdess of graceful proprieties? It may be questioned. The pink tights and powder-puff skirts of old evolved, through half skirts and three-quarter skirts, into flowing draperies à la Loie Fuller. If the goddess of the matinée girl had been propriety, surely these would have satisfied her. But her ruling passion is not so much modesty as modistery. What Amaryllis wants is real gowns, new gowns, rich gowns, fashionable gowns, gowns like those one wears, or wants to, and plenty of them! If she has money and is planning for the winter or the spring, here are ideas in abundance. If she hasn't, she can still feast her longing eyes and nourish her soul in a discontent that is sublime. But man—proud man!

In the more legitimate forms of the drama it is much the same. What a fellow would prefer (if he knew it, and usually he does not know it) is to see a play with varied life and humor in it, performed by a company of even excellence. What Amaryllis prefers is that narrower sort of play, built about a single central figure—one of the many actors or actresses to whom she has raised a shrine in her pantheistic spirit. For to her art is nothing if not personal. The lights of Broadway illumine near, bright, and very particulars stars. She pervades the theatre with the incense of feminine fire worship in which the real world is lost, or at best seen through an opalescent haze.

The pet aversion of Amaryllis is what she calls unpleasant plays. It is not that she dislikes to have her feelings harrowed. She will sop three handkerchiefs joyously, so long as she is sure that at the end of the piece the best of playsmiths will make all come out for the best in the best of worlds. But for the tragic spirit, which in a robust intelligence acts as the most potent of tonics—she has reduced her aversion to a formula. "I don't like unpleasant plays," she says, "they leave me with a bad taste in my mouth." In her limbs and outward flourishes she is, perhaps, not quite the ideal of pastoral fancy, being fat, fair, and forty, and altogether married. "There is enough unhappiness in the world without paying two dollars and going to the theatre to get more of it. What I like is pleasant plays that leave me with a pleasant taste in my mouth."

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Just why is it that Amaryllis finds a bad taste in unhappy endings? She herself has lost a daughter, and wants nothing more than to forget; her own gentle heart lies in the catacombs of the dead, and she shrinks before the summons that takes her to visit it there. Amaryllis has met life, which to all of us sooner or later means meeting death, and she has been conquered by it. Need it have been so? In her youth when, as a slender shepherdess, she met her first sorrow, it was perhaps in her power to say, "I will stand against it, face to face; I will grapple with it. I may not overcome it, but it shall not master me!" There is joy in such a fight, and if she had made it she might have strengthened the wings of her spirit so that she would have been able to meet sorrow after sorrow, and absorbed them in the magnitude of her soul. In the end she would have ceased to be a shepherdess and become a woman. No one would now think of calling her Amaryllis. And when she went to the theatre and lived for a moment in the lives of other unhappy people, the memory of her own loves and sorrows, which they recalled, would not be the memory of weakness and defeat, the opening of the unhealed, festering wound of loss. It would be the joy of fighting again an old, dear fight, of expanding in imagination to the great, sad altitudes of love. Is it not a poor sort of happiness she finds in the theatre? When your body is quivering with pain, is it wisest to get the habit of opiates? When joy has gone to death and the devil, is it good to give out your artistic soul only to the lives of young persons who love madly, win each other, and live happily ever after?

Mark Twain once said something on this point—the greatest humorist of his age, the man whose gayety has for years rocked the continent with laughter. His text was the column of theatrical advertisements in a New York newspaper. "From the look of this lightsome feast," he said to the American public, "I conclude that . . . you are neglecting a valuable side of your life; presently it will be atrophied. You are eating too much mental sugar; you will bring on Bright's disease of the intellect. You need a tonic. You need it very much. . . . It is right and wholesome to have these light comedies and entertaining shows; and I shouldn't wish to see them diminished. But none of us is always in the comedy spirit. We have our grave moods; they come to us all; the lightest of us cannot escape them. These moods have their appetites—healthy and legitimate appetites—and there ought to be some way of satisfying them. . . . America devotes more time, labor, money, and attention to distributing literary and musical culture among the general public than does any other nation, perhaps; yet here you find her neglecting what is possibly the most effective of the breeders and nurses and disseminators of high literary taste and lofty emotion—the tragic stage."

## III

For this American public, enlightened, progressive, and curious, busy and bad, who are ruled by the matinée girl, whence comes the play? From the whole civilized world, even from America! In any country the drama is an art altogether cosmopolitan. In Vienna, Berlin, Paris, and London you will find the popular successes from all modern languages. But it is only on Broadway that the foreign play is the rule, and the native play something of an exception. To use the politest phrase, our public is the most cosmopolitan in the world. Farces from Paris, comedies from Germany, Drury Lane pantomimes and melodramas, musical shows from the Strand, and comedies from the Haymarket—there are moods in which we take kindly to them all. But the politest phrase is not always quite true. Are the plays we welcome from abroad the best plays? Never!—unless, in addition to their quality they have also the charm, as some of the best plays have, of appealing at once to the jaded, the newly elegant, and the matinée girl. The world of the imported play is that of the electric signboard and the emblazoned star. There is little place in it for the Promethean fire.

Even in the externals of scenery and stage management, Broadway productions are inferior to those of the same pieces abroad. As one sees play after play distorted, mangled, even murdered, all Broadway seems a vast ambush for the doing to death of the drama. It is not a case for the critic. Matters could only be righted by placing patrol boxes all up and down the

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way at which, on the vote of the grieving judicious, it would be possible to ring up an æsthetic police to inflict the penalty for murder. And the acting? It is a very personal matter over which one willingly glides with the softest tread. It must be said, however, that as a whole it is a peg below English acting, and far below the standards of the French and German theatres. In plain terms, our cosmopolitanism is only a grandiose provincialism. To modify a phrase of Mr. Pinero's, Broadway is the suburb of the universe.

The blame of this has generally been laid upon the syndicate of managers who own the majority of playhouses throughout the country, and who have superseded the old stock company system with a system of touring companies, which, with their control of the "booking" on all desirable routes, has made them virtual dictators. They are neither artists nor men of letters, and it has often been asserted that they are wilful enemies of dramatic art in general and the native playwright in particular. In the much lauded days of the stock companies of Wallack, Palmer, and Daly, the acting was perhaps better than our best, though this may be reasonably questioned; but the productions were comparatively crude. As for the native playwright, then, as now, the vast majority of plays came from abroad; and what American piece of note did the old stock companies ever father? In plain truth, it is only since the sway of the syndicate was established that passable American plays have been produced in any considerable proportion—*post hoc*, and perhaps *propter hoc*.

The barrier in the way of a more abundant native drama is not so much the American trust managers as the American trust system, which has put our drama on a different footing from that of any other country. The crux of the situation is the long run. In all countries of late years there has been a vast elaboration of the externals of the drama—gorgeousness in scenery, costumes, and the decoration of the auditorium—so that it is necessary that every venture bring in larger returns than ever before. On the Continent the evil is least felt because of the subventioned theatres in vogue there, the essential principle of which is a frequent change of bill. In London the evil of the long run, though serious, is limited by the fact that the metropolis is everything and the provinces nothing, or next to nothing. In America, in order to be a real success financially, a play must not only have a long run on Broadway, but be capable of drawing equally miscellaneous audiences in every city from Boston to San Francisco, from Minneapolis to New Orleans. Let us give the devil his due. This necessity of a universal appeal is potentially a source of great strength. That the drama is the greatest of the arts is no less certain than that it is, or should be, the most popular. In this national organization of the theatrical business lies a part of our hope that we may in some near day have a national drama. But this need of vast popularity raises to an all but impossible height the hoop through which the native playwright must leap to make his entrance in the dramatic arena. The process of gradual growth from good things to better is all but impossible. He must be born full armed, like Athene. Particularly hard is the fact that he has against him the most popular plays of the best playwrights of all the world. It is only natural that the managers, being men of business, should be more easily tempted to venture with plays that come with foreign fame, and a record of great success, than with new pieces the fortunes of which have yet to be tried. The successes of Sardou and Rostand, Pinero, Jones, and Barrie have often little vital human interest for us; but they find a ready market, while the play by an aspiring American, though it is struck live out of the heart of our people, is put by. In America, as elsewhere, it takes a man of talent to write a play; but it is only in America that to get it produced takes a man of genius.

Even when a playwright has arrived, he is beset with much the same difficulty. The need of appealing alike to the Tenderloin and Fifth Avenue, to Albany and Sacramento, and of everywhere winning the matinée girl, all but precludes experiment with new themes and original situations; and obviously, it is only by such experiment that the playwright is able to pluck out the heart of the mystery and the beauty of the life about him. The manager's code of æsthetics is made up of rules of thumb; what has been must be, and what has not been is a monster huge and horrible. A

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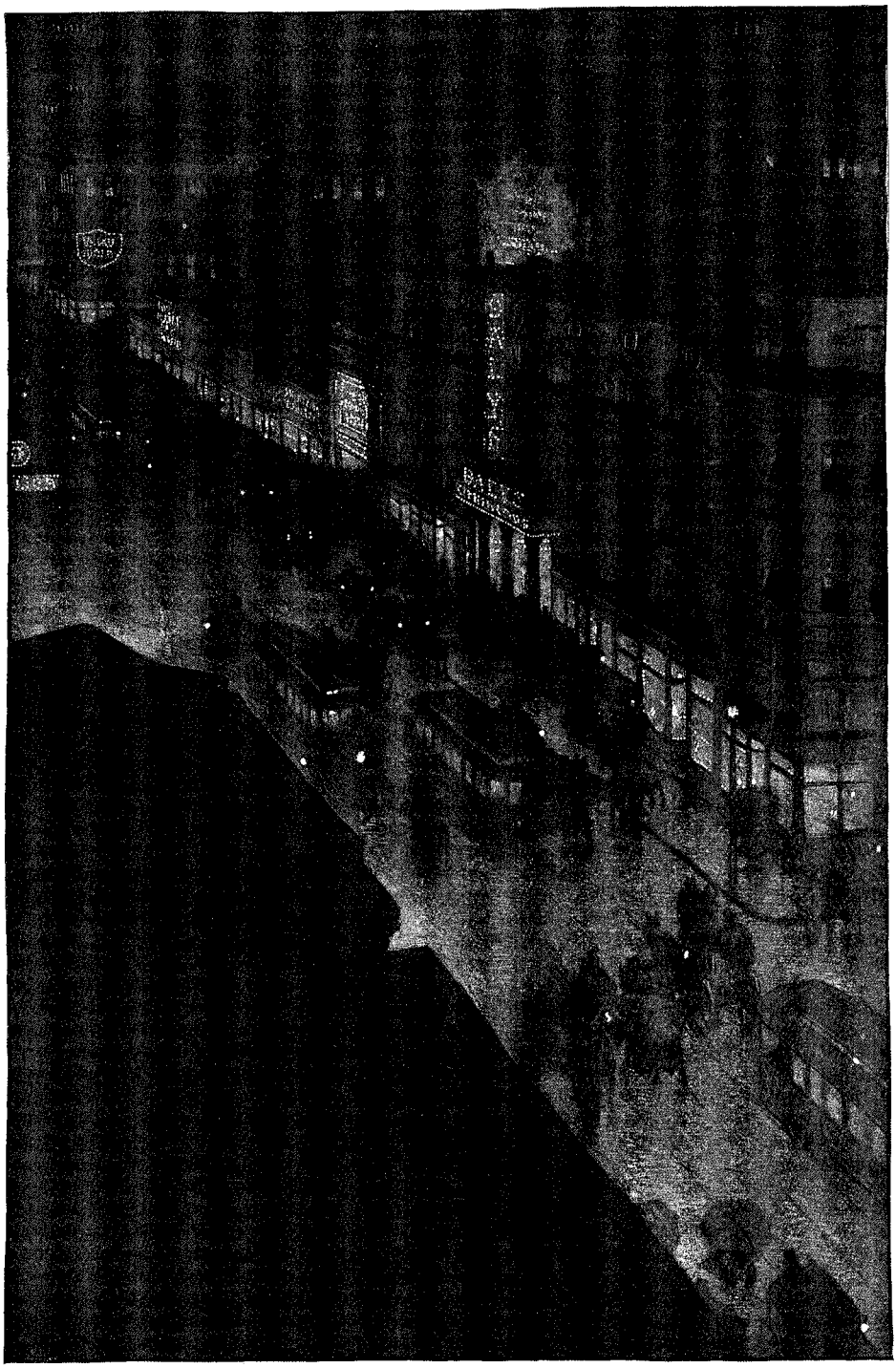


*Drawn by Jules Guerin.*

A Bit of Broadway.

The cavernous maws beneath those blazing boards nightly suck in throngs of amusement seekers.—Page 129.



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case occurred some years ago that has become a classic in the annals of Broadway. An American playwright peddled a piece up and down Broadway. The only reason he got for its refusal was that it began with a funeral and ended with a suicide. The million amused and moved by funerals and suicides? Unheard of! The play was Clyde Fitch's "The Climbers." As everyone remembers, the funeral was the occasion of the most deliciously mordant satire, and the suicide of a worthless husband the fit *dénouement* of a dignified and sincere love story. So much for the manager's assumption that it is dangerous for a theatrical novelty to be novel!

## IV

Of late years we have developed a little band of playwrights who have carried the native drama to a higher point than ever before, and who promise even greater things in no distant future. At first sight it would seem that the rule of thumb of the manager is not without justification. Witness the case of Mr. David Belasco! No one has kept so studiously to the highway of well-tried expedients. In three plays running, a lover in compromising circumstances is concealed in the bedstead—if we can reckon as such Yo San's *shoji* in "The Darling of the Gods," and she had no other! No device of that master-trickster Sardou is too famous to serve a turn; the torture scene in "La Tosca" is taken entire and without disguise. In his whimsical "Recollections of Father Time," Mr. John Kendrick Bangs represents Mr. Belasco in his cradle, and his nurse reading him Hamlet. "There is material in that for a good play!" exclaims the infant playwright. Mr. Belasco has always worked with a collaborator who, it is said, has supplied him with his material rough hewn. Amid all the shiftings of theatrical taste, and amid hosts of failures from his fellows, every play to which he has put his name has triumphed. In the world of Broadway, the only criterion of which is success, his is a name to conjure with.

What is his secret? One can only guess. Two elements have appeared in all his plays—a story appealing to crude, sensational emotions, and a production in which the acting and the scenery are of the most superficially perfect. In "The Heart of Maryland," "Zaza," "Du Barry," and "The Darling of the Gods," there have been horrors heaped upon horrors—a heroine swinging upon the huge iron clapper of a bell; a heroine who to save her lover beats him upon a fresh wound till he faints from pain; a heroine who is forced to the surrender of her virtue while hearing the cries of her lover, being done to death by barbaric torture. What mind so crude, what heart so deadened, what nerves so copper-plated as not to vibrate to this sort of thing with the thrill of æsthetic pleasure! It is not hard to understand why one side of Broadway has flocked to the standard of Mr. Belasco.

His appeal to the new taste for elegance has been quite as consistent and even more successful, for in the selection and drilling of actors and the creation of beautiful scenic effects, Mr. Belasco has vast original genius. Where have there ever been more splendid harmonies of color, deeper and more aerial landscapes than he has lately given us? The Broadway public quite willingly closes its eyes to the staleness and crudity of the play when the scenery is so much the thing. Not only the sensually jaded and the newly elegant, but the *matinée* girl, as well, dotes on it all.

It is beside the question to ask what new phase of life, what original character, what scene of comedy, what glance of satire, Mr. Belasco has given us—for he is nothing if not a melodramatist. But even melodrama is an art. And has he contributed to it anything vital? One thinks back on his plays in vain. There is a flourish of trumpets—and enter Tom Thumb; there is sound and fury—signifying nothing; there is poppy and mandragora and all the drowsy sirups of the East—that simmer down into a gumdrop, which we are nevertheless exhorted by prophets of Broadway to take as a priceless ruby topping the diadem of Our Lady of Dreams

To gain perspective on Mr. Belasco's limitations, it is only necessary to contrast his plays with those of Mr. William Gillette. These also, strictly speaking, are melodramas. "Held by the Enemy" and "Secret Service" are melodramas of the Civil War; "Sherlock Holmes" is an out-and-out detective story—fantastic, absurd; vivid, convincing. Like the melodramas

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*Drawn by C. Allan Gilbert.*

A Theatre Party.

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of Mr Belasco, they make use of many of the stock devices of the stage. But they have always the touch of authentic creation also. There is a climax of intense feeling; the mechanical fall of the curtain on the illumined scene would be, as always, inept. Mr. Gillette grades down his lights to darkness, or extinguishes them in the instant, so that the fall of the curtain is unseen—and behold the now famous "dark curtain," an obvious device which only a genius could divine. Again, a captive soldier is being taken from prison as dead. His captors suspect that he is only shamming dead. The audience hopes that he is. The captors examine the body carefully. The hand in full view of the spectators gives a convulsive flutter. There is a careful scrutiny, hope wrestling with fear. It transpires that that flutter was the last.

But with all Mr. Gillette's freshness of theatric invention his characters are always subordinate to the plotted action, and never, as in true drama, the informing principle. The one striking figure in all the plays is the personality of the actor-author himself —Mr. Gillette with his cigar, always in the centre of the action, always most quiet in danger, at once intrepid and magnificently nonchalant. The defect of Mr. Gillette's quality of originality and perfection in form is a lack of fecundity. His plays, always vastly successful, at least in late years, are few and far between.

The plays by which Mr. Augustus Thomas has until lately been best known are also, strictly speaking, melodramas—"Alabama," "Arizona," and the rest of what has been called his attempt to dramatize the map of the United States; but if his melodramas have less than Mr. Belasco's power of commanding success and less than Mr. Gillette's technical mastery, they have also shown a touch beyond either of his fellow-craftsmen. He has an eye for character, verile, vernacular, varied, full of the half-lights of humor, of the flank shots of satire, of the rich color of life. There are many moments in his melodramas in which the interplay of human nature and human destiny seemed to transcend the pattern of a well-laid plot—to verge upon pure drama. That Mr. Thomas had a genuine comedy vein, moreover, had long been apparent in such failures as "Oliver Goldsmith" and "The Meddler." One awaited with interest the time when he would make a success on the higher forms of the art. Then came "On the Quiet" and "The Earl of Pawtucket," frank farces which seemed a step backward, irresistibly funny though they were. His latest play, "The Other Girl," is a long step toward pure comedy. The character drawing, to be sure, is uneven. Wherever Mr. Thomas is dealing with cultivated manners his point of view is conventional and his hand heavy. But then there are a good half dozen characters in the play which are acutely studied individualities, racy and robust, and who, moreover, are contrasted and harmonized so as to combine into what is potentially at least a comedy of character and manners full of the cast of contemporary thought and the color of contemporary life. The prize fighter, Kid Garvey, with his manly simplicity, his childlike complexity, his acute sense of honor and unfathomable capacity for lying, is a masterpiece.

Mr. George Ade is the latest recruit to the band of our modern playwrights, and the one whose future is most uncertain. His beginnings were in musical comedy. "The Sultan of Sulu," though lacking in the touch which, for the lack of a better word, we call literary, was in its essence a masterpiece of satire. The constitution followed the flag to Sulu, and the cocktail followed the constitution. But as it happened, the constitution worked only Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, permitting polygamy on the off days, while the cocktail did a full week's labor, plus overtime, even to the dull gray dawn of the morning after. That is what is meant by benevolent assimilation! Gilbert's satire is crisper, more finished than Ade's; but in breadth of intellectual grasp on a political or social epoch and in sheer comic force he has never equalled this. But "The Sultan of Sulu" was some years ago. "Peggy from Paris" and "The Sho-Gun" have touches of true satire, and are mildly amusing; but in all respects they are a marked falling off.

Perhaps this is because Mr. Ade's chief interest nowadays is in plays without music. "The County Chairman" and "The College Widow" are not so much comedies or dramas as *genre* pictures of contemporary life in the Middle West, exploiting somewhat conventionally, perhaps, the currently

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*Drawn by J. H. Gardner-Soper.*

A Box at the Opera.

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accepted types of the illustrated comic papers, but yet freshly observed, true, and heartily amusing. They carry on the traditions of Harrigan and Hart, and Hoyt. In the multiplication of amusing details, however, the central comic and dramatic theme is swamped, and at times all but lost sight of. One laughs a great deal, but thinks and feels scarcely at all. Is it possible that Mr. Ade is more at home with the foibles of character and manners than with ideas of character and the motions of the human heart? "The Sultan of Sulu" was the greatest of all fables in slang; but it takes more than this to make a real comedy or a drama. Mr. Ade has, however, the greatest of all assets: youth and restless activity. Something he lately said in an interview for publication indicates that he would really like to write a comedy or a drama. If he wants to hard enough he will.

Mr. Clyde Fitch is such a bundle of contradictory inspirations and ineptitudes as almost to defy analysis. The author of more numerous popular plays than any of his fellows, he is the most fiercely condemned, for he is also the author of many failures, and his defects are as positive as his virtues. With equal force one might contend that among our playwrights he is the most purely a writer of comedy and the most prone to drop into melodrama, the most vigorously sincere and the most lightly artificial, the most exquisitely delicate and the crudely obvious, the most trivial, and—in spite of all—the most momentous.

The clue to all these contradictions? Popular diagnosis is brief and absolute. It is said that Mr. Fitch writes down to the mob-ridden world of Broadway. No charge could be more obviously unjust. Against the decree of manager after manager he stuck to the unhappy ending of "Nathan Hale" and the funeral of "The Climbers," until he finally induced an arch-comedian, Nat Goodwin, to undertake the tragic rôle, and Miss Amelia Bingham to take the leading part in the play satirizing contemporary manners—and succeeded in spite of all. A more plausible explanation of his unevenness is that he writes too much. His answer is that any man writes as he must. "If I go on averaging five plays a year for ten years," he once said, "I shall probably be written out or dead in a decade, but made as I am the result will be better than if I were to write one play a year for fifty years." Mr. Fitch belongs, in fact, to a distinctly recognizable type of temperament which is to be judged only by its inherent laws. Donizetti had it among the musicians. Of his genius his biographer, Mr. Henry F. Chorley, says that it is "an instance of freshness of fancy brought about by incessant manufacture; it learns, it grows while creating." Mr. Fitch's contributions to the advancement of our drama have been far greater than we often stop to realize. When barely of age he wrote "Beau Brummell," giving Mr. Richard Mansfield one of the most salient and effective characters of the American stage. In the era before Pinero's "Mrs. Tanqueray," when it was one of the conventions of the stage that a bad woman should be converted and sanctified in the last act, he made Broadway accept "A Modern Match," in which the heroine was shown at the end as such a woman characteristically becomes—only the more calloused and perverted for a life of evil. In an era in which the unhappy ending was thought fatal to success he made "Nathan Hale" and "Barbara Frietchie" popular even with the matinée girl. Cutting loose from the conventional villain, he made Sam Coast in "Her Own Way" a male creature of the most sordid baseness, yet with a depth of reality and passion in his complex nature—an absolutely American type —that made him positively sympathetic. Flying in the face of the managerial rule of thumb that the chief character of a play should command the entire approval of the audience, he wrote "The Girl with the Green Eyes," a study of feminine jealousy relentlessly real in its exposure of the shallowness and the sordidness of the passion, which relies for its popularity on the large veracity with which the portrait is drawn. With Mr. Thomas's delectable prize-fighter, Kid Garvey, Mr. Fitch's Sam Coast and his Jinny of the green eyes mark the highest point yet achieved in the American drama. In the modern English drama there are several figures that overtop them, such as Pinero's Paula Tanqueray, Jones's Michael, Barrie's Crichton, and Shaw's Candida; but the greater proportions of these are due not so much, perhaps, to inherent quality as to the fact that they are

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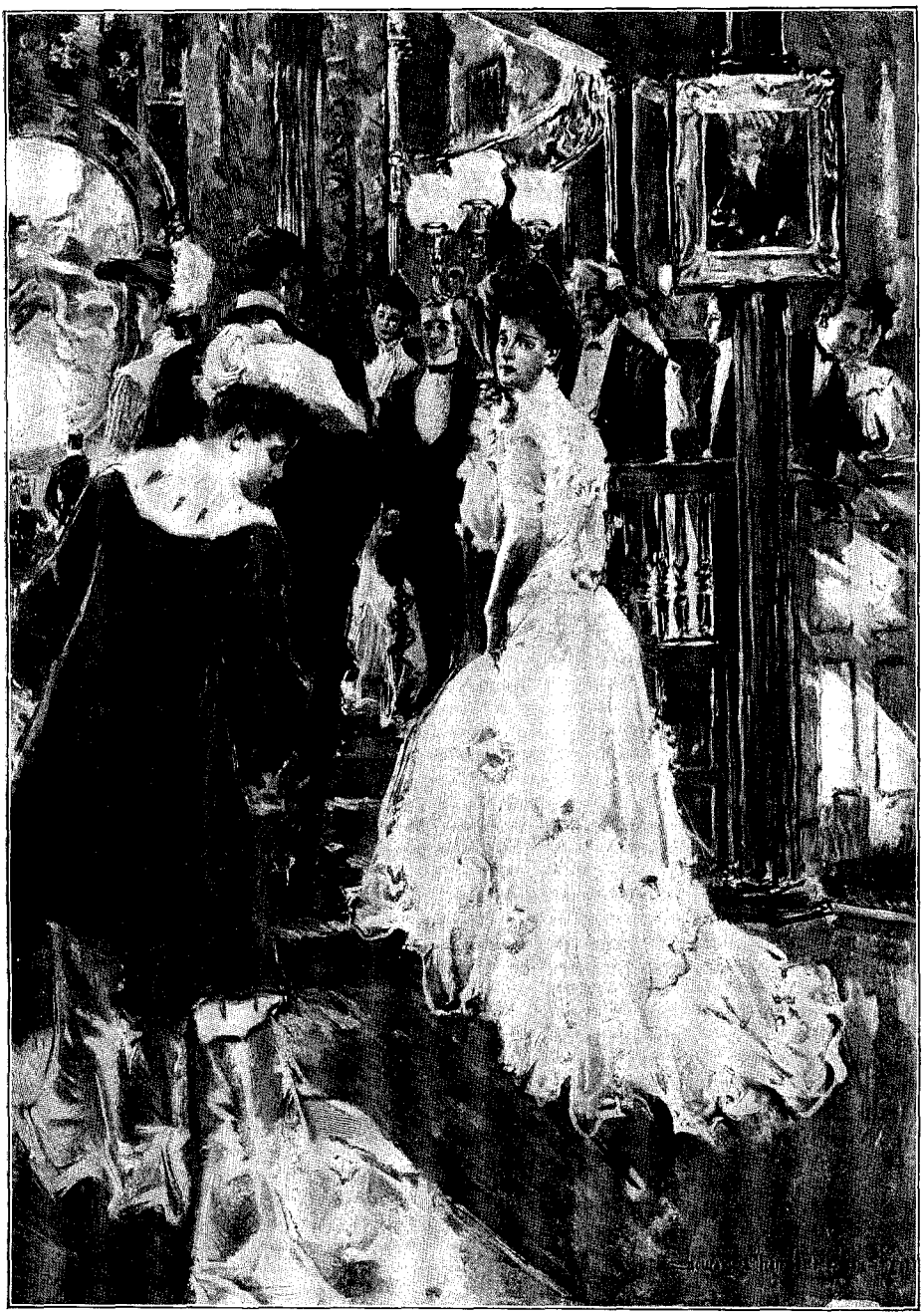

*Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.*

A Theatre Lobby.

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an integral part of well-motived and well-knit dramas.

The inferiority of American plays as plays is primarily technical, which means a weakness in constructive intellect. In "The Other Girl," in what is structurally the main situation, Mr. Thomas has resorted to a conventional and somewhat forced situation of self-sacrifice that smacks of melodrama and lets down the tension of the interest whenever it comes to the surface—which is, of course, at what should be the climaxes. With Mr. Fitch, even when he most nearly approaches purity of form, as in "The Girl with the Green Eyes" and "Her Own Way," easy expedients—factitious misunderstandings and theatrical accidents—often take the place of that logic which carries out the struggle of opposing impulses phase by phase to its inevitable conclusion. "The string drama" is what a happy satirist has dubbed this sort of play—the drama in which *genre* pictures and individual characters are strung together loosely, without interdependence and contrast, making a series, not a system.

Related to this failure in technique is a kindred and far more significant failure in the inner vision to conceive two or more characters in attitudes of vital and fundamental opposition to one another—so that the struggle of motives has implications with regard to the great problems of character and society in the general. Looking over the comedies of last season, native and imported, Mr. Howells found that the American plays, while all but on the plane of the best plays from England, fell below them in being merely of personal and domestic interest. "Her Own Way" and "The Other Girl" limit the attention to the lives and loves of the people in the story—social climbers and those who have socially arrived, parsons, pugilists, and passionate maidens; while Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton" lures the mind beyond the butler and the earl to a definite satiric view of English class worship, and H. A. Jones's "Whitewashing Julia" and Bernard Shaw's "Candida" frame a very definite satire against the conventionally accepted standards in personal and social morality. It is a brilliant generalization, and one that cannot be too deeply weighed by the American playwright and playgoer, marking the difference between an art that, however true, lives in the details of fleeting manners and personal motives, and an art that is only the more modern and real because it finds its inspiration in the eternal sources of life that flow through the consciousness of a whole race and age.

Is there hope that the playwrights of Broadway will achieve this deeper and more abiding art? Personally, I think there is, and that it rests mainly with the playwright who has as yet received least critical encouragement. Year by year, Mr. Fitch has steadily broadened and strengthened, learning by his failures as by his successes. One step more will place him among the little band of playwrights who have brought the English-speaking drama to a point it has not reached since Sheridan and Goldsmith. This year, in "The Coronet of the Duchess" he attempted for the first time a theme of large social implications—that of international marriages. He treated it with a simplicity, sincerity, coherence, and grasp of character worthy of Henry Becque and the French realists. But for some reason the sheer power of dramatic writing failed him, and then, too, perhaps, the intimate truth of the characters, their salient and sometimes sordid reality, placed the whole beyond the knowledge and the sympathies of Broadway. The play was universally condemned, for the most part with flagrant injustice. Would a more vigorous attempt have succeeded? I think it would have, and moreover, that if any of our playwrights has the intelligence and ambition to make it, it is Mr. Fitch.

It is hard for a playwright to rise above his source. Fifth Avenue, plus the Tenderloin and the matinée girl—Broadway of the dazzled throngs! What does it care for the problems and the passions that lead to a purer spiritual understanding of the individual, to a deeper comprehension of society at large? How should one hope to see heaven through the glare of these terrestrial lights and stars? It is precarious to trust only to the courage and ambition of the popular playwright, dependent upon the whims of the hour.

## V

In his article on the tonic value of tragedy, Mark Twain outlined the safer way. It is to equip a permanent art theatre.

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*Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.*

Supper—After the Play.

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That we have, by and large, the most numerous and the most intelligent public in the modern world has been conceded by most or all of the great actors who have visited us. But the public to which the highest art appeals is not, properly speaking, the public of Broadway. It is the public that the commercial manager leaves out of the reckoning in all but exceptional instances.

What we need is to organize this public independently of the exigencies of commercial managers, so that the great dramas of the world may be kept alive, and every new impulse to express modern life and thought in the theatre shall have quick encouragement. Is it not preposterous that the drama, which at its best is the greatest of all arts, should be neglected by people speaking the language of Shakespeare, while painting and music are liberally endowed? It is a commonplace among the indifferent and the retrograde that the public always gets as good as it deserves. Does it? As long as the Greek drama was tethered to the popular cart of Thespis, we hear nothing of the dramatic poets. Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, Aristophanes and Menander wrote for a spacious theatre built for and by the people. Cervantes wrote for wandering actors, and starved. Lope de Vega and Calderon wrote for the established theatre of the court, and flourished. Corneille, Racine, and Molière wrote under the patronage of the Grande Monarque. Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller gained their prominence in connection with state theatres. Even the theatre of Shakespeare, perhaps the most popular in the history of the drama, was under court patronage, and Shakespeare himself built up his independence, or so it is said, as the client of the Earl of Southampton. It is happily true that no drama can be truly great which does not spring from the heart of the people; but, happily or unhappily, it is also true that the heart of the people has expressed itself most nobly and permanently when the art of the drama is free of the exigencies of a purely popular existence.

The cost would not be great. The Théâtre Français, perhaps the most liberally subventioned theatre in the world, has its building and $48,000 a year. The municipal theatres in the smaller French cities cost some $10,000 a year. In America, with our greater wealth, distributed among greater numbers, it is possible—many think it certain—that a great repertory theatre could be made to pay a profit. If it were to cost as much here as abroad, however, the loss must not be put down as a loss to the community. Even the cost of the Théâtre Français flows back through the channels of trade, for thousands yearly visit Paris attracted by the repertory of classical and modern plays, and while they are there spend hundreds of thousands of dollars. On the Continent people realize, as we seldom realize, the truth of the saying that art pays.

We are learning rapidly. Last year Mr. Ben Greet's careful and modestly excellent stock company gave performances of Shakespeare that were justly appreciated and well patronized. Mr. Arnold Daly's productions of Bernard Shaw's "Candida" ran, in a small way, for over a hundred nights. Most hopeful sign of all, it is the matinée girl of refinement and intelligence who has been most appreciative of these promising ventures. That there is a public in America able and willing to support dramatic art of the first order is beyond question. All it needs is to be organized. Time will come, and it will not be many decades hence, when the people in all the great American cities will have permanent repertory theatres in which it will be possible to see beyond the lights and stars of Broadway.

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# THE HOUSE OF MIRTH

## BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY A. B. WENZELL

BOOK I—(Continued)

### III

BRIDGE at Bellomont usually lasted till the small hours; and when Lily went to bed that night she had played too long for her own good.

Feeling no desire for the self-communion which awaited her in her room, she lingered on the broad stairway, looking down into the hall below, where the last card-players were grouped about the tray of tall glasses and silver-collared decanters which the butler had just placed on a low table near the fire.

The hall was arcaded, with a gallery supported on columns of pale yellow marble. Tall clumps of flowering plants were grouped against a background of dark foliage in the angles of the walls. On the crimson carpet a deer-hound and two or three spaniels dozed luxuriously before the fire, and the light from the great central lantern overhead shed a brightness on the women's hair and struck sparks from their jewels as they moved.

There were moments when such scenes delighted Lily, when they gratified her sense of beauty and her craving for the external finish of life; there were others when they gave a sharper edge to the meagreness of her own opportunities. This was one of the moments when the sense of contrast was uppermost, and she turned away impatiently as Mrs. George Dorset, glittering in serpentine spangles, drew Percy Gryce in her wake to a confidential nook beneath the gallery.

It was not that Miss Bart was afraid of losing her newly-acquired hold over Mr. Gryce. Mrs. Dorset might startle or dazzle him, but she had neither the skill nor the patience to effect his capture. She was too self-engrossed to penetrate the recesses of his shyness, and besides, why should she care to give herself the trouble? At most it might amuse her to make sport of his simplicity for an evening—after that he would be merely a burden to her, and knowing this, she was far too experienced to encourage him. But the mere thought of that other woman, who could take a man up and toss him aside as she willed, without having to regard him as a possible factor in her plans, filled Lily Bart with envy. She had been bored all the afternoon by Percy Gryce—the mere thought seemed to waken an echo of his droning voice—but she could not ignore him on the morrow, she must follow up her success, must submit to more boredom, must be ready with fresh compliances and adaptabilities, and all on the bare chance that he might ultimately decide to do her the honour of boring her for life.

It was a hateful fate—but how escape from it? What choice had she? To be herself, or a Gerty Farish. As she entered her bedroom, with its softly-shaded lights, her lace dressing-gown lying across the silken bedspread, her little embroidered slippers before the fire, a vase of carnations filling the air with perfume, and the last novels and magazines lying uncut on a table beside the reading-lamp, she had a vision of Miss Farish's cramped flat, with its cheap conveniences and hideous wall-papers. No; she was not made for mean and shabby surroundings, for the squalid compromises of poverty. Her whole being dilated in an atmosphere of luxury; it was the background she required, the only climate she could breathe in. But the luxury of others was not what she wanted. A few years ago it had sufficed her: she had taken her daily meed of pleasure without caring who provided it. Now she was beginning to chafe at the obligations it imposed: to feel herself a mere pensioner on the splendour which had once seemed to belong to her. There were even moments when she was conscious of having to pay her way.



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*Drawn by A. B. Wenzell.*

She lingered on the broad stairway, looking down into the hall below.—Page 143.

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For a long time she had refused to play bridge. She knew she could not afford it, and she was afraid of acquiring so expensive a taste. She had seen the danger exemplified in more than one of her associates—in young Ned Silverton, for instance, the charming fair boy now seated in abject rapture at the elbow of Mrs. Fisher, a striking divorcée with eyes and gowns as emphatic as the head-lines of her "case." Lily could remember when young Silverton had stumbled into their circle, with the air of a strayed Arcadian who has published charming sonnets in his college journal. Since then he had developed a taste for Mrs. Fisher and bridge, and the latter at least had involved him in expenses from which he had been more than once rescued by harassed maiden sisters, who treasured the sonnets and went without sugar in their tea to keep their darling afloat. Ned's case was familiar to Lily: she had seen his charming eyes—which had a good deal more poetry in them than the sonnets—change from surprise to amusement, and from amusement to anxiety, as he passed under the spell of the terrible god of chance; and she was afraid of discovering the same symptoms in her own case.

For in the last year she had found that her hostesses expected her to take a place at the card-table. It was one of the taxes she had to pay for their prolonged hospitality, and for the dresses and trinkets which occasionally replenished her insufficient wardrobe. And since she had played regularly the passion had grown on her. Once or twice of late she had won a large sum, and instead of keeping it against future losses, had spent it in dress or jewelry; and the desire to atone for this imprudence, combined with the increasing exhilaration of the game, drove her to risk higher stakes at each fresh venture. She tried to excuse herself on the plea that, in the Trenor set, if one played at all one must either play high or be set down as priggish or stingy; but she knew that the gambling passion was upon her, and that in her present surroundings there was small hope of resisting it.

Tonight the luck had been persistently bad, and the little gold purse which hung among her trinkets was almost empty when she returned to her room. She unlocked the wardrobe, and taking out her jewel-case, looked under the tray for the roll of bills from which she had replenished the purse before going down to dinner. Only twenty dollars were left: the discovery was so startling that for a moment she fancied she must have been robbed. Then she took paper and pencil, and seating herself at the writing-table, tried to reckon up what she had spent during the day. Her head was throbbing with fatigue, and she had to go over the figures again and again; but at last it became clear to her that she had lost three hundred dollars at cards. She took out her cheque-book to see if her balance was larger than she remembered, but found she had erred in the other direction. Then she returned to her calculations; but figure as she would, she could not conjure back the vanished three hundred dollars. It was the sum she had set aside to pacify her dress-maker—unless she should decide to use it as a sop to the jeweller. At any rate, she had so many uses for it that its very insufficiency had caused her to play high in the hope of doubling it. But of course she had lost—she who needed every penny, while Bertha Dorset, whose husband showered money on her, must have pocketed at least five hundred, and Judy Trenor, who could have afforded to lose a thousand a night, had left the table clutching such a heap of bills that she had been unable to shake hands with her guests when they bade her good night.

A world in which such things could be seemed a miserable place to Lily Bart; but then she had never been able to understand the laws of a universe which was so ready to leave her out of its calculations.

She began to undress without ringing for her maid, whom she had sent to bed. She had been long enough in bondage to other people's pleasure to be considerate of those who depended on hers, and in her bitter moods it sometimes struck her that she and her maid were in the same position, except that the latter received her wages more regularly.

As she sat before the mirror brushing her hair, her face looked hollow and pale, and she was frightened by two little lines near her mouth, faint flaws in the smooth curve of the check.

"Oh, I must stop worrying!" she exclaimed. "Unless it's the electric light ——" she reflected, springing up from her seat and lighting the candles on the dressing-table.



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She turned out the wall-lights, and peered at herself between the candle-flames. The white oval of her face swam out waveringly from a background of shadows, the uncertain light blurring it like a haze; but the two lines about the mouth remained.

Lily rose and undressed in haste.

"It is only because I am tired and have such odious things to think about," she kept repeating; and it seemed an added injustice that petty cares should leave a trace on the beauty which was her only defense against them.

But the odious things were there, and remained with her. She returned wearily to the thought of Percy Gryce, as a wayfarer picks up a heavy load and toils on after a brief rest. She was almost sure she had "landed" him: a few days' work and she would win her reward. But the reward itself seemed unpalatable just then: she could get no zest from the thought of victory. It would be a rest from worry, no more —and how little that would have seemed to her a few years earlier! Her ambitions had shrunk gradually in the desiccating air of failure. But why had she failed? Was it her own fault or that of destiny?

She remembered how her mother, after they had lost their money, used to say to her with a kind of fierce vindictiveness: "But you'll get it all back—you'll get it all back, with your face. . . " The remembrance roused a whole train of association, and she lay in the darkness reconstructing the past out of which her present had shaped itself.

A house in which no one ever dined at home unless there was "company"; a door-bell perpetually ringing; a hall-table showered with square envelopes which were opened in haste, and oblong envelopes which were allowed to gather dust in the depths of a bronze jar; a series of French and English maids giving warning amid a chaos of hurriedly-ransacked wardrobes and dress-closets; an equally changing dynasty of nurses and footmen; quarrels in the pantry, the kitchen and the drawing-room; precipitate trips to Europe, and returns with gorged trunks and days of interminable unpacking; semi-annual discussions as to where the summer should be spent, gray interludes of economy and brilliant reactions of expense—such was the setting of Lily Bart's first memories.

Ruling the turbulent element called home was the vigorous and determined figure of a mother still young enough to dance her ball-dresses to rags, while the hazy outline of a neutral-tinted father filled an intermediate space between the butler and the man who came to wind the clocks. Even to the eyes of infancy, Mrs. Hudson Bart had appeared young; but Lily could not recall the time when her father had not been bald and slightly stooping, with streaks of gray in his hair, and a tired walk. It was a shock to her to learn afterward that he was but two years older than her mother.

Lily seldom saw her father by daylight. All day he was "down town"; and in winter it was long after nightfall when she heard his fagged step on the stairs and his hand on the school-room door. He would kiss her in silence, and ask one or two questions of the nurse or the governess; then Mrs. Bart's maid would come to remind him that he was dining out, and he would hurry away with a nod to Lily. In summer, when he joined them for a Sunday at Newport or Southampton, he was even more effaced and silent than in winter. It seemed to tire him to rest, and he would sit for hours staring at the sea-line from a quiet corner of the verandah, while the clatter of his wife's existence went on unheeded a few feet off. Generally, however, Mrs. Bart and Lily went to Europe for the summer, and before the steamer was half way over Mr. Bart had dipped below the horizon. Sometimes his daughter heard him denounced for having neglected to forward Mrs. Bart's remittances; but for the most part he was never mentioned or thought of till his patient stooping figure presented itself on the New York dock as a buffer between the magnitude of his wife's luggage and the exactions of the American custom-house.

In this desultory yet agitated fashion life went on through Lily's teens: a zig-zag broken course down which the family craft glided on a rapid current of amusement, tugged at by the underflow of a perpetual need—the need of more money. Lily could not recall the time when there had been money enough, and in some vague way her father seemed always to blame for the deficiency. It could certainly not be the fault of Mrs. Bart, who was spoken of

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by her friends as a "wonderful manager." Mrs. Bart was famous for the unlimited effect she produced on limited means; and to the lady and her associates there was something heroic in living as though one were much richer than one's bank-book denoted.

Lily was naturally proud of her mother's aptitude in this line: she had been brought up in the faith that, whatever it cost, one must have a good cook, and be what Mrs. Bart called "decently dressed." Mrs. Bart's worst reproach to her husband was to ask him if he expected her to "live like a pig"; and his replying in the negative was always regarded as a justification for cabling to Paris for an extra dress or two, and telephoning to the jeweller that he might, after all, send home the turquoise bracelet which Mrs. Bart had looked at that morning.

Lily knew people who "lived like pigs," and their appearance and surroundings justified her mother's repugnance to that form of existence. They were mostly cousins, who inhabited dingy houses with engravings from Cole's Voyage of Life on the drawing-room walls, and slatternly parlour-maids who said "I'll go and see" to visitors calling at an hour when all right-minded persons are conventionally if not actually out. The disgusting part of it was that many of these cousins were rich, so that Lily imbibed the idea that if people lived like pigs it was from choice, and through the lack of any proper standard of conduct. This gave her a sense of reflected superiority, and she did not need Mrs. Bart's comments on the family frumps and misers to foster her naturally lively taste for splendour.

Lily was nineteen when circumstances caused her to revise her view of the universe.

The previous year she had made a dazzling début fringed by a heavy thunder-cloud of bills. The light of the début still lingered on the horizon, but the cloud had thickened; and suddenly it broke. The suddenness added to the horror; and there were still times when Lily relived with painful vividness every detail of the day on which the blow fell. She and her mother had been seated at the luncheon-table, over the *chaufroix* and cold salmon of the previous night's dinner: it was one of Mrs. Bart's few economies to consume in private the expensive remnants of her hospitality. Lily was feeling the pleasant languor which is youth's penalty for dancing till dawn; but her mother, in spite of a few lines about the mouth, and under the yellow waves on her temples, was as alert, determined and high in colour as if she had risen from an untroubled sleep.

In the centre of the table, between the melting *marrons glacés* and candied cherries, a pyramid of American Beauties lifted their vigorous stems; they held their heads as high as Mrs. Bart, but their rose-colour had turned to a dissipated purple, and Lily's sense of fitness was disturbed by their reappearance on the luncheon-table.

"I really think, mother," she said reproachfully, "we might afford a few fresh flowers for luncheon. Just some jonquils or lilies-of-the-valley——"

Mrs. Bart stared. Her own fastidiousness had its eye fixed on the world, and she did not care how the luncheon-table looked when there was no one present at it but the family. But she smiled at her daughter's innocence.

"Lilies-of-the-valley," she said calmly, "cost two dollars a dozen at this season."

Lily was not impressed. She knew very little of the value of money.

"It would not take more than six dozen to fill that bowl," she argued.

"Six dozen what?" asked her father's voice in the doorway.

The two women looked up in surprise: though it was a Saturday, the sight of Mr. Bart at luncheon was an unwonted one. But neither his wife nor his daughter was sufficiently interested to ask an explanation

Mr. Bart dropped into a chair, and sat gazing absently at the fragment of jellied salmon which the butler had placed before him.

"I was only saying," Lily began, "that I hate to see faded flowers at luncheon; and mother says a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley would not cost more than twelve dollars. Mayn't I tell the florist to send a few every day?"

She leaned confidently toward her father: he seldom refused her anything, and Mrs. Bart had taught her to plead with him when her own entreaties failed.

Mr. Bart sat motionless, his gaze still

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fixed on the salmon, and his lower jaw dropped; he looked even paler than usual, and his thin hair lay in untidy streaks on his forehead. Suddenly he looked at his daughter and laughed. The laugh was so strange that Lily coloured under it: she disliked being ridiculed, and her father seemed to see something ridiculous in the request. Perhaps he thought it foolish that she should trouble him about such a trifle.

"Twelve dollars—twelve dollars a day for flowers? Oh, certainly, my dear—give him an order for twelve hundred." He continued to laugh.

Mrs. Bart gave him a quick glance.

"You needn't wait, Poleworth—I will ring for you," she said to the butler.

The butler withdrew with an air of silent disapproval, leaving the remains of the *chaufroix* on the sideboard.

"What is the matter, Hudson? Are you ill?" said Mrs. Bart severely.

She had no tolerance for scenes which were not of her own making, and it was odious to her that her husband should make a show of himself before the servants.

"Are you ill?" she repeated.

"Ill?—— No, I'm ruined," he said.

Lily made a frightened sound, and Mrs. Bart rose to her feet.

"Ruined——?" she cried; but controlling herself instantly, she turned a calm face to Lily.

"Shut the pantry door," she said.

Lily obeyed, and when she turned back into the room her father was sitting with both elbows on the table, the plate of salmon between them, and his head bowed on his hands.

Mrs. Bart stood over him with a white face which made her hair unnaturally yellow. She looked at Lily as the latter approached: her look was terrible, but her voice was modulated to a ghastly cheerfulness.

"Your father is not well—he doesn't know what he is saying. It is nothing—but you had better go upstairs; and don't talk to the servants," she added.

Lily obeyed; she always obeyed when her mother spoke in that voice. She had not been deceived by Mrs. Bart's words: she knew at once that they were ruined. In the dark hours which followed, that awful fact overshadowed even her father's slow and difficult dying. To his wife he no longer counted: he had become extinct when he ceased to fulfill his purpose, and she sat at his side with the provisional air of a traveller who waits for a belated train to start. Lily's feelings were softer: she pitied him in a frightened, ineffectual way. But the fact that he was for the most part unconscious, and that his attention, when she stole into the room, drifted away from her after a moment, made him even more of a stranger than in the nursery days when he had never come home till after dark. She seemed always to have seen him through a blur—first of sleepiness, then of distance and indifference—and now the fog had thickened till he was almost indistinguishable. If she could have performed any little services for him, or have exchanged with him a few of those affecting words which an extensive perusal of fiction had led her to connect with such occasions, the filial instinct might have stirred in her; but her pity, finding no active expression, remained in a state of spectatorship, overshadowed by her mother's grim, unflagging resentment. Every look and act of Mrs. Bart's seemed to say: "You are sorry for him now—but you will feel differently when you see what he has done to us."

It was a relief to Lily when her father died.

Then a long winter set in. There was a little money left, but to Mrs. Bart it seemed worse than nothing—the mere mockery of what she was entitled to. What was the use of living if one had to live like a pig? She sank into a kind of furious apathy, a state of inert anger against fate. Her faculty for "managing" deserted her, or she no longer took sufficient pride in it to exert it. It was well enough to "manage" when by so doing one could keep one's own carriage; but when one's best contrivance did not conceal the fact that one had to go on foot, the effort was no longer worth making.

Lily and her mother wandered from place to place, now paying long visits to relations whose house-keeping Mrs. Bart criticized, and who deplored the fact that she let Lily breakfast in bed when the girl had no prospects before her, and now vegetating in cheap continental refuges, where Mrs. Bart held herself fiercely aloof from the frugal tea-tables of her companions in misfortune. She was especially careful to avoid her old

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friends and the scenes of her former successes. To be poor seemed to her such a confession of failure that it amounted to disgrace; and she detected a note of exultation in the friendliest advances.

Only one thought consoled her, and that was the contemplation of Lily's beauty. She studied it with a kind of passion, as though it were some weapon she had slowly fashioned for her vengeance. It was the last asset in their fortunes, the nucleus around which their life was to be rebuilt. She watched it jealously, as though it were her own property and Lily its mere custodian; and she tried to instil into the latter a sense of the responsibility that such a charge involved. She followed in imagination the career of other beauties, pointing out to her daughter what might be achieved through such a gift, and dwelling on the awful warning of those who, in spite of it, had failed to get what they wanted: to Mrs. Bart, only stupidity could explain the lamentable dénouement of some of her examples. She was not above the inconsistency of charging fate, rather than herself, with her own misfortunes; but she inveighed so acrimoniously against love-matches that Lily would have fancied her own marriage had been of that nature, had not Mrs. Bart frequently assured her that she had been "talked into it"—by whom, she never made clear.

Lily was duly impressed by the magnitude of her opportunities. The dinginess of her present life threw into enchanting relief the existence to which she felt herself entitled. To a less illuminated intelligence Mrs. Bart's counsels might have been dangerous; but Lily understood that beauty is only the raw material of conquest, and that to convert it into success other arts are required. She knew that to betray any sense of superiority was a subtler form of the stupidity her mother denounced, and it did not take her long to learn that a beauty needs more tact than the possessor of an average set of features.

Her ambitions were not as crude as Mrs. Bart's. It had been among that lady's grievances that her husband—in the early days, before he was too tired—had wasted his evenings in what she vaguely described as "reading poetry"; and among the effects packed off to auction after his death were a score or two of dingy volumes which had struggled for existence among the boots and medicine bottles of his dressing-room shelves. There was in Lily a vein of sentiment, perhaps transmitted from this source, which gave an idealizing touch to her most prosaic purposes. She liked to think of her beauty as a power for good, as giving her the opportunity to attain a position where she should make her influence felt in the vague diffusion of refinement and good taste. She was fond of pictures and flowers, and of sentimental fiction, and she could not help thinking that the possession of such tastes ennobled her desire for worldly advantages. She would not indeed have cared to marry a man who was merely rich: she was secretly ashamed of her mother's crude passion for money. Lily's preference would have been for an English nobleman with political ambitions and vast estates; or, for second choice, an Italian prince with a castle in the Apennines and an hereditary office in the Vatican. Lost causes had a romantic charm for her, and she liked to picture herself as standing aloof from the vulgar press of the Quirinal, and sacrificing her pleasure to the claims of an immemorial tradition. . . .

How long ago and how far off it all seemed! Those ambitions were hardly more futile and childish than the earlier ones which had centred about the possession of a French jointed doll with real hair. Was it only ten years since she had wavered in imagination between the English earl and the Italian prince? Relentlessly her mind travelled on over the dreary interval. . . .

After two years of hungry roaming Mrs. Bart had died—died of a deep disgust. She had hated dinginess, and it was her fate to be dingy. Her visions of a brilliant marriage for Lily had faded after the first year.

"People can't marry you if they don't see you—and how can they see you in these holes where we're stuck?" That was the burden of her lament; and her last adjuration to her daughter was to escape from dinginess if she could.

"Don't let it creep up on you and drag you down. Fight your way out of it somehow—you're young and can do it," she insisted.

She had died during one of their brief visits to New York, and there Lily at once became the centre of a family council composed of the wealthy relatives whom she

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had been taught to despise for living like pigs. It may be that they had an inkling of the sentiments in which she had been brought up, for none of them manifested a very lively desire for her company; indeed, the question threatened to remain unsolved till Mrs. Peniston with a sigh announced: "I'll try her for a year."

Every one was surprised, but one and all concealed their surprise, lest Mrs. Peniston should be alarmed by it into reconsidering her decision.

Mrs. Peniston was Mr. Bart's widowed sister, and if she was by no means the richest of the family group, its other members nevertheless abounded in reasons why she was clearly destined by Providence to assume the charge of Lily. In the first place she was alone, and it would be charming for her to have a young companion. Then she sometimes travelled, and Lily's familiarity with foreign customs—deplored as a misfortune by her more conservative relatives—would at least enable her to act as a kind of courier. But as a matter of fact Mrs. Peniston had not been affected by these considerations. She had taken the girl simply because no one else would have her, and because she had the kind of moral *mauvaise honte* which makes the public display of selfishness difficult, though it does not interfere with its private indulgence. It would have been impossible for Mrs. Peniston to be heroic on a desert island, but with the eyes of her little world upon her she took a certain pleasure in her act.

She reaped the reward to which disinterestedness is entitled, and found an agreeable companion in her niece. She had expected to find Lily headstrong, critical and "foreign"—for even Mrs. Peniston, though she occasionally went abroad, had the family dread of foreignness—but the girl showed a pliancy, which, to a more penetrating mind than her aunt's, might have been less reassuring than the open selfishness of youth. Misfortune had made Lily supple instead of hardening her, and a pliable substance is less easy to break than a stiff one.

Mrs. Peniston, however, did not suffer from her niece's adaptability. Lily had no intention of taking advantage of her aunt's good nature. She was in truth grateful for the refuge offered her: Mrs. Peniston's opulent interior was at least not externally dingy. But dinginess is a quality which assumes all manner of disguises; and Lily soon found that it was as latent in the expensive routine of her aunt's life as in the makeshift existence of a continental pension.

Mrs. Peniston was one of the episodical persons who form the padding of life. It was impossible to believe that she had herself ever been a focus of activities. The most vivid thing about her was the fact that her grandmother had been a Van Alstyne. This connection with the well-fed and industrious stock of early New York revealed itself in the glacial neatness of Mrs. Peniston's drawing-room and in the excellence of her cuisine. She belonged to the class of old New Yorkers who have always lived well, dressed expensively, and done little else; and to these inherited obligations Mrs. Peniston faithfully conformed. She had always been a looker-on at life, and her mind resembled one of those little mirrors which her Dutch ancestors were accustomed to affix to their upper windows, so that from the depths of an impenetrable domesticity they might see what was happening in the street.

Mrs. Peniston was the owner of a country-place in New Jersey, but she had never lived there since her husband's death—a remote event, which appeared to dwell in her memory chiefly as a dividing point in the personal reminiscences that formed the staple of her conversation. She was a woman who remembered dates with intensity, and could tell at a moment's notice whether the drawing-room curtains had been renewed before or after Mr. Peniston's last illness.

Mrs. Peniston thought the country lonely and trees damp, and cherished a vague fear of meeting a bull. To guard against such contingencies she frequented the more populous watering-places, where she installed herself impersonally in a hired house and looked on at life through the matting screen of her verandah. In the care of such a guardian, it soon became clear to Lily that she was to enjoy only the material advantages of good food and expensive clothing; and, though far from underrating these, she would gladly have exchanged them for what Mrs. Bart had taught her to regard as opportunities. She sighed to think what her mother's fierce energies would have accomplished, had they been coupled with Mrs. Peniston's resources. Lily had abundant energy of her own, but

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it was restricted by the necessity of adapting herself to her aunt's habits. She saw that at all costs she must keep Mrs. Peniston's favour till, as Mrs. Bart would have phrased it, she could stand on her own legs. Lily had no mind for the vagabond life of the poor relation, and to adapt herself to Mrs. Peniston she had, to some degree, to assume that lady's passive attitude. She had fancied at first that it would be easy to draw her aunt into the whirl of her own activities, but there was a static force in Mrs. Peniston against which her niece's efforts spent themselves in vain. To attempt to bring her into active relation with life was like tugging at a piece of furniture which has been screwed to the floor. She did not, indeed, expect Lily to remain equally immovable: she had all the American guardian's indulgence for the volatility of youth. She had indulgence also for certain other habits of her niece's. It seemed to her natural that Lily should spend all her money on dress, and she supplemented the girl's scanty income by occasional "handsome presents" meant to be applied to the same purpose. Lily, who was intensely practical, would have preferred a fixed allowance; but Mrs. Peniston liked the periodical recurrence of gratitude evoked by unexpected cheques, and was perhaps shrewd enough to perceive that such a method of giving kept alive in her niece a salutary sense of dependence.

Beyond this, Mrs. Peniston had not felt called upon to do anything for her charge: she had simply stood aside and let her take the field. Lily had taken it, at first with the confidence of assured possessorship, then with gradually narrowing demands, till now she found herself actually struggling for a foothold on the broad space which had once seemed her own for the asking. How it happened she did not yet know. Sometimes she thought it was because Mrs. Peniston had been too passive, and again she feared it was because she herself had not been passive enough. Had she shown an undue eagerness for victory? Had she lacked patience, pliancy and dissimulation? Whether she charged herself with these faults or absolved herself from them, made no difference in the sum-total of her failure. Younger and plainer girls had been married off by dozens, and she was nine-and-twenty, and still Miss Bart.

She was beginning to have fits of angry rebellion against fate, when she longed to drop out of the race and make an independent life for herself. But what manner of life would it be? She had barely enough money to pay her dress-makers' bills and her gambling debts; and none of the desultory interests which she dignified with the name of tastes was pronounced enough to enable her to live contentedly in obscurity. Ah, no—she was too intelligent not to be honest with herself. She knew that she hated dinginess as much as her mother had hated it, and to her last breath she meant to fight against it, dragging herself up again and again above its flood till she gained the bright pinnacles of success which presented such a slippery surface to her clutch.

## IV

THE next morning, on her breakfast tray, Miss Bart found a note from her hostess.

"Dearest Lily," it ran, "if it is not too much of a bore to be down by ten, will you come to my sitting-room to help me with some tiresome things?"

Lily tossed aside the note and subsided on her pillows with a sigh. It *was* a bore to be down by ten—an hour regarded at Bellomont as vaguely synchronous with sunrise—and she knew too well the nature of the tiresome things in question. Miss Pragg, the secretary, had been called away, and there would be notes and dinner-cards to write, lost addresses to hunt up, and other social drudgery to perform. It was understood that Miss Bart should fill the gap in such emergencies, and she usually recognized the obligation without a murmur.

Today, however, it renewed the sense of servitude which the previous night's review of her cheque-book had produced. Everything in her surroundings ministered to feelings of ease and amenity. The windows stood open to the sparkling freshness of the September morning, and between the yellow boughs she caught a perspective of hedges and parterres leading by degrees of lessening formality to the free undulations of the park. Her maid had kindled a little fire on the hearth, and it contended cheerfully with the sunlight which slanted

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across the moss-green carpet and caressed the curved sides of an old marquetry desk. Near the bed stood a table holding her breakfast tray, with its harmonious porcelain and silver, a handful of violets in a slender glass, and the morning paper folded beneath her letters. There was nothing new to Lily in these tokens of a studied luxury; but, though they formed a part of her atmosphere, she never lost her sensitiveness to their charm. Mere display left her with a sense of superior distinction; but she felt an affinity to all the subtler implications of wealth.

Mrs. Trenor's summons, however, suddenly recalled her state of dependence, and she rose and dressed in a mood of irritability that she was usually too prudent to indulge. She knew that such emotions leave lines on the face as well as in the character, and she had meant to take warning by the little creases which her midnight survey had revealed.

The matter-of-course tone of Mrs. Trenor's greeting deepened her irritation. If one did drag one's self out of bed at such an hour, and come down fresh and radiant to the monotony of note-writing, some special recognition of the sacrifice seemed fitting. But Mrs. Trenor's tone showed no consciousness of the fact.

"Oh, Lily, that's nice of you," she merely sighed across the chaos of letters, bills and other domestic documents which gave an incongruously commercial touch to the slender elegance of her writing-table.

"There are such lots of horrors this morning," she added, clearing a space in the centre of the confusion and rising to yield her seat to Miss Bart.

Mrs. Trenor was a tall fair woman, whose height just saved her from redundancy. Her rosy blondness had survived some forty years of futile activity without showing much trace of ill-usage except in a diminished play of feature. It was difficult to define her beyond saying that she seemed to exist only as a hostess, not so much from any exaggerated instinct of hospitality as because she could not sustain life except in a crowd. The collective nature of her interests exempted her from the ordinary rivalries of her sex, and she knew no more personal emotion than that of hatred for the woman who presumed to give bigger dinners or have more amusing house-parties than herself. As her social talents, backed by Mr. Trenor's bank-account, almost always assured her ultimate triumph in such competitions, success had developed in her an unscrupulous good nature toward the rest of her sex, and in Miss Bart's utilitarian classification of her friends, Mrs. Trenor ranked as the woman who was least likely to "go back" on her.

"It was simply inhuman of Pragg to go off now," Mrs. Trenor declared, as her friend seated herself at the desk. "She says her sister is going to have a baby—as if that were anything to having a house-party! I'm sure I shall get most horribly mixed up and there will be some awful rows. When I was down at Tuxedo I asked a lot of people for next week, and I've mislaid the list and can't remember who is coming. And this week is going to be a horrid failure too—and Gwen Van Osburgh will go back and tell her mother how bored people were. I didn't mean to ask the Wetheralls—that was a blunder of Gus's. They disapprove of Carry Fisher, you know. As if one could help having Carry Fisher! It *was* foolish of her to get that second divorce—Carry always overdoes things—but she said the only way to get a cent out of Fisher was to divorce him and make him pay alimony. And poor Carry has to consider every dollar. It's really absurd of Alice Wetherall to make such a fuss about meeting her, when one thinks of what society is coming to. Some one said the other day that there was a divorce and a case of appendicitis in every family one knows. Besides, Carry is the only person who can keep Gus in a good humour when we have bores in the house. Have you noticed that *all* the husbands like her? All, I mean, except her own. It's rather clever of her to have made a specialty of devoting herself to dull people—the field is such a large one, and she has it practically to herself. She finds compensations, no doubt—I know she borrows money of Gus—but then I'd *pay* her to keep him in a good humour, so I can't complain, after all."

Mrs. Trenor paused to enjoy the spectacle of Miss Bart's efforts to unravel her tangled correspondence.

"But it isn't only the Wetheralls and Carry," she resumed, with a fresh note of lament. "The truth is, I'm awfully disappointed in Lady Cressida Raith."

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"Disappointed? Hadn't you known her before?"

"Mercy, no—never saw her till yesterday. Lady Skiddaw sent her over with letters to the Van Osburghs, and I heard that Maria Van Osburgh was asking a big party to meet her this week, so I thought it would be fun to get her away, and Jack Stepney, who knew her in India, managed it for me. Maria was furious, and actually had the impudence to make Gwen invite herself here, so that they shouldn't be *quite* out of it—if I'd known what Lady Cressida was like, they could have had her and welcome! But I thought any friend of the Skiddaws' was sure to be amusing. You remember what fun Lady Skiddaw was? There were times when I simply had to send the girls out of the room. Besides, Lady Cressida is the Duchess of Beltshire's sister, and I naturally supposed she was the same sort; but you never can tell in those English families. They are so big that there's room for all kinds, and it turns out that Lady Cressida is the moral one—married a clergyman and does missionary work in the East End. Think of my taking such a lot of trouble about a clergyman's wife, who wears Indian jewelry and botanizes! She made Gus take her all through the glass-houses yesterday, and bothered him to death by asking him the names of the plants. Fancy treating Gus as if he were the gardener!"

Mrs. Trenor brought this out in a *crescendo* of indignation.

"Oh, well, perhaps Lady Cressida will reconcile the Wetheralls to meeting Carry Fisher," said Miss Bart pacifically.

"I'm sure I hope so! But she is boring all the men horribly, and if she takes to distributing tracts, as I hear she does, it will be too depressing. The worst of it is that she would have been so useful at the right time. You know we have to have the Bishop once a year, and she would have given just the right tone to things. I always have horrid luck about the Bishop's visits," added Mrs. Trenor, whose present misery was being fed by a rapidly rising tide of reminiscence; "last year, when he came, Gus forgot all about his being here, and brought home the Ned Wintons and the Farleys—five divorces and six sets of children between them!"

"When is Lady Cressida going?" Lily enquired.

Mrs. Trenor cast up her eyes in despair. "My dear, if one only knew! I was in such a hurry to get her away from Maria that I actually forgot to name a date, and Gus says she told some one she meant to stop here all winter."

"To stop here? In this house?"

"Don't be silly—in America. But if no one else asks her—you know they *never* go to hotels."

"Perhaps Gus only said it to frighten you."

"No—I heard her tell Bertha Dorset that she had six months to put in while her husband was taking the cure in the Engadine. You should have seen Bertha look vacant! But it's no joke, you know—if she stays here all the autumn she'll spoil everything, and Maria Van Osburgh will simply exult."

At this affecting vision Mrs. Trenor's voice trembled with self-pity.

"Oh, Judy—as if any one were ever bored at Bellomont!" Miss Bart tactfully protested. "You know perfectly well that, if Mrs. Van Osburgh were to get all the right people and leave you with all the wrong ones, you'd manage to make things go off, and she wouldn't."

Such an assurance would usually have restored Mrs. Trenor's complacency; but on this occasion it did not chase the cloud from her brow.

"It isn't only Lady Cressida," she lamented. "Everything has gone wrong this week. I can see that Bertha Dorset is furious with me."

"Furious with you? Why?"

"Because I told her that Lawrence Selden was coming; but he wouldn't, after all, and she's quite unreasonable enough to think it's my fault."

Miss Bart put down her pen and sat absently gazing at the note she had begun.

"I thought that was all over," she said.

"So it is, on his side. And of course Bertha hasn't been idle since. But I fancy she's out of a job just at present—and some one gave me a hint that I had better ask Lawrence. Well, I *did* ask him—but I couldn't make him come; and now I suppose she'll take it out of me by being perfectly nasty to every one else."

"Oh, she may take it out of *him* by being perfectly charming—to some one else."

Mrs. Trenor shook her head dolefully.

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"She knows he wouldn't mind. And who else is there? Alice Wetherall won't let Lucius out of her sight. Ned Silverton can't take his eyes off Carry Fisher—poor boy! Gus is bored by Bertha, Jack Stepney knows her too well—and—well, to be sure, there's Percy Gryce!"

She sat up smiling at the thought.

Miss Bart's countenance did not reflect the smile.

"Oh, she and Mr. Gryce would not be likely to hit it off."

"You mean that she'd shock him and he'd bore her? Well, that's not such a bad beginning, you know. But I hope she won't take it into her head to be nice to him, for I asked him here on purpose for you."

Lily laughed. "*Merci du compliment!* I should certainly have no show against Bertha."

"Do you think I am uncomplimentary? I'm not really, you know. Every one knows you're a thousand times handsomer and cleverer than Bertha; but then you're not nasty. And for always getting what she wants in the long run, commend me to a nasty woman."

Miss Bart stared in affected reproval. "I thought you were so fond of Bertha."

"Oh, I am—it's much safer to be fond of dangerous people. But she *is* dangerous—and if I ever saw her up to mischief it's now. I can tell by poor George's manner. That man is a perfect barometer—he always knows when Bertha is going to——"

"To fall?" Miss Bart suggested.

"Don't be shocking! You know he believes in her still. And of course I don't say there's any real harm in Bertha. Only she delights in making people miserable, and especially poor George."

"Well, he seems cut out for the part—I don't wonder she likes more cheerful companionship."

"Oh, George is not as dismal as you think. If Bertha didn't worry him he would be quite different. Or if she'd leave him alone, and let him arrange his life as he pleases. But she doesn't dare lose her hold of him on account of the money, and so when *he* isn't jealous she pretends to be."

Miss Bart went on writing in silence, and her hostess sat following her train of thought with frowning intensity.

"Do you know," she exclaimed after a long pause, "I believe I'll call up Lawrence on the telephone and tell him he simply *must* come?"

"Oh, don't," said Lily, with a quick suffusion of colour. The blush surprised her almost as much as it did her hostess, who, though not commonly observant of facial changes, sat staring at her with puzzled eyes.

"Good gracious, Lily, how handsome you are!——Why? Do you dislike him so much?"

"Not at all; I like him. But if you are actuated by the benevolent intention of protecting me from Bertha—I don't think I need your protection."

Mrs. Trenor sat up with an exclamation. "Lily!——*Percy?* Do you mean to say you've actually done it?"

Miss Bart smiled enigmatically. "I only mean to say that Mr. Gryce and I are getting to be very good friends."

"H'm—I see." Mrs. Trenor fixed a rapt eye upon her. "You know they say he has eight hundred thousand a year—and spends nothing, except on some rubbishy old books. And his mother has heart-disease and will leave him a lot more. *Oh, Lily, do go slowly,*" her friend adjured her.

Miss Bart smiled without annoyance. "I shouldn't, for instance," she remarked, "be in any haste to tell him that he had a lot of rubbishy old books."

"No, of course not; I know you're wonderful about getting up people's subjects. But he's horrible shy, and easily shocked, and—and——"

"Why don't you say it, Judy? I have the reputation of being on the hunt for a rich husband?"

"Oh, I don't mean that; he wouldn't believe it of you—at first," said Mrs. Trenor, with candid shrewdness. "But you know things are rather lively here at times—I must give Jack and Gus a hint—and if he thought you were what his mother would call fast—oh, well, you know what I mean. Don't wear your scarlet *crêpe-de-chine* for dinner, and don't smoke if you can help it, Lily dear!"

Lily pushed aside her finished work with a dry smile. "You're very kind, Judy: I'll lock up my cigarettes and wear that last year's dress you sent me this morning. And if you are really interested in my career,

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perhaps you'll be kind enough not to ask me to play bridge again this evening."

"Bridge? Does he mind bridge, too? Oh, Lily, what an awful life you'll lead! But of course I won't—why didn't you give me a hint last night? There's nothing I wouldn't do, you poor duck, to see you happy!"

And Mrs. Trenor, glowing with her sex's eagerness to smooth the course of true love, enveloped Lily in a long embrace.

"You're quite sure," she added solicitously, as the latter extricated herself, "that you wouldn't like me to telephone for Lawrence Selden?"

"Quite sure," said Lily with smiling emphasis.

The next three days demonstrated to her own complete satisfaction Miss Bart's ability to manage her affairs without extraneous aid.

As she sat, on the Saturday afternoon, on the terrace at Bellomont, she smiled at Mrs. Trenor's fear that she might go too fast. If such a warning had ever been needful, the years had taught her a salutary lesson, and she flattered herself that she now knew how to adapt her pace to the object of pursuit. In the case of Mr. Gryce she had found it well to flutter ahead, losing herself elusively and luring him on from depth to depth of unconscious intimacy. The surrounding atmosphere was propitious to this scheme of courtship. Mrs. Trenor, true to her word, had shown no signs of expecting Lily at the bridge-table, and had even hinted to the other card-players that they were to betray no surprise at her unwonted defection. The hint carried a farther implication, and Lily found herself the centre of that feminine solicitude which envelops a young woman in the mating season. A solitude was tacitly created for her in the crowded existence of Bellomont, and her friends could not have shown a greater readiness for self-effacement had her wooing being adorned with all the attributes of romance. In Lily's set this conduct implied a sympathetic comprehension of her motives, and Mr. Gryce rose in her estimation as she saw the consideration he inspired.

The terrace at Bellomont on a September afternoon was a spot propitious to sentimental musings, and as Miss Bart stood leaning against the balustrade above the sunken garden, at a little distance from the animated group about the tea-table, she might have been lost in the mazes of an inarticulate happiness. In reality, her thoughts were finding definite utterance in the tranquil recapitulation of the blessings in store for her. From where she stood she could see them embodied in the form of Mr. Gryce, who, in a light overcoat and muffler, sat somewhat nervously on the edge of his chair, while Carry Fisher, with all the energy of eye and gesture with which nature and art had combined to endow her, pressed on him the duty of taking part in the task of municipal reform.

Mrs. Fisher's latest hobby was municipal reform. It had been preceded by an equal zeal for socialism, which had in turn replaced an energetic advocacy of Christian Science. Mrs. Fisher was small, fiery and dramatic; and her hands and eyes were admirable instruments in the service of whatever cause she happened to espouse. She had, however, the fault common to enthusiasts of ignoring any slackness of response on the part of her hearers, and Lily smiled at her insensibility to the resistance displayed in every angle of Mr. Gryce's attitude. She herself knew that his mind was divided between the dread of catching cold if he remained out of doors too long at that hour, and the fear that, if he retreated to the house, Mrs. Fisher might follow him up with a paper to be signed. Mr. Gryce had a constitutional dislike to what he called "committing himself," and tenderly as he cherished his health, he evidently concluded that it was safer to stay out of reach of pen and ink till chance released him from Mrs. Fisher's toils. Meanwhile he cast agonized glances in the direction of Miss Bart, whose only response was to sink into an attitude of more graceful abstraction. She had learned the value of contrast in throwing her charms into relief, and was fully aware of the extent to which Mrs. Fisher's volubility was enhancing her own repose.

She was roused from her musings by the approach of her cousin Jack Stepney who, at Gwen Van Osburgh's side, was returning across the garden from the tennis court.

The couple in question were engaged in the same kind of romance in which Lily figured, and the latter felt a certain annoy-

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ance in contemplating what seemed to her a caricature of her own situation. Miss Van Osburgh was a large girl with flat surfaces and no high lights: Jack Stepney had once said of her that she was as reliable as roast mutton. His own taste was in the line of less solid and more highly-seasoned diet; but hunger makes any fare palatable, and there had been times when Mr. Stepney had been reduced to a crust.

Lily considered with interest the expression of their faces: the girl's turned toward her companion's like an empty plate held up to be filled, while the man lounging at her side already betrayed the encroaching boredom which would presently crack the thin veneer of his smile.

"How impatient men are!" Lily reflected. "All Jack has to do to get everything he wants is to keep quiet and let that girl marry him; whereas I have to calculate and contrive, and retreat and advance, as if I were going through an intricate dance, where one misstep would throw me hopelessly out of time."

As they drew nearer she was whimsically struck by a kind of family likeness between Miss Van Osburgh and Percy Gryce. There was no resemblance of feature. Gryce was handsome in a didactic way—he looked like a clever pupil's drawing from a plaster-cast—while Gwen's countenance had no more modelling than a face painted on a toy balloon. But the deeper affinity was unmistakeable: the two had the same prejudices and ideals, and the same quality of making other standards non-existent by ignoring them. This attribute was common to most of Lily's set: they had a force of negation which eliminated everything beyond their own range of perception. Gryce and Miss Van Osburgh were, in short, made for each other by every law of moral and physical correspondence——"Yet they wouldn't look at each other," Lily mused, "they never do. Each of them wants a creature of a different race, of Jack's race and mine, with all sorts of intuitions, sensations and perceptions that they don't even guess the existence of. And they always get what they want."

She stood talking with her cousin and Miss Van Osburgh, till a slight cloud on the latter's brow advised her that even cousinly amenities were subject to suspicion, and Miss Bart, mindful of the necessity of not exciting enmities at this crucial point of her career, dropped aside while the happy couple proceeded toward the tea-table.

Seating herself on the upper step of the terrace, Lily leaned her head against the honeysuckles wreathing the balustrade. The fragrance of the late blossoms seemed an emanation of the tranquil scene, a landscape tutored to the last degree of rural elegance. In the foreground glowed the warm tints of the gardens. Beyond the lawn, with its pyramidal pale-gold maples and velvety firs, sloped pastures dotted with cattle; and through a long glade the river widened like a lake under the silver light of September. Lily did not want to join the circle about the tea-table. They represented the future she had chosen, and she was content with it, but in no haste to anticipate its joys. The certainty that she could marry Percy Gryce when she pleased had lifted a heavy load from her mind, and her money troubles were too recent for their removal not to leave a sense of relief which a less discerning intelligence might have taken for happiness. Her vulgar cares were at an end. She would be able to arrange her life as she pleased, to soar into that empyrean of security where creditors cannot penetrate. She would have smarter gowns than Judy Trenor, and far, far more jewels than Bertha Dorset. She would be free forever from the shifts, the expedients, the humiliations of the relatively poor. Instead of having to flatter, she would be flattered; instead of being grateful, she would receive thanks. There were old scores she could pay off as well as old benefits she could return. And she had no doubts as to the extent of her power. She knew that Mr. Gryce was of the small chary type most inaccessible to impulses and emotions. He had the kind of character in which prudence is a vice, and good advice the most dangerous nourishment. But Lily had known the species before: she was aware that such a guarded nature must find one huge outlet of egoism, and she determined to be to him what his Americana had hitherto been: the one possession in which he took sufficient pride to spend money on it. She knew that this generosity to self is one of the forms of meanness, and she resolved so to identify herself with her husband's vanity that to gratify her wishes would be to him the most

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exquisite form of self-indulgence. The system might at first necessitate a resort to some of the very shifts and expedients from which she intended it should free her; but she felt sure that in a short time she would be able to play the game in her own way. How should she have distrusted her powers? Her beauty itself was not the mere ephemeral possession it might have been in the hands of inexperience: her skill in enhancing it, the care she took of it, the use she made of it, seemed to give it a kind of permanence. She felt she could trust it to carry her through to the end.

And the end, on the whole, was worth while. Life was not the mockery she had thought it three days ago. There was room for her, after all, in this crowded selfish world of pleasure whence, so short a time since, her poverty had seemed to exclude her. These people whom she had ridiculed and yet envied were glad to make a place for her in the charmed circle about which all her desires revolved. They were not as brutal and self-engrossed as she had fancied—or rather, since it would no longer be necessary to flatter and humour them, that side of their nature became less conspicuous. Society is a revolving body which is apt to be judged according to its place in each man's heaven; and at present it was turning its illuminated face to Lily.

In the rosy glow it diffused her companions seemed full of amiable qualities. She liked their elegance, their lightness, their lack of emphasis: even the self-assurance which at times was so like obtuseness now seemed the natural sign of social ascendency. They were lords of the only world she cared for, and they were ready to admit her to their ranks and let her lord it with them. Already she felt within her a stealing allegiance to their standards, an acceptance of their limitations, a disbelief in the things they did not believe in, a contemptuous pity for the people who were not able to live as they lived.

The early sunset was slanting across the park. Through the boughs of the long avenue beyond the gardens she caught the flash of wheels, and divined that more visitors were approaching. There was a movement behind her, a scattering of steps and voices: it was evident that the party about the tea-table was breaking up. Presently she heard a tread behind her on the terrace. She supposed that Mr. Gryce had at last found means to escape from his predicament, and she smiled at the significance of his coming to join her instead of beating an instant retreat to the fire-side.

She turned to give him the welcome which such gallantry deserved; but her greeting wavered into a blush of wonder, for the man who had approached her was Lawrence Selden.

"You see I came after all," he said; but before she had time to answer, Mrs. Dorset, breaking away from a lifeless colloquy with her host, had stepped between them with a little gesture of appropriation.

(To be continued.)



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# SOME INCIDENTS OF WESTERN LIFE

BY C. M. RUSSELL

WITH PEN SKETCHES BY WILL CRAWFORD

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*Drawn by C. M. Russell.*

"A Bad Hoss."

A cowboy riding a horse known as a "Weaver."

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*Drawn by C. M. Russell.*

"Buccaroos" from the N–N outfit on the Big Dry in Montana.

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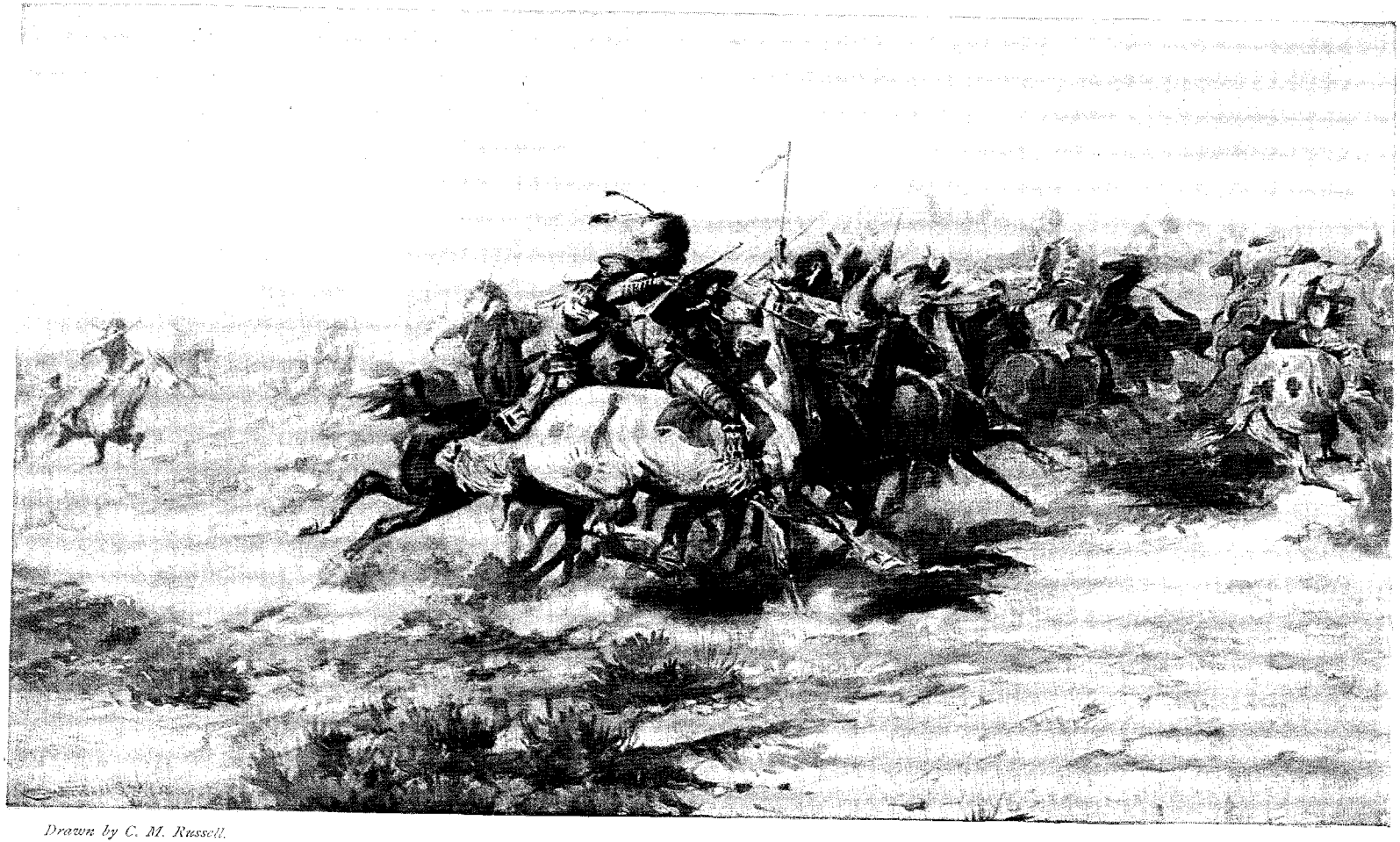

*Drawn by C. M. Russell.*

1876.—The Custer Fight.

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*Drawn by C. M. Russell.*

An Old-time Hunting Party.

The Blackfoot Indians when they ranged from the Saskatchewan to the Yellowstone.

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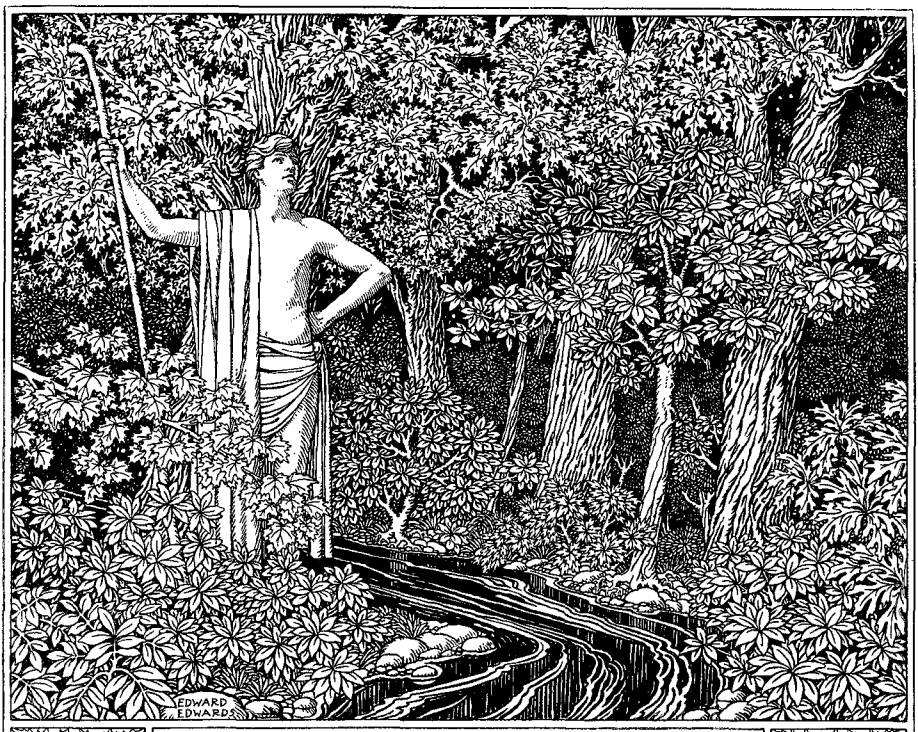


# THE COVERT

## By Algernon Tassin

THE heart of the woods and the heart of a man
Are deep and remote and still;
But if you come softly and unaware,
Its shy householders are stirring there
And life's small shuttles are whirring there,
A myriad mouths to fill.

The heat which parches the meadow's green
Sifts tempered and soft through a leafy screen
Where the dewy covert hides unseen.

None spies from without the secret place,
So well do the artful arms embrace,
No paths they tread whose steps retrace.

You may beat its suburbs miles around
Too dull for each subtle sight and sound;
Give up your seeking, and lo! it is found.

The heart of the woods and the heart of a man
Are deep and remote and still;—
A foot too heavy, and ruin's begun,
Away the little householders run,
And ah! how easily mischief is done
By a wanton and idle will!

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# VENETIA'S CHILD

## By Maarten Maartens

THE villagers had assembled, in talkative little groups, on the high mountain-terrace that leads up to the Grand Hotel Rosenegg. In their Swiss Alpine costumes, more or less picturesque, they stood about, absolutely indifferent, as such villagers are wont to be, in the face of the whole majesty of the snow-clad summits and the crimsoning sunset sky. The tourists, several hundreds of them, had also gathered in front of the hotel, in curious little expectant assemblings, shame-facedly non-expectant, pretending to be absorbed in the beauties of the surrounding scenery.

A young man and woman, who were hurrying by on the outskirts of the crowd, stopped, suddenly interested.

"How now? What's to do now?" said the young man, who was the village and "Bad" doctor of Rosenegg. "Somebody of unusual importance expected at the hotel, I suppose. A prince?" And he repeated the question to a rough mountaineer standing close to him.

The man removed the pipe from his lips. "Ach was, Herr Doctor," he made answer; "d'you think we'd all come out to look at a prince? Scores of them at the hotel every season."

"Well, who is it, then?" insisted the doctor. "The Pope?"

"A bigger man still."

"Paul Kruger?"

"Venetia," said the mountaineer in awe-struck tones.

The doctor started; then he seized his wife by the arm and hurried her down a side-path.

"Why, what's the matter now, Karl?" she questioned, laughing. "Venetia? That's the great banker, the richest man in the world. I should like to have seen him."

"We can't stay."

"It was just about time for the carriages to come up from the valley; I fancy I can hear them even now."

"I couldn't see Venetia. I didn't want to see his face. He was the man that ruined us."

"Ruined you?" She stared up at him in astonishment, as he hurried her along.

"Yes, ruined my father, and all of us, in that business of the Münz-Marienbach railway. It was Venetia who wanted the railway and so bought up the shares, and then—but you wouldn't understand."

"But I thought the railway failed?"

"He caused it to fail; he crushed it. It was flourishing enough till he flung his shares on the market. It was all done in three weeks; the labor of a lifetime destroyed, that a millionnaire—a milliardaire—might make fifty thousand francs. It killed my father."

"But perhaps Venetia never knew!"

"Of course he didn't know. What does Venetia know of the existence of a humble Swiss Railway Director? It was 'business.' My father was a rich man till this bit of business beggared him. I dare say Venetia pays his cook more than my father earned."

"I don't pretend to understand about business," said the wife; "I suppose these men do these things without intending, just as some new invention ruins thousands the inventor never saw."

"You are quite mistaken," he replied with vehemence. "An invention is an honest step forward in the struggle, while all the machinations of these great bankers are rascality from beginning to end."

"I am sorry for his wife," she answered; and, unconsciously, her gaze sank on her gray calico frock.

"His wife is the happiest woman in the world. She has never learnt to distinguish between honest and dishonest, and she has finer diamonds than any duchess who envies and looks down on her."

"Do you know about her?"

"Not a word. But Venetia's wife must be like that, or she couldn't be at all."

"Well, I should have liked to see her—and him," reiterated the young Frau Doctor. She stood still at the turn of the mountain-path under the pine trees, and looked down, with shaded eyes, through the glitter of the forest-slope to the white road winding below.

"There they are!" she cried suddenly.



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A couple of open carriages came into view, slowly winding upward, at the end of their two-hours' ascent from the station of Schmetterheim.

They both stood gazing down into the distance. A moment later, drawn on by a passion he could hardly have accounted for, he was rushing headlong over the stumps, needles, and fir-cones. She flew after him. Breathless, they paused at a twist of the road, against a bank, just as the carriages —hired landaus from the hotel—crept jingling round the bend at their feet.

A tall man, pale-faced and dark, with nothing remarkable about him but an air of unstudied arrogance; a boy of eight or ten, lying up against the other's shoulder, with eyes closed as if dozing—these were the sole occupants of the first conveyance; behind them came a second, holding servants and bags.

The tall man's eyes rested for two seconds, with lazy indifference, on the couple hanging perched against the fir-trees. Then he dropped his gaze on the boy. The horses jingled by.

"So that was Venetia," said Fritz Kollmann. He drew a long breath. "The man that killed my father," he said, and added bitterly: "Rather an unusual sight, I should imagine, for a son."

"The boy looked ill," replied Frau Kollmann.

"I did not notice the boy."

They trudged along, each on their own thoughts intent, until presently she took his arm and looked up into his sombre face.

"Perhaps God willed that you should be ruined," she said, "that the world might find out all there is in Fritz Kollmann."

"Humph!"

"You would never have worked so hard, dear, had you not suddenly found yourself so poor."

"I worked so hard because I wanted to marry you."

"Well, does that not bear out what I say? And now that you have gained a competence—for your practice here is a competence, isn't it?—why do you still go on with all that extra study? Isn't it because you have learned to love work, scientific research, your profession?"

"I must help the sick children," he answered; "I have sworn to help the children. When I have found out about my throat complaint, I shall knock off all superfluous work."

She smiled an unbelieving smile, and they reached their wooden chalet. The chalet, with its long roof overhanging the carved balcony, seemed to wink at her. And from the little eye in its forehead a boy's eager face looked out. "Oh, come up, mother—come up quick!" he cried.

"There is a Herr Professor waiting in the study," said the apple-cheeked, white-stockinged maid.

Across the young doctor's forehead shot a flash of satisfaction. For this Herr Professor could only be the great man from Vienna, whom he had met at the Grand Hotel the previous evening. The specialist —one of the best-known surgeons living— had seemed interested, and now——

"I am leaving to-morrow," said the great man, rising. "I could not help just looking in on you. I was so much struck by what you said last night about your study of these peculiar laryngeal affections in children. It is not my domain, yet I wish you would tell me something more."

"I will gladly tell you all I can," replied Kollmann, with eager yet modest enthusiasm. "I have been doctor here now for nearly ten years. I have long puzzled over the numerous throat troubles prevalent among the population and the visitors —especially the latter. You would not imagine so rarefied an atmosphere conducive to throat disease, but it certainly is. I believe it is the very contrast, especially for those who repeatedly go down to the town and come up again. It seems as if latent microbes were revivified here. There is more especially a particular form of acute infectious inflammation in children, very clearly distinguishable from the diphtheria of the plains, and even more virulent;" he went to a desk and produced drawings and copy-books, launching into professional details.

"And the treatment?" asked the Vienna professor, agreeably appreciative.

"It has not been as successful as I might have wished. The serum, for instance, has proved quite inefficacious. The disease, in a word, is not diphtheric. But I have a theory of my own now—I have studied the matter for years, you see; I believe I have got to the root of the matter at last. I believe I have got the microbe and"—his cheek glowed—"can destroy him!"

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"Well, well, I have no wish to penetrate your secret," said the other good-humoredly.

"Why not, Herr Professor? I am not one of those who retain medical secrets, like charlatans. But my theory is not yet complete; it wants the key-stone, the final proof. My very next case will decide the whole matter, once for all. My treatment is an injection—of a virus." He paused, got up, walked to the window.

"In what proportion will it cure?—in what proportion will it——" He paused again, under the strain of intense emotion.

"My next patient will recover," he said, "or——" Again it was impossible for him to proceed.

"He will recover," he burst out vehemently, "and then we shall have the remedy once for all." He turned from the window and came back to his illustrious guest, with eagerly outstretched hands.

"Admit that the experiment is legitimate!" he cried. "Admit it, Herr Professor! I rejoice that fortune has thrown you in my way. You see all my preparatory labor—mine is no guesswork!—I have a right now to risk one life to save so many. I have a right!"

The Vienna professor stared at him.

"The whole thing is ready!" Kollmann hurried on vehemently. "It only wants the final experiment. That experiment is 'kill or cure'; I can't help that—I *must* make it. Until it is made, the whole treatment is worth nothing. Once it is made, whether the child live or die, the disease is curable." He stood gazing into the great man's face; his breath came and went.

The great man stared back. A sort of better-class grin overspread his features: "My dear young doctor," he said, "what is all this fuss about? Of course you may experiment your treatment upon whoever first comes to you with the disease. What would become of medical science were it not so? As you say, yours is no 'guesswork.' You have every right to expect a favorable result. That the disease is so terribly swift in its action as to make every experiment risky—*that* is no fault of yours."

"Yes," replied the other in a dull voice, looking away; "my next patient will recover—will recover."

The Austrian rose "I leave to-morrow morning," he said. "It has been most agreeable to meet, up here, with so disinterested and—er—eminent a worker. We shall hear of you again soon, I feel sure. I heartily wish you success. I believe in your theory. Good-by."

From this conversation the doctor would gladly have fled back to his own reflections; but his little son waylaid him at the front door, anxious to know all about the boy Rialto, Venetia's only child, who could have the moon for the asking. Was it true that he had a live ship and a real elephant to ride on? Nurse had said that he had a hundred thousand francs a month pocket-money. What did people do with a hundred thousand francs? Was it possible to spend such a sum on the most splendid toys before the next month came round? Fritzchen was also an only child, accustomed to all reasonable amiability in his surroundings. His income amounted to fifty centimes a week.

During the next fortnight the doctor's thoughts centred more and more exclusively on his theory and the studies that developed it. The Vienna professor's attitude had influenced him greatly, sweeping away all sorts of psychical uncertainties and leaving his brain clear and his outlook assured. There is a statistic uniformity in all phenomena of existence. After a pause in the sequence, a case or two of "Alpine Diphtheritis" (hitherto falsely so-called) had become, one might almost say, "overdue." The doctor, accustomed to a short period of prevalence in every season, began to await the next outbreak with a painfully deepening expectancy. To his wife he once spoke of his anxiety as almost a physical pain. The idea of the impending juncture became an obsession. The next case would decide. And the next case was long in coming.

It came, falling like a thunderbolt, early one night—a message, with much abundance of ringing and crying, from a cottage miles away on the other side of the ravine. The doctor hurried off; the wife remained, as is the lot of wives, face to face with herself, sitting up in bed, her white look in the opposite glass.

A couple of hours later, as she lay wondering, in the stillness, what fate would prove reserved for the cow-keeper's daughter on the "Alm," there came a fresh rush of steps over the gravel outside the chalet, and

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new, still more pressing peals and appeals. She opened the latched window; the summer night, in that high altitude, was cool and crystal clear.

"The doctor! The Herr Doctor! He is to come immediately to the Grand Hotel!" cried the voice of a "Hausbursche." And another man's voice took up the cry, "Immediately!"

"He is away," replied the doctor's wife.

"Impossible!" came back the second man's answer from down below. He stood just under her, looking up. "Impossible!" he said, evidently incredulous; "it is for the son of my Lord Venetia."

"He has been sent for to the other side of the valley." Her voice shook.

"Is it possible!" said the servant, amazed. "That such a thing should happen to my lord!"

"He has been away a long time; he may return at any moment," she suggested. "I will send him the very moment he comes in."

"But he may remain absent for hours!" shouted the affrighted valet. He turned on his stolid companion; "and there is no other doctor?" he cried, running back into the night. The Frau Doctor closed the window. No, there was no other doctor. Probably nothing much was the matter with this young Rialto, whom she had seen several times in the hotel garden looking the very picture of yellow-faced health. But every whimsy must of course receive fullest attention, while, for that matter, a hundred peasant children might die of neglect. "That such a thing—a momentary contretemps—should happen to my lord!"

The clock had struck two when the doctor returned. She ran down to meet him, pale and breathless. "Well?" she gasped. "Well? How is the child?"

He pushed past her, flung back his head, staring over his shoulder at her eager face.

"Dead before I arrived," he said. There was a moment's silence between them; then she laughed, in sheer nervousness. "These people," he continued, "always send for you a couple of days too late." And he too laughed, an ugly, discordant laugh. "But there will be more cases now!" he said; "the father sells his milk to the hotel."

Her heart gave a horrible leap of excitement. "True! The hotel!" she said. "They were here an hour ago, calling for a doctor. It seems the young Rialto is indisposed."

He started, as the name fell on his ears. "I will go at once," he said. And as he turned to the door—"I am sure it is nothing," she called after him.

But at the hotel, to which he hastened, people spoke differently. The proprietor came out into the entrance-hall and hailed him with undisguised solicitude. No other doctor, of course, had been forthcoming. The servants were rushing wildly in every direction; the case seemed a most serious one of inflammation of the throat. The proprietor could not refrain from wringing his hands. "In this house!" he cried, "and with a man as widely known as Lord Venetia! It will ruin the hotel!" He stared helplessly at the doctor. "Ah, there's his lordship's bell," he said, and called to a waiter to show up Herr Kollmann, and then ran after and said he would do it himself. "Doctor," he whispered in eager gutturals, "don't call it diphtheria. Don't, for Heaven's sake, I entreat of you, call it diphtheria. Anything but—ah, here is Herr Bensch, my lord's factotum—eh, Herr Bensch?—my lord's right hand. Well, Herr Bensch, and how is the interesting patient, the Lord Rialto."

"Master Rialto continues very ill," replied the individual addressed. His manner was icy, but his voice betrayed a tremor he evidently strove in vain to repress.

In the large sitting-room, with the electric lamps all lighted in this dread hour of night, Lord Venetia came forward, leaving open the door from behind which he had just emerged. "The doctor at last!" he said; then, recollecting himself, with great courtesy: "I am glad you are come."

"Yes, I am come," replied Kollmann, and eyed this man.

"My son, who has never had anything serious the matter with him, seems suddenly taken ill. I dare say it is nothing. You will see."

"Yes, let me see," said Kollmann. His tone was so peculiar that Venetia looked at him. Their glances met.

"The throat is very painful," continued the father.

"Every moment may be of importance," replied Kollmann, and moved two steps to the waiting door.

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"Abs—" Lord Venetia checked himself. "It is not so bad as all that," he said, with a touch of contempt in his jerk of the head almost more than in his voice. He was a man of millions, a king of kings; every movement of his quiet frame and face proclaimed it. His heart, in this supreme moment of anxiety, was in furious revolt against the humble village doctor to whom he must thus unwillingly confide his own future, and the world's.

"We will go and see the patient," he said gently, and led the way. He did not even notice Kollmann's eagerly acquiescent bow.

The boy lay in the hotel bed, choking. On the threshold of the sick-chamber the doctor heard the choke. A light flashed across his eyes, and his inmost soul. He knew that at last he was face to face with the problem, the solution—the supreme decision of his life.

From his painful examination he went back, without speaking, to the sitting-room. Lord Venetia followed. Herr Bensch stood by the outer door.

"Well?" said Venetia at last.

"Your son is very ill."

Herr Bensch coughed discreetly.

For this answer Lord Venetia was prepared. First, because he understood that rich men's children are always important cases; but secondly, alas!—because he had already discovered the fact for himself. Gladly would he have said, to his own heart, that the doctor was overstating the actual condition of affairs, but his heart would not have believed him.

"Nothing serious is the matter," he said rather roughly.

"Indeed you are mistaken," came the rougher reply.

"We have—eh—telegraphed already to Berne," continued Lord Venetia, speaking testily, from suppressed excitement. "Professor—what is his name, Bensch?"

"Schumacher, my lord."

"Will be here to-morrow. Till then I suppose there is not much to be done?"

The young doctor looked at the millionnaire quickly, almost with a sob of relief. "You wish me to retire," he said, "from the treatment of your son? You wish me to do nothing?"

"I wish you to do all you can," replied Venetia, with hauteur; "all that is inevitable—till the specialist comes."

"Your son will be dead before then." The doctor paused. A cry, part despair, part distrust, had sprung from the compressed lips of the father.

"Unless I do a great deal," continued Kollmann.

"What do you propose to do?" Venetia again spoke calmly, with incisiveness, as if treating, with his confidential clerk, of some project that involved millions.

"Operate."

"What sort of operation?"

"Inject a virus." The replies came slowly, but unhesitatingly, as if dragged out by main force.

"I cannot allow it."

"So much the better."

From the adjoining room came continuously the sound of the agonized choke. A servant could be heard moving there, with glasses.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Lord Venetia angrily.

"I would much rather not undertake the responsibility."

"Of curing my son?"

"Or of killing a Rialto," said Kollmann.

Herr Bensch crept forward. "Perhaps the Herr Doctor might inform my lord," he suggested softly, "of some former successes he has had with his treatment?"

"I have had none," said Fritz Kollmann.

Lord Venetia, in his bitterness, smiled. "I think we will wait," he said, "for the Professor Schumacher."

The village doctor bowed ceremoniously and moved away to the door. All the sounds from the next room seemed to follow him.

And before he reached the door he stopped. Many emotions were at war in his breast. He hated this murderer and villain in whose presence he stood; he loved his science still more. And he pitied the child.

"I have just come from a similar case," he said; "dead within twenty-four hours—before they sent for me. Your son will not live till the morning, if nothing be done. If I operate, there is—a chance."

The father remained silent, unable to speak. Under such stress Herr Bensch broke away from his own moorings. "And you reserve your experiments," he cried, "for the son of Lord Venetia!"

"So fate has willed it," replied the

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doctor. He looked to right and left, from the one man to the other. "That I, of all others," he burst out, "should cure, for the benefit of the race, the son of Venetia!"

Lord Venetia had risen and gone back to the sick-room. He heard the exclamation as he went, haughtily ignoring any special significance. Only one word struck deep: cure.

Herr Bensch came close to the doctor. "Find another child," he said; "experiment on that. What you say, what you wish, is impossible. How much money do you want? You can have it. But it is utterly ridiculous—it is unthinkable that my lord's only child should die."

"He will not live till sunrise," said the doctor.

Herr Bensch gave a groan which came from the heart. "It will alter the destinies of the world!" he cried.

The young doctor shrugged his shoulders. "They have been altered before," he replied. "Not all my Lord Venetia's millions can buy another case to command. And yet that other case, at this moment, would decide your Rialto's fate."

"At least explain," said Herr Bensch, miserably. "You speak in enigmas."

Indeed, a craving for utterance of his inmost agonies was upon the young physician. "I am sure of my treatment!" he exclaimed. "It is only a question of the dose. What *dose* of the poisonous antidote —for it is a poison—will cure?—what will —kill? One experiment will decide. Henceforth the disease, even at this stage, is curable. One experience will suffice. I have waited for it for weeks!"

Lord Venetia stood in the doorway. "My son must die a natural death," he said.

The young doctor turned upon him. "All your millions cannot buy a substitute!" he cried.

There came a knock at the outer door. Herr Bensch opened it. The landlord slipped into the room. "Herr Doctor is wanted," he said; "they have been telephoning for him."

"Who wants me?"

"It is another case of sickness; it appears urgent."

"What sickness? Do they say? Who are 'they'?"

The landlord was unwilling to name the sickness. However, he answered: "The throat."

His hearers looked at each other. From the sick-chamber came that gasping for breath.

"It is the reply of God!" sobbed Herr Bensch. Lord Venetia's lip curled, then trembled. "Come, Herr Doctor!" said the landlord. Kollmann eagerly followed him, glad, whatever might now happen, of escape.

As soon as the door was closed, the landlord's manner changed. "It is from your home," he said. "It is from the Frau Doctor."

"Naturally."

"I fear it is your son."

Five minutes later Fritz Kollmann stood by his child's bedside. Little Fritz, suddenly struck down, as is the nature of this horrible disease, lay gasping for his life, like the heir of Europe, up yonder. Now, looking back, his parents could recall that he had looked pale for a day or two, eaten little, felt listless. He had been up at the hotel last half-holiday, having tea with the landlord's little boy. Without doubt a frightful epidemic was upon the place, ready to burst out and generalize itself at any moment. There had been such a one three years ago, beginning with a case or two, traceable to the milk, and gradually spreading. Then the doctor had been practically powerless; now he was all but master of the disease.

All but. He stood by the bedside, looking down at the child's sufferings. The words of the Vienna surgeon came back to him. He would be a great man in his turn; perhaps they would make him a professor. His would probably be a childless home, but he would have cured Venetia's son.

"Who will possibly do even more harm than his father," he said aloud.

"What do you mean?" asked his wife appealingly, pressing close. "Save him! Oh, save him!" she said.

Kollmann's thoughts were working fast. He could return to the hotel in half an hour; he could declare that his experiment had succeeded; that he now was sure of his effect—desperate cases require desperate remedies—the young Rialto's sufferings would conquer any remaining opposition, in the face of promised success. There would be time enough to save his own son, when this Rialto was dead.

He shuddered. "Oh, save him! Save

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him!" repeated the wife. He gently put her aside.

His telephone rang out, like a blow. "How long does the doctor require?" came Herr Bensch's demand from the hotel.

He hesitated. He stood by the machine. "Half an hour," he replied.

"Can the child here wait so long?"

"Yes," he said, and ran back to his son.

He stood there, looking down. Venetia's boy or his own? Venetia's boy or his own?

For only answer came the sick child's gasp.

He shook himself, as a man who shivers in the cold, and ran to his study, returning with a syringe and a bottle.

His wife barred his path. "You do not *know!*" she shrieked.

"God help me! what can I do?" he exclaimed. "To do nothing means death."

All his many explanations of his treatment surged back upon her. She burst into weeping. "Had there been but one other! one other!" she wailed.

An oath broke from him. "And you call yourself a doctor's wife!" he cried fiercely. "Whom else should we sacrifice with such right as our own?" She quailed before him, sinking aside. He went forward to the bed and with hurried yet steady gestures he parted the child's lips and, inserting the syringe just under the tonsular swelling, injected the fluid. Then he stepped back and, folding his arms, stood still—stood still for more than twenty minutes, watching. In about half an hour, according to his computations, the fruit of all these years of study, the matter would decide itself forever. If the dose was the right one, the swelling would go down, or, at least, remain stationary. If it was too strong, the disease would but increase in virulence.

He stood watching the symptoms, and as he watched, his features seemed to loosen. His wife stood beside him, gazing from the child to his face, and back to the child. He steadied himself for her sake.

Again the shrill summons of the telephone broke in upon them. He went to the instrument. "Come at once," it said. "Lord Venetia consents to everything."

"Ah!" said Kollmann. Then he spoke his reply: "I will come in five minutes," he answered, and ran back to the sick-room. He drew forth the thermometer, which had been placed under the boy's arm, and took it to the light. He bade his wife hold the lamp, while he looked into the throat. Still she gazed into his face.

"Don't drop it!" he cried suddenly. He caught at her. "Don't trouble about me; I am all right," she said. He flung up his hands to his forehead. "For God's sake, what must I do?" he cried.

"Can you do anything more here?" she answered, white to the lips. "Anything?"

"I can——" he hesitated.

"Anything I cannot do equally well?" she explained in haste, as if dreading his next word.

"You can insert the tube," he answered dully. She rocked backward; again he would have caught at her. She steadied herself with her hand upon the table. "Go to the hotel," she said, speaking firmly; "go at once. It is a matter of life and death."

"And here—here?"

"It is not," she answered. She broke away from him; he could hear her weeping in the adjoining room. The child flung himself to and fro, suffocating. Again the telephone rang out.

When the mother came back a moment later, she moved straight to the bed. "Go now," she said calmly. He obeyed her.

"At last," said Herr Bensch, by the entrance to the hotel sitting-room. He led the way at once through the inner door. Lord Venetia looked up from his post by the pillow. "Do whatever you like," he said, "but stop this gasping!"

"I know what to do," replied Kollmann.

Lord Venetia sat watching him.

"You are sure of your treatment?"

"Sure."

"But if there is any uncertainty, why not give a feeble dose, and repeat it?"

The physician turned fiercely on the great banker. "Do you take me for a fool?" he exclaimed. "One injection only is possible. It will be the right quantity."

"But you said——"

"This time."

"And the other child——"

"Be silent," said the doctor. Lord Venetia's cheek changed color. Fritz Kollmann continued his preparations. With firm hand he inserted the syringe, for the second time within an hour.

Then he waited as he had waited by that other bedside, steadily watching. "Will

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you not sit down?" asked Venetia, watching too.

"No."

Then they did not speak again for many minutes. In the outer room was heard a whispered confabulation, the opening and shutting of doors. They took no notice.

At last Venetia said: "He seems to breathe more easily." The doctor nodded. And again there was silence between them.

When the doctor once more opened his lips it was to say:

"Lord Venetia, did you ever hear the name of Kollmann?"

Venetia lifted his eyebrows. "I think not," he said; "why do you ask?"

"It is my name."

"Indeed!"

"It was my father's."

"Naturally. If you save my son's life, I shall have good cause to remember it."

"I do not care, Lord Venetia, whether you remember or forget." Then he turned from the bedside. "I can be spared now for half an hour," he said. "I am going home." Lord Venetia followed; these were not moments for even him to take offence.

"The boy is better," he declared. "Anyone can see that. The relief appeared almost instantaneous. It is certainly remarkable."

But Fritz Kollmann did not seem to hear. "The disease is curable," said the young doctor while he crossed the room, speaking as it were to himself. "I knew it was. At least I can thank God for that."

Herr Bensch came forward. "They have been telephoning for you, Herr Doctor," he said; "of course I knew you could not be disturbed. I did not make out all they were saying. But the other child, it appears, is dead."

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# DOMIDUCA

## By Edith M. Thomas

. . . The goddess who watches over one's safe coming home.—*Marius.* Walter Pater.

LEAD home, for now the light descends the skies;
Lead home, O goddess of the evening eyes—
  And voice of whisper dying off the leaves—
And touch of velvet air on flowers that sleep
  (To-morrow to be slain amid the sheaves)!
Lead home, O brooder of the brooding bird,
  With wings bedewed, in grassy covert deep,
Sleep-lulled, with its half-uttered vesper-notes;
  Lead home, O guardian of the couching flock,
By pools wherein the shadow lies unstirred;
  Lead home the toilers all, who scarce can keep
Their pathway for encumbering drowsiness;
  Lead home, pilot of lonely skiffs that rock
On yearning seas where bright the moon-path floats:
Lead all these home, and of thy bounty bless—
    Lead home!

Lead home, O goddess of the evening eyes,
And voice of dim response to twilight cries—
  Whom ever, since a child, I loved past all,
Served past all deities befriending earth!
Lead home! . . . and, if I have no home, then rise
Before my way, and, with deceiving charms,
Build me a dream of mine own roof and hearth,
  And thither in remembered accents call;
And lull me, sobbing, in remembered arms:
    Lead home!

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Typical young Socialist rioters on the Place de la Concorde, Paris.

# THE PROGRESS OF SOCIALISM

## POLITICAL PROBLEMS OF EUROPE AS THEY INTEREST AMERICANS

SECOND PAPER

BY FRANK A. VANDERLIP

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY E. C. PEIXOTTO, J. H. GARDNER-SOPER, CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON, AND W. OBERHARDT; AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

SOCIALISM is a live political factor in Europe. There is a wave of socialism flowing over the whole Continent, reaching heights of much importance in Germany, Belgium, and France, and giving a distinct trend to political life in Austria and Italy.

It is of great importance to us because of the vital effect which the success of the socialist parties would have on European institutions and upon the social and industrial conditions there. Of even wider importance, however, is this great political and social movement, because it foreshadows a tendency which we are likely to see gain great force in our own country. It seems to me not improbable that we shall, in the next few years, hear much of socialism in our own political life. I do not think it will be surprising if we eventually find political forces here drawn up on a new alignment, with a party standing on a platform which might be made up from principles taken from the programmes of socialist parties of Europe, and opposed to those who will stand for conservatism and the permanance of present institutions and conditions.

What a socialist party they would make! The discontented would find promise in such a platform. The believers in the power of legislation to work miracles in bringing prosperity and bettering social conditions would find plans for legislative experiments which would interest them. Those who see danger in aggregated wealth, the opponents of trusts and combinations, the populists, would all find such a party congenial. The advocates of Federal control of railways and telegraphs, and those who



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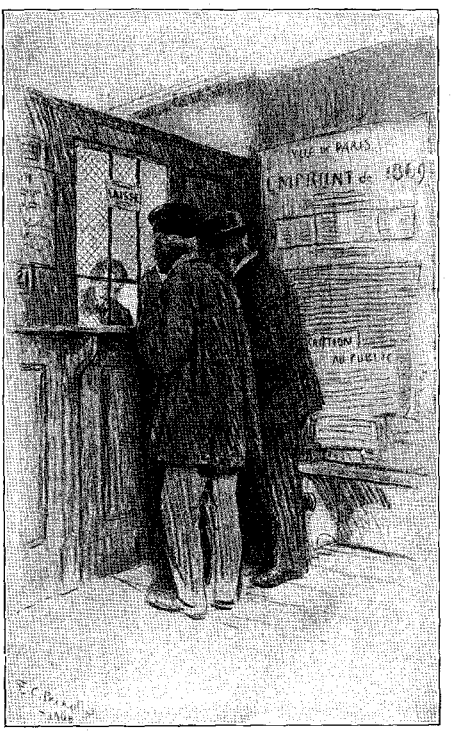
think the Government should get deeper into finance and organize postal savings-banks, would find planks which met their views. One of the main tenets of faith would of course be the belief in universal old-age pensions and in insurance to compensate for loss of health or employment, with the taxes for creating such funds laid on the incomes of the wealthy. Such a plank would have wide popularity, and those who are dissatisfied and who are in favor of any change or of any new legislative experiment would be attracted. We certainly have just the sort of material here in plenty for the building of a socialist party along lines which are showing such vital force in the political life of Europe. And like the socialist parties of Europe, there would be much good in the programme, and much error, many fallacies for the demagogue to rant over, much that would be utterly impracticable, but much that would appeal to those whose lot is less favorable than they believe it should be.



An office for the payment of old-age pensions.

There are no influences more likely to bring change to Europe than are those various political currents which are combined under the rather loose term of socialism. I believe there are beginning to be seen in our own political life many similar currents. It is natural that those currents will eventually come together into a united political party. Such a party might be called "Socialist," or it might find some other name, but it would be a party with many of the same principles as those of the socialist parties of Europe.

If we are facing socialism here, some study of the progress of socialism in Europe is well worth our while.

In France, the clerical question absorbing the main energies of all parties for several years, as it has, is second only in political importance to the problems which the growth of socialism has there brought into prominence. The position of the Socialists in influencing public affairs is much strengthened by the fact that they have been essential allies of the Republicans in their struggle with the Church. As has been indicated in a former article, the Socialists have presented a solid front with the Republicans in the whole programme of Republican Defence, and now that a decisive defeat has been dealt the Clerical party, the Socialists are demanding support in turn from the Republicans. The position of the Republicans makes the support of the Socialists necessary to them, and it is logical that the Government programme will in greater and greater degree recognize Socialist demands.

The French Premier, M. Combes, has recently stated the main objects of the present French ministry, and the programme as he outlined it shows the influence of the Socialists. He has stated that in addition to the continuance of repressive measures against religious orders, the ministry proposes to pass laws on the subject of working men's pensions, adopt a comprehensive plan for the assistance of invalids and old people, reform the tax system, and reduce to two years the time of military service. This programme indicates how important the Premier recognizes it to be that the Socialists continue their support of the Government. As the Socialists and Socialist Radicals have 140 members in the

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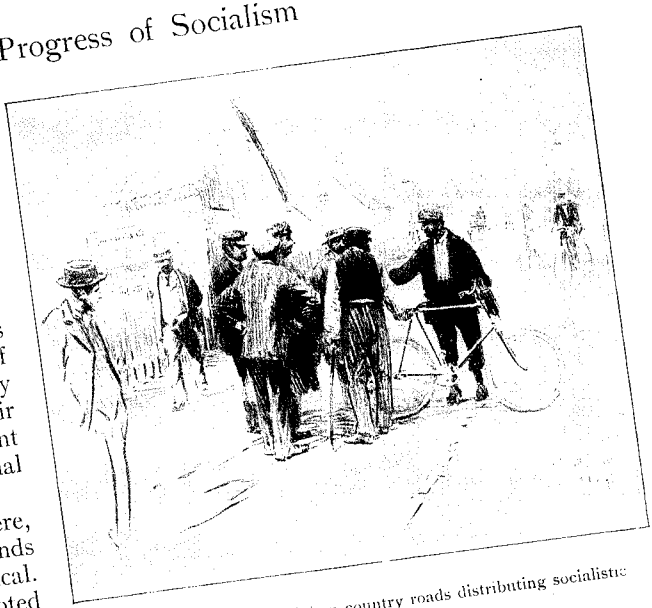
Chamber of Deputies, compared with 240 Republicans, it can be readily seen what important pillars of the Government support they form. The Socialist group, composed, as it is, almost exclusively of the working class, naturally has ambitions that are by no means confined to the programme of Republican Defence. They want legislation which in their opinion will have an important bearing on the whole social order.



Bicycle riders on the Belgium country roads distributing socialistic literature.

Like socialists everywhere, there is much in their demands that is utterly impractical. The Government has accepted a few of their most workable theories. If the platform of the revolutionary Socialists was carried out there would be a complete upsetting of the Government, for they favor the suppression of the Senate and the President of the republic. The programme of the less extreme, and more truly representative, group of Socialists calls for laws restricting the hours of labor and affecting conditions of employment. They desire to transplant the German system of sick funds and old-age pensions, and lay the burden of their maintenance upon the state. This great charge upon the budget they are ready to provide without hardship to themselves by the imposition of a graduated income tax on the wealthy. Complete freedom in forming associations is desired, laws more favorable to labor unions are wanted, payment to the holders of elective offices advocated, and the control by the state of the railroads, mines, and banks is also proposed. The Socialists are almost as much opposed to state education as they have been to clerical instruction.

A country polling place on election day in France.

The Socialists' contention that the rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer was pretty effectually disproved recently by the investigation of the French Labor Bureau covering labor conditions in France from 1840 to the end of the century. During a period in which the population grew only 12 per cent., the consumption of wheat rose 60 per cent., of meat 90 per cent., potatoes 100 per cent., sugar 500 per cent., and alcohol 260 per cent.

The demands of the Socialists seem likely now to come into the foreground. It is probable that we shall see in France much parliamentary attention given to legislatio

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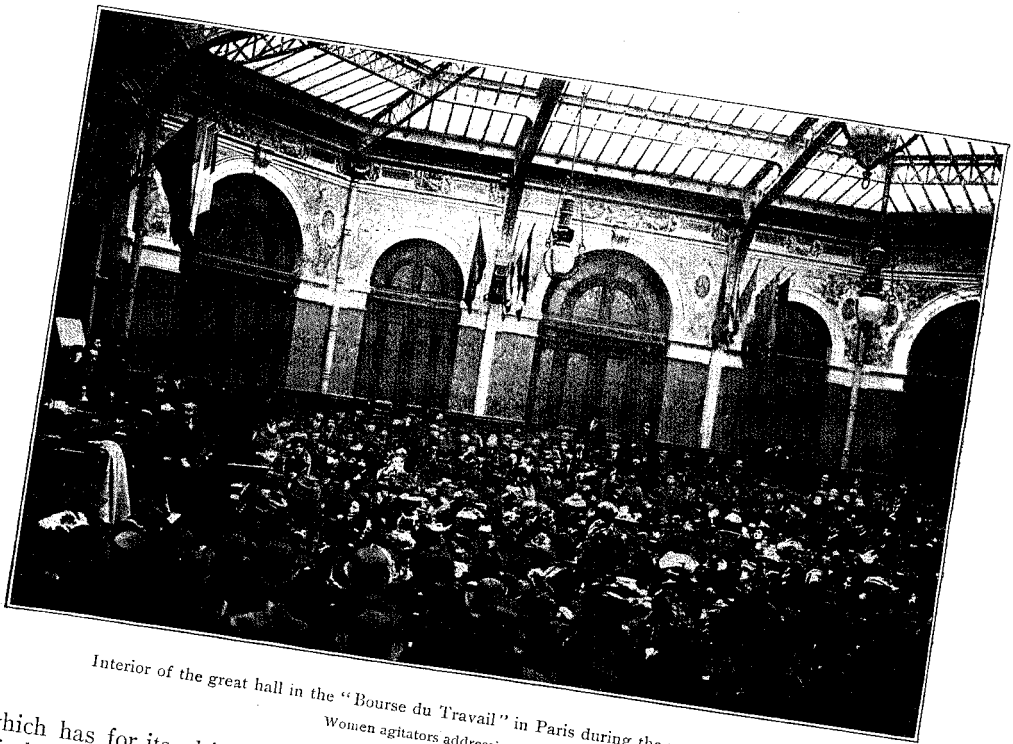

Interior of the great hall in the "Bourse du Travail" in Paris during the seamstresses' strike.
Women agitators addressing the girls.

which has for its object the amelioration of the condition of the working people. That fact is by no means without significance in a survey of commercial conditions in France. The questions which promise to take a leading position in legislative consideration will involve material change in the relations of the working classes to their employers, and may threaten marked alteration of the ratio in which profits are divided between capital and labor. Considering the strength and vitality of French ocialism, the future would seem to favor gislation of a character likely to effect unvorably industrial enterprise, at least til a process of readjustment has been ne through. French commerce is there- e facing unpleasant legislative possi- ties in the way of income taxes, old-age sions, restrictions of the hours of work, legislation favoring labor organiza- s.

he adoption of a scheme for old-age ons and the imposition of an income re now earnestly favored by the min- The Finance Minister, M. Rouvier, as proved himself one of the most and able men who ever held the ry portfolio, has formulated a scheme tion which would abolish the pres- ent somewhat intricate system, and replace it with two simple revenues—one a tax on income, and the other a tax on house rent The Socialists condemn the Government scheme, declaring it not progressive enough. They demand a tax which shall almost entirely consume property when income reaches a high level.

The respect for property rights is generally so highly developed in France that it hardly seems probable that the Socialists, strong and growing though the party is, will be able to pass legislation of so radical a nature as they now propose. Should they make substantial progress with their income-tax scheme, French business interests will have more reason to concern themselves with politics in the next few years than has been the case for a long time past.

The Socialist party in France has none of the remarkable coherence which the Social Democrats of Germany exhibit. The most striking feature of the German Social-Democratic organization is its perfect unity. The individual subordinates his ideas to the main programme. The will of the party, as expressed by the majority, is absolute law. The party discipline is the most perfect to be found in any political organization. The French Socialists, on

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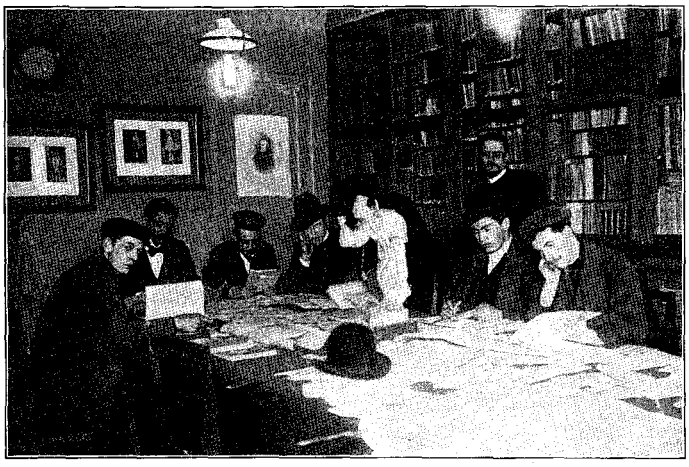
the other hand, are constantly at variance. They frequently break up into warring groups. At present there are two groups of importance, and five or six subordinate ones. If there was prospect of the strength of the Revolutionary Socialists increasing until they were able to impress their views upon the Chamber, the outlook for French commerce and industry would be serious indeed.

The Revolutionary Socialists want no half-way business about their old-age pension system. They desire that the pension shall be large enough to insure the aged working man living in comfort, and they do not want it to be put off until he has grown weary waiting for it. Not only do they want large pensions to begin before extreme old age is reached, but they are radically opposed to any contributions from the wages of the working people to replenish the pension fund. They want it all provided by the state. They would have the wealthy pay the pensions instead of making frugality a requisite, as in Germany.

The French Socialists show a tendency, however, to abandon the revolutionary ideas which have marked the programmes of their more radical groups. With the adoption of a sober and more practical programme they show growing strength. In national politics they have reached the dignity of representation in the Cabinet, as well as substantial power in the Chamber.

The chief practical success which French socialism has gained thus far, however, has been the acquisition of municipal power. Many of the larger cities of France are now controlled by Socialist councils. Before 1892 the Socialists had a majority in only one town council—in Saint Ouen—but since then they have succeeded in securing majorities in ten other important town councils, including such cities as Lille, Marseilles, and Calais. The municipal council of Paris has a Socialist group so important as to strongly influence its actions. In those towns where the Socialists have a majority they frequently pass radical measures for the benefit of the laboring classes, but those measures are always vetoed by the prefects, who have an absolute veto power. The prefects pronounce such legislation as outside the council's jurisdiction. In that way the power of the Socialists in municipal affairs is sharply limited. No matter how radical may be the voice of the municipal council, the action of that body is held in check by the centralized system of government which Napoleon planned. The municipal council may have a majority of members with ever so revolutionary plans. The council is presided over by a prefect who represents the central Government, and wields a veto which will effectually check a tendency toward anything which the officials in Paris may regard as dangerous enactments.



The library of the association for the betterment of working classes, known as "L'Université Populaire," Paris.

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In Belgium socialism is one of the strongest of the present political forces. It is natural to find in that country a fertile field in which to spread socialistic doctrines, for it is a country with a great industrial population and a comparatively small number who devote themselves to agriculture. The greatest energy is shown there in the systematic inculcation of socialistic ideas. Not only is there thorough organization in the cities, but the proselyting is pushed out into the agricultural districts. On Sundays in Belgium it is a common thing to see squads of bicycle riders passing along the country roads distributing socialistic literature to the peasants or waiting outside the doors of the little country churches to hand out their socialist tracts.

The "Maison du Peuple," Brussels, one of the most important of the coöperative societies of Belgium.

In the cities the strength of the socialists became so great that the railroad administration, which is in the hands of the Government, thought to help the industrial employers and increase the supply of workmen by organizing a series of working men's trains. Greatly reduced fares were put in force on these trains, and they transported to the cities and to the industrial centers great numbers of working men who lived in the country and who had not yet taken up socialist ideas. The Government's expectation of making headway against the working men's combinations has not been realized. It has turned out that the new laborers thus brought to the cities have quickly taken up the doctrines and ideas of the dwellers in the towns, and the recent progress of the Socialist party has been mainly made among the inhabitants of those small villages. Among the peasants, those who are actually workers in the fields, little headway is made by the propaganda of the working men's party.

Socialism in Belgium has developed largely in the direction of coöperative enterprises. In that particular it has taken a firmer hold in that country than elsewhere. Coöperative evolution is already too far advanced for any opposition by the state to be effective. There are many huge cooperative organizations, and their energies are directed toward almost every phase of economic life. In the main they may be said to be successful; certainly they are far more successful than any attempts at cooperation which we have seen in America. Without doubt their influence is beneficent. Most of the great coöperative associations have their own libraries, devoted particularly to economic and social science. In the Vooruit, at Ghent, I have seen a collection of many thousand volumes devoted to these two subjects.

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Labor procession in the streets of Charleroi, Belgium, during the strikes of 1902.

Women's manifestation in favor of universal suffrage at Jolimont, Belgium, in 1902.

There are nearly two thousand co-operative societies in Belgium, with a million consumers. Fully one-seventh of the total population belong to these institutions. They are flourishing institutions, too, showing good management and important economic results. The Maison du Peuple, in Brussels, is one of the most important of these coöperative organizations. It is a sort of people's palace; it contains libraries, concert halls, theatre, and lecture-rooms, as well as the coöperative stores for furnishing every kind and variety of supplies. There are attached to the institution doctors, dentists, and oculists. It covers practically every department of life, and is more comprehensive than the greatest of our own department stores. Some of these institutions administer life-insurance funds and sick benefits with success.

All the members of the workmen's party are members of some coöperative organization, so that the coöperative and the political movements have gone hand in hand. In the small villages the first co-operative establishment is generally a bakery, and this becomes the nucleus of a large coöperative industrial company later. There is successful coöperation, too, in the purely agricultural communities, in the form of associations for buying supplies and for selling the produce of the farms. The farmers believe that a central control over the marketing of their products has greatly



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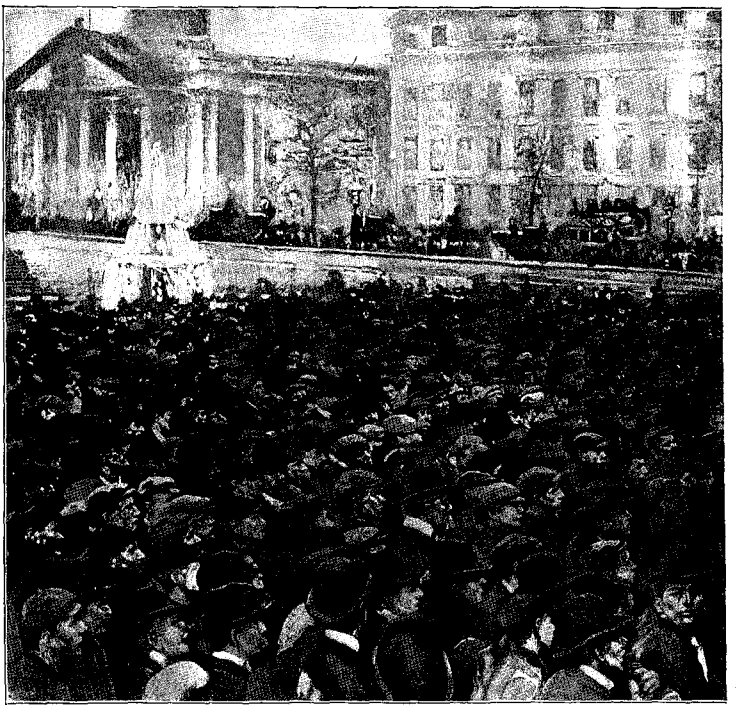
increased their income. It has tended to eliminate unnecessary competition and to better adapt the supply to the demand.

The Socialist party in Belgium now has over five hundred thousand votes, and, considering its relations to the co-operative establishments, probably controls a larger amount of capital than any other political party. Its struggle and agitation for universal suffrage has been its most important undertaking. Dangerous weapons were used. I can imagine few graver prospects than the possibility of the introduction of similar methods of warfare into our political life. As a climax in the effort to obtain universal suffrage, there was an attempt made to bring about a universal strike in every industry, with the hope that there would be such complete paralysis of the nation's industrial life that the Government would be compelled to yield. The attempt was a failure, but the method was a most dangerous precedent. The strike will be remembered as probably the greatest one on record. More than 300,000 working men were idle. Nearly every industry in the country, with the exception of the railroads, post-offices and telegraph lines, was affected. The strike was marked by comparatively little disorder. In spite of the imposing manifestation on the part of the people, the Government succeeded in maintaining its majority, and the Chamber, by a majority of 20, refused to consider the question of revising the constitution in favor of universal suffrage. The election which followed strengthened slightly the working men's party, but also strengthened the Clericals, who are at present the controlling force back of the ministry. The Chamber is made up of 166 members. The Clericals now have 96, the Socialists 35, and the Liberals 34.



Meeting of the unemployed

The union of political and labor organizations is seen in the highest development in Belgium, and the result of that union, with its possibility of strictly class legislation, may well be to us an interesting field of observation. As yet it has not seriously affected industry, nor threatened existing forms of government, but if the great industrial population of Belgium is eventually united into a political organization of sufficient strength to take the control of the Government out of the hands of the Clericals, Belgium is likely to become the scene of extremely interesting socialistic legislation.

A phase of socialism which is especially emphasized in Belgium is the attitude of the party toward art, and the plans for providing culture and amusement for the people, in answer to a demand for public entertainments and for great spectacles. In a state in which they hope to abolish the Church and the army, they propose to have something to substitute for churchly pomp and military pageant. They expect to do this by parades and celebrations of one kind and another, and even now they

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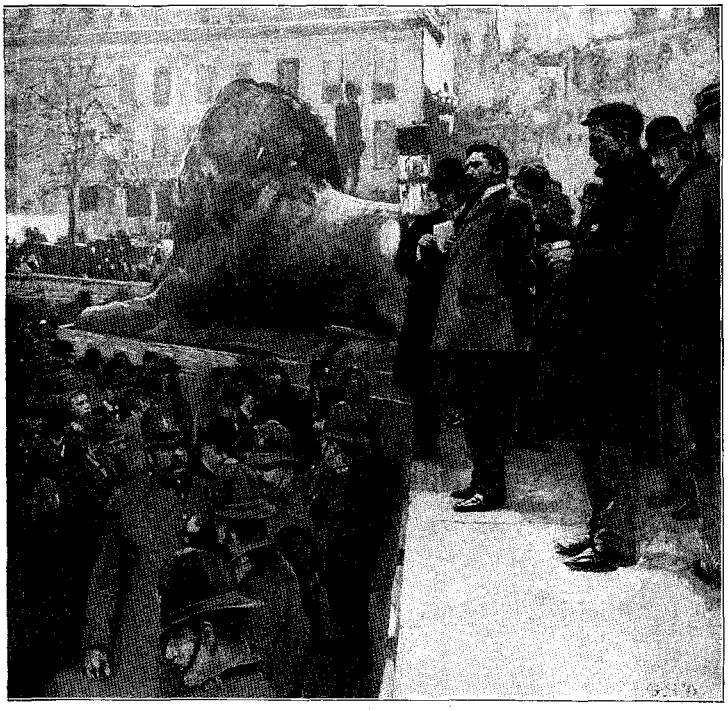

in Trafalgar Square, London.

work out the details of these in a most artistic and thorough way, modelling them largely on the magnificent festivals of the Belgium cities in the Middle Ages. A harvest festival which I recently saw in Bruges was an elaborate and artistic example. A procession with floats representing different grains and different phases of the harvest certainly made in the way of public amusement a good substitute for a spectacle on the Champs de Mars.

The Belgian Socialists ask of the Government that so far as possible it cultivate the artistic in all phases of public life, and that the strength of the state be directed to obliterate all ugly and unpleasant sights. Of the Minister of Finance is demanded money of more artistic appearance, modelled closely on the lines of antique coins. From the Minister of Railroads they wish stations of architectural excellence, decorated by the greatest of contemporary artists, and railway carriages where comfort is combined with the consideration of what is beautiful. They even ask for less commonplace railroad tickets. From the Minister of Agriculture is demanded comprehensive plans for the preservation of the trees along the great national roads; and from the Minister of Industry, the reorganization, improvement, and vitalizing of the provincial schools for teaching industrial art, the creation of museums and galleries, and generally the provision of the means for higher artistic culture.

Thus the Belgium Socialists by no means propose to confine their ambitions to the improvement of material conditions. In some respects they may have impractical ideals, but on the whole their programme is one which must inevitably work toward the uplifting and better living of the dense industrial population. Undoubtedly they scatter and weaken their force by the breadth of their demands. Their programme, however, is interesting, both from the fact that it illustrates the nature of what we would regard as fundamental political rights for which they are still struggling, and illuminates some of the high ideals with which the party is imbued.

In politics they desire universal suffrage, decentralization of the legislative power, communal autonomy, the right of initiative and referendum, educational reform, the suppression of the Church and army, civil equality of the sexes and suppression of hereditary functions, and finally the establishment of a republic. In economic matters they have a great programme of public charity in the shape of general insurance for all citizens. They favor the abolition of all laws against coalition. They desire free agricultural education, insurance against the diseases of plants and animals, and against the damages of storms and floods, the suppression of the hunting preserves, and the establishment of the right to destroy during every season animals which do harm to the crops.

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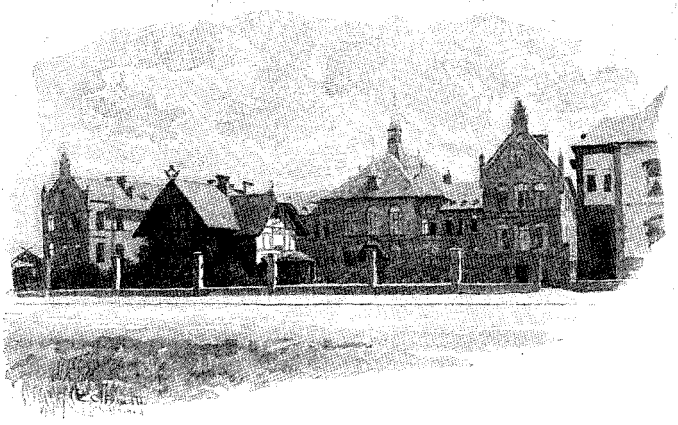
In the Belgium elections all the influence of the priests and of the owners of land is exercised against the Socialists. The credulity of the country folk leads them to accept from priests some remarkable interpretations of socialistic aims, and a common conservatism in the country results in advanced ideas taking root very slowly. The working men's party in Belgium strongly favors woman's suffrage. The organization of Belgium women into unions of political societies has not, however, made much progress.

In Austria, where the conditions of suffrage are unfavorable to Socialists, they have returned only 11 members to the Reichsrat. Although the party shows a total strength of nearly 1,000,000 votes, the class system of voting gives it small representation. The recognized party organization has expelled the extreme revolutionists, and has taken up the interests of the peasantry. As a natural sequence the party has become anti-Semitic, as the Jews are the great land-owners of the country. It has been said that two Jews own a quarter of the agricultural land of Hungary, a statement which is hardly within the facts. The Rothschilds are said to own one-third of the farming land of Bohemia, which is perhaps another exaggeration. But in any event such accumulation of enormous tracts of land has led the Socialist party to take a strong anti-Semitic position. The agrarian interests are naturally violently opposed to the socialist doctrines. They have secured legislation authorizing employers to dismiss without wages any working man suspected of being a Socialist agitator, and are not above seeking any unfair advantage in combating what they regard as a national danger.

Socialism is an unimportant element in the politics of Holland, although so far as it does manifest itself it is revolutionary in character. In recent municipal elections the Socialists met with losses. They have practically no influence in national politics there.

In Sweden there is only one Socialist member of Parliament, and in Switzerland there is also one. Although socialism has shown no vitality in the Scandinavian countries, there has been a great development of coöperative enterprise there. This is true particularly of Denmark's dairy interests. The first of the Danish coöperative dairies was started about a score of years ago. They have been so well managed and produced such satisfactory results, that four-fifths of the dairy interests of the country are now handled by cooperative organizations, and the exports of Danish butter have grown in value from $5,000,000 to more than $30,000,000. Cooperative organization has been extended with great success to other agricultural interests. There are coöperative meat-packing concerns with 65,000 members that have shown good results. Success has also attended the handling of poultry and other farm produce. The great develop-



Hospital Burgmannrost Halle, Saxony.

Supported by the mine owners of Saxony, who send all sick and injured there from all parts of the country.

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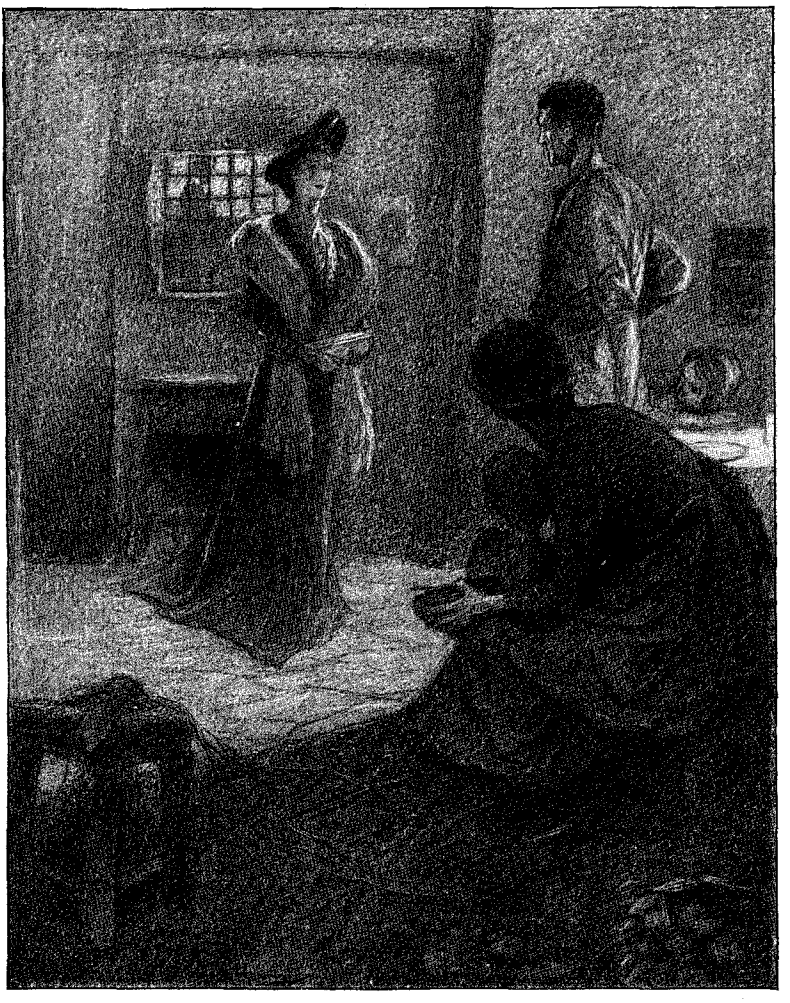

Women in English politics.
Canvassing for votes.

ment of Denmark's export trade in agricultural produce and the exceptional favor and high prices those products command in the English markets are held to be in large measure an indication of the advantages of coöperation.

Italian Socialists show considerable political vitality, and the revolutionary phase is emphasized there. The party demands universal suffrage for adults of both sexes; greater freedom of organization, of public meetings, and of combination; religious equality; a national militia in place of the standing army; neutrality of the government in disputes between capital and labor; a more humane penal code; the nationalization of railroads and mines; effective compulsory education; old-age pensions; the establishment of a ministry of labor, and the payment of deputies and members of local councils. The Italian Socialists have shown a pretty steady growth in the last decade. Their programme in the main is such that ordinarily progressive government and a fair measure of political rights would satisfy most of the demands of the party.

In England there are but two Socialist members of Parliament, and one of them, John Burns, is hardly considered a Socialist by the members of the party. In spite of that there is to be found in England an



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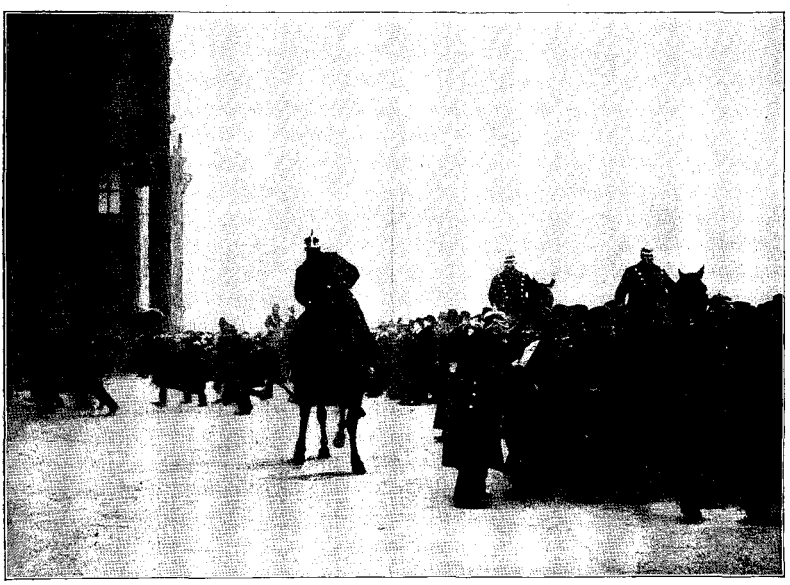
impressive manifestation of socialistic tendencies. Its development is in connection with the municipal ownership of public utilities. What is called "gas and water socialism" has generally been the beginning of these municipal enterprises. There are some successes and a great many failures. In England human nature is not greatly different from human nature as found elsewhere, and municipal counsellors are, as a usual thing, demonstrated to be none too well fitted for the conduct of the huge industrial enterprises which many of the municipalities have undertaken. There has been an astonishing increase in municipal indebtedness following in the wake of these industrial undertakings. The municipal expenditures for industrial undertakings have resulted in the raising of the tax rate to such a point as to cause a wholesale exodus of tax-payers from some municipal districts.

The labor vote in England frequently unites solidly in favor of its candidates for municipal office, and sometimes with curious results. Two labor leaders were recently elected to the town council of Battersea, for example, and shortly after their election, having used their political influence to secure jobs as street-sweepers at 27 shillings a week, they resigned their political office.

More or less important as is the socialist movement in those countries already referred to, it is in Germany that we find it developed to a commanding political position. It is, perhaps, hardly fair to call the Social-Democratic party of Germany as it now exists strictly a party of Socialists, for there are many members of it who elsewhere would be known as Liberals. It is true the platform of the Social-Democratic party was originally the communistic manifestos of Carl Marx and Frederick Engels, and at first the party held that the emancipation of labor demanded the transfer of raw material to the common possession of society, and that only the best results and the just distribution of the products of labor could be obtained by the communistic regulation of collective labor. Thirty years ago, under the direction of Liebknecht and Bebel, the party united to itself the labor unions and organizations of various sorts, and became a party of political importance. The growth of the Social Democrats in Germany has been coincident with the growth of industrialism. It is the party of labor and of protest. Its most violent opponents are the agrarians,



A small-sized socialistic disturbance in Berlin, Germany.
These disturbances are usually easily quelled by the police, who seldom have to draw their swords.

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whose lands have been stripped of cheap laborers by the development of industrialism in the cities. The party has thrived under persecution. It steadily gained votes in the face of the most antagonistic laws which the Junkers could devise with Bismarck's aid, and the most harassing police espionage which the bureaucratic system of Government has made possible.

In the last German election nearly one-third of the 9,500,000 votes were polled for the Social-Democratic candidates. The result of that election shows a loss of nearly 30 per cent. by the agrarian groups, and a gain of 43 per cent. by the Social Democrats. It was the sort of thing that we call, in our politics, a land-slide. Every session of the Reichstag for eighteen years, however, has shown an increasing number of seats occupied by the Social Democrats, so that the great gains of the last election did not indicate a turning over of public sentiment. It rather represented a culmination of those influences which have been adding strength to the Social-Democratic party ever since the first session of the Reichstag in 1871, when only one Social Democrat sat on the extreme left.

In the country districts the polling place is always a beer-garden.

At the entrance the heelers of the opposing candidates sit at tables drinking beer while handing out the slips to new-comers.

The Social Democrats now poll a majority of votes in nearly every capital city, every great mercantile marine port, and in all the great industrial centers. They are handicapped by unfair representation. If the true expression of the will of the German people were reflected in the Reichstag the Social Democrats would be in a commanding position there.

A polling place in the laboring man's quarter of Berlin, generally a restaurant or beer-garden.

In studying German politics, however, it must be borne in mind that the ministry is not responsible to the Reichstag, but only to the Emperor. No cabinet resignations or dissolution of parliament follows a vote unfavorable to the Government. The

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Reichstag has little more than a veto power, and the people are hampered in the expression of even that veto privilege by the greatest inequalities in the electoral divisions of the empire. The election law originally provided that there should be one member of the Reichstag for, generally speaking, every 100,000 inhabitants, but did not provide for fair readjustment in case of increasing or shifting population. Since that law was passed, the population has increased from 40,000,000 to 58,000,000, but there has been no rearrangement of electoral divisions. There is one member of the Reichstag who represents 183,076 votes, and another who represents only 9,551.

The increase in population has been in the cities, and it is from the cities that the Social Democrats draw their main strength. The unfairness and inequality of the present electoral arrangement, therefore, falls with greatest force upon the Social Democrats, and reacts to the greatest advantage of the agrarians and clericals. Those groups, forming, as they do, the Government majority, and being the beneficiaries of the present inequalities in the electoral distribution, are unwilling to concede the slightest change. They dread the ascendancy of the Social Democrats as some great national calamity, and they offer their fears as their excuse for manifest unfairness.

August Bebel, a prominent and influential German Socialist.

Although the Social Democrats polled 3,010,000 votes, or 32 per cent. of the total, they have only 81 seats in the Reichstag, which is composed of 397 members. The Centre, with a popular vote of 1,850,000, has 100 seats in the Reichstag. If there had been fair representation and an equal distribution of political rights the Social Democrats would have 125 members and would have been the strongest group in the Chamber. Berlin has 6 members of the Reichstag, but on a fair plan of distribution would have 20.

The unfairness of the electoral distribution in the empire is even more marked in some of the states of which the empire is formed. In the Prussian Diet there is, for example, not only the same inequalities in the size of the constituencies, but there is a unique plutocratic system of voting by class according to the amount of taxes paid. The city of Berlin now has 9 members in the Diet, but would have, on an equitable basis of population, 25. The system of voting by classes is peculiar, and must strike those of us who love political equality as most unfortunate. The system is this: In each election precinct the voters are divided into three equal classes, on a basis of the amount of taxes paid. These electors form a little electoral college, choosing the member or members of the Diet. Here is a specific illustration of how this system works out: In a certain district in Berlin, which includes a part of the Wilhelmstrasse, the first class has in it 3 voters, the second class 8, and the third class 294. The ballots of the three voters in the first class thus have the same political weight as the ballots of the 294 in the third class, because the first class pays the same amount of taxes as the third class. But the particularly amusing feature here is that this third class of 294 includes Count von Bülow and other Cabinet ministers, and many high Government officials.

Under this system there is not only inequality of political rights within a district, based on the tax contribution of the voter,

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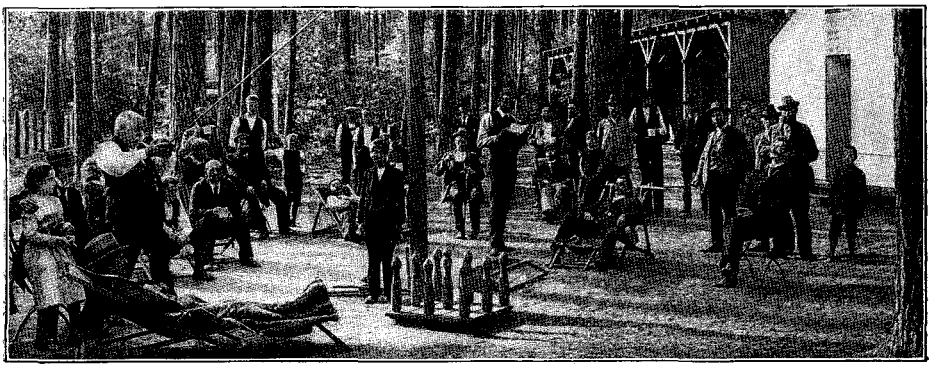

A place of repose and recreation in the Jungfernheide, set aside by the Berlin municipal government for the benefit of working people.

but it results in most absurd inequality in the political rights of one district as against another. In some districts of Berlin, for instance, a man must pay 150,000 marks in taxes in order to vote in the first class; in other districts a payment of taxes to the amount of 36 marks puts the voter into the first class. Bismarck called the Prussian method "the most miserable of all electoral systems," but the Government shows no growing disposition to change it. Herr von Hammerstein recently said, "No other electoral system gives such a correct impression of public opinion as our tripartite system in Prussia."

What is it that caused such remarkable growth of the Social-Democratic party? What are the complaints of the German people? What measures do the Social Democrats purpose? Does this party of protest and discontent, growing, as it has the most rapidly of any political party in Europe, foreshadow changes which will have a momentous effect on industrial conditions? Those are all questions, the answers to which seem to me of direct interest to us.

The point of view of the Social Democrats, without doubt, rests in large measure on a sound appreciation of economic facts. They have seen at close range the effect of modern economic development. They have noted the substitution of machinery for hand labor and the stifling of small industries by great and more efficient industrial combinations. They offer no plan to oppose such development. They recognize that it

In the Jungfernheide, Berlin.



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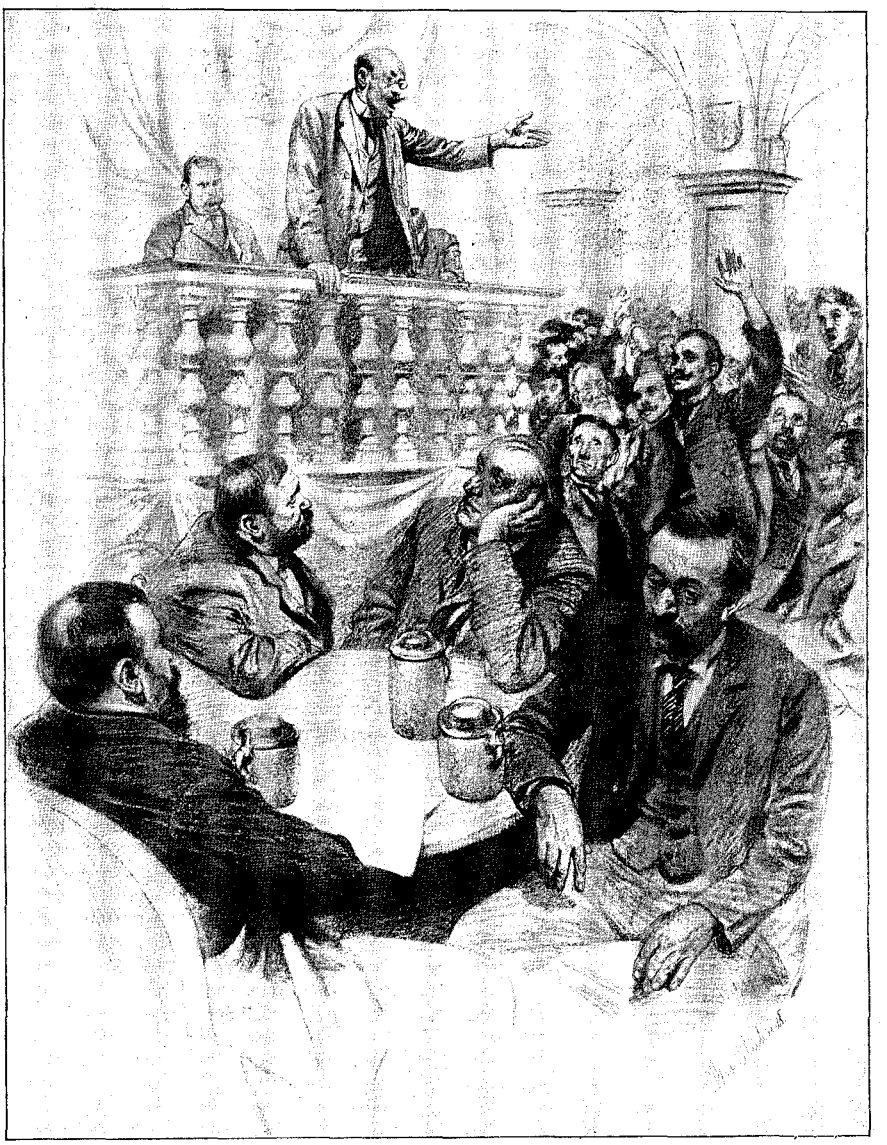

A German Socialist meeting.

Listening to a demagogue leader who appeals to envy and passion, and under a guise of justice and equality proposes measures that are unjust and inequitable.—Page 193.

is in the line of economic evolution. But they are convinced that it has deprived, and will continue to deprive in an increasing degree, the individual worker of the means of independent production. The result, they believe, is the creation of a new social order, and there must in time be a readjustment of economic conditions to meet the change. There is no disposition violently to overthrow existing conditions.

A natural deduction from the growth of the Social-Democratic party might be that such growth indicates a tendency toward revolution, and that with increasing power and confidence it may become a movement to overthrow the Government. Probably nothing could be further from the future course of events.

The principles for which the Social Democrats stand are the sort that naturally



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thrive in the German character. The German is supercritical. He delights in national fault-finding. He takes naturally and kindly to a party of opposition. He is devoted to speculative philosophy, and the dreams of the classical socialist writers appeal to him. His phrenological bump of the ideal is highly developed, and political ideals that would in other countries be regarded as impractical dreams are in Germany the sort of thing around which a party can be built, and a party, too, which will submit to the most rigid and practical party discipline—the sort of discipline that every German has learned to know the value of in his army training.

Not alone is the German character the sort which would encourage the growth of socialism, but German political conditions, which were inherent in the varied political development of those countries which were forged together into the German Empire, have been such as must inevitably have united into a party of opposition men who had ideals of true liberty. The German states were securely bound together when the empire was agreed to, but they were not amalgamated. They remained states whose political development covered the whole range from actual feudalism to those republican cities with well-developed constitutional government. Even in dominating Prussia constitutionalism was only skin deep; the real government was junkerism and militarism. The Junkers are slow to give up their traditions of feudal authority. Their deep-seated conviction to-day is that they should rule by authority not by majority. There is many a Junker aristocrat who believes as devoutly in his divine right to stand in a position of authority toward his humbler, though perhaps wealthier fellow citizens, as does the Emperor himself.

Few nations have had a more trying task than Germany has had in disentangling the confused political rights as found in the governmental institutions of the various states, in reducing to proper proportions the dual powers of state diets and Imperial Reichstag. Popular representation at first had little meaning. Part of the work which the Socialists set out to do was to develop it. Tangible form was to be given to those constitutional provisions defining the rights of the people, and a party with something more than Junker agrarianism or clerical conservatism in its programme was needed. The Social Democrats took that as their work. The development of true liberty demanded the abolishing of caste and the undermining of class privileges. Nothing could be more to the taste of those men who directed the socialist movement. The Socialists believe that the political task which they have to accomplish is the development of a living constitution and the impression of modern ideas of freedom on Government and Reichstag.

They have grown to be a party with over three million votes, but they feel they have as yet accomplished small part of their work. They have seen the empire become a great political and commercial power, but there has been little progress toward individual freedom and equality. They declare that constitutional government, as found in Germany, is a semblance and a pretence, not a reality, and they are largely right. The Reichstag is not truly representative, and if it were it would still be without authority. The Emperor, the army, the aristocrats, the bureaucracy, and the police govern Germany. The vote of a citizen has less direct influence than in any other country with a constitutional government.

The power of the police is especially obnoxious to the German Socialists. It is true that the police do interfere in about every relation of life, and while from one point of view the result is the most orderly government in the world, there is ample ground for irritation at the nature of the espionage. Nowhere else, not even in Russia, do the police so completely constitute themselves the guardians of the public. There is complaint, too, against the tendency to give the widest possible interpretation to the penal code, to make every conceivable action liable to punishment, to restrict the freedom of meetings, of public speech, and of the press, and to invoke the laws of lese-majesty in a way that is regarded as barbarous and intolerable.

So much for the general grounds upon which may stand a party of protest. There is one specific grievance, however, which has had more influence in building up the Social-Democratic party than almost all other factors together. The question of dear food or cheap food makes an issue that is easily comprehended. The natural political enemies of the Socialists, the Junkers, want nothing in politics more than high protective duties on agricultural prod-



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uce, for that is all there is between the agrarians and ruinous competition with the fields of America. The industrial population, of course, wants cheap food, and so the issue is clearly drawn. Their war cry is the epithet of "bread usurer." Their arguments, from the industrial point of view alone, are unanswerable. Germany has the dearest meats and dearest wheat of any country in the world. Converts are plentiful when a campaign is made to centre about the easily understood phrase of cheap food.

It is natural to find the Socialists opposed to the great expenditures on army and navy. They are not so much opposed to the army as to the vast sums which the Kaiser pours into the building of a navy. They know that the navy is built from customs dues. They know that the taxes on cereals and coffee provide almost half of the customs receipts, and they feel that the Government unjustly taxes the necessities of life in such a way that the poor contribute to the defence of the country practically as much per man as do the well-to-do and the rich. The new tariff, raising the duty on wheat and rye from 33 to 55 marks, has not softened their bitterness. If this new customs law comes fully into force, they believe they will lose as much in that single blow as they gained by the passing of all the old-age pension laws which they secured after years of struggle. The Socialists' complaint against the army is not directed toward military service, but against the system under which the army is officered only by aristocrats, and remains the least democratic of all German institutions, although every German gives part of his life to it.

Here is the programme of the German Socialists as formulated by the more moderate members of the party. They pronounce for the maintenance of constitutional guarantees, and would give real form and substance to the constitutional rights of the individual. They aim at the establishment of a sound financial system, with a view to free and unfettered economical development and the free interchange of commodities between nations. They desire the maintenance of peace, a just system of parliamentary representation and responsibility of the Ministers to the Reichstag, a fair division of the burdens of taxation by means of a progressive income tax, the making of proper commercial treaties, the administration of justice in criminal courts in a more humane spirit, reduction in the period of military service, and the limitation of military expenditure. All this does not seem very revolutionary in character, nor likely to result in serious harm to the German nation.

The Social Democracy has been wonderfully fortunate in the devotion and pure motives of its leaders. One sometimes hears the influence of August Bebel likened to that of the Pope in the extent to which he requires and wins the fidelity and obedience of radical elements noted in other countries for diversity of views and for restlessness under restraint. This great man ought not to be judged alone by his utterances in public speeches. He has an oratorical passion that sometimes goes far beyond his generally cool judgment and moderate views. Herr Bebel even in the opinion of the court is, I believe, first a lover of Germany, and second an implacable enemy of privilege and humbug. He has a vast talent for organization and for the selection and phrasing of issues. The millions of the poor behind him believe, and doubtless, justly, that his courage and discriminating devotion to them is without bounds.

One thing especially stands out in regard to the German Socialist party, and that is its absolute unity. The discipline of the party is magnificent. A most striking example of this was the way in which Bernstein accepted the vote directed against him by the majority of the general Congress of Lübeck, and declared himself to be willing to follow, under all circumstances, the wishes of the majority of the party. Shortly after this, Bernstein was chosen by the Socialists as their candidate for election from a certain district to the Reichstag, whereupon the entire party in that district, including some of those who had been most violently opposed to him in the Congress, voted loyally for him and secured his election.

There have only been two cases in twenty-seven years where there has been such a split in the Socialist party of any district that they have put up two candidates for the same election.

The decisions of the general congress of the party are final, but the delegates have been careful to limit these decisions chiefly to matters of principle. Local organizations in the different states have a great

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deal of freedom in regard to deciding their own questions.

During the last seven or eight years the coöperative movement and the movement for the formation of workmen's syndicates have grown rapidly in Germany, and have made great headway among the Socialists themselves. It is the same active working class that composes the Socialist party, the Syndicates, and the Workmen's Coöperative Societies, and these organizations will be of the greatest help to the Socialists in their future conflicts.

Although the Social Democrats form the party of the working men, they do not select working men as their representatives in the Reichstag. More than half of the representatives of that party are editors, and practically none are actually industrial workers.

There is a phase of human nature which one encounters in Germany which has a marked influence upon political development there. It is "unfashionable" to be out of accord with the Government policy. In England a man may be a "Free Trader" or a "Protectionist," a "Little Englander" or a dreamer of imperialistic dreams, without affecting his social status one way or another. In France the whole business of politics is rather outside the highest social life and society concerns itself little with the shades of a man's political opinion. But in Germany all that is different. It is distinctly unfashionable, in the view of the best society, to hold opinions antagonistic to the Government, and the weight of that fact is tremendous in the shaping of men's opinions. The young man of good family who finds that with the adoption of radical political ideas he meets with distinct coolness in the homes of his friends, that his name is dropped from dinner lists, and his social acquaintances regard him with disfavor, needs a great deal of courage to pursue that line of thought. The power of social opinion, as represented in aristocratic society, is perhaps nowhere more potent in political matters than in Berlin.

The tremendous increase in the vote of the Social Democrats in Germany, while it has failed to give to that party anything like a proportionate representation in the Reichstag, has nevertheless had marked influence on legislative action. On the part of all the other parties there appears to be a wholesome fear of the increasing power of the Socialists, and they are ready to adopt, not only any unfair means that they may devise to compass the Socialists' defeat, but they are quite ready to make concessions and attempt to placate the dissatisfied workman. No other country has gone so far as Germany in legislating in the interests of the working class. The system of old-age pensions is the most notable example of such legislation. By Bismarck's own admission, the measure was designed to take the wind out of the sails of socialism. It was believed that the interest which every workman would be given in the Government through a prospective pension would furnish the motive for securing the support of the working classes for the Government side. The ill success of the scheme from that standpoint is apparent. Nevertheless, the direst foes of socialism, after the great victory of the Social Democrats in the last election, called for further labor reform legislation as an antidote against the spirit of socialism.

In the Reichstag there has been a flood of enactments for the benefit of the laboring classes, and the consideration of suggestions along this line has occupied much of the time of members. Labor legislation has been popular with all parties. With the Socialists, naturally, because it was labor legislation which they particularly demanded, and with the other parties because they thought by championing the cause of labor they could overcome the disaffection of working men from their ranks. In the recent budget debates, an astonishing amount of time was given to petty questions regarding the wages of workmen in certain Government shops, their hours of work, and the regulations controlling their employment.

There is every reason to believe that legislation favoring the working classes will continue to be enacted by the Reichstag. Soon after the opening of the last session, Count von Bülow announced that the Government hoped eventually to bring forward a scheme of insurance for widows and orphans, at the public expense, and it was also intimated that some plan for insuring working men against non-employment was under consideration as a probability within the next ten years. Thus, the state, as an antidote to socialism, adopts measure after measure of a distinctly socialistic character.

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An idea of the activity in turning out social reform laws can be gained by enumerating some of the recent legislation of this kind. In 1899 the system of old-age pensions was revised and extended, and the rate of pension payments was increased; then the law on accident insurance was amended and improved. In 1902 a law defining the rights of seamen was thoroughly overhauled and brought into harmony with the spirit of modern labor reform views in Germany. A revision of the sick-insurance law was made last year. Laws regulating the relations between tradesmen and their employees have been passed, making specific provisions regarding the hours of closing, number of hours for work, and daily intermission for meals. A resolution has been passed asking for a bill similarly to protect the employees of lawyers, notaries, and bailiffs. There have also been many laws passed regulating the hours of employment in all manner of industries.

The German Government is pleased to busy itself in passing many laws for the benefit of the working population, but it never fails to assume the position of having conferred favors rather than having granted rights that intrinsically belonged to the class which the legislation concerns. In such legislation the Government always assumes the position of the giver of benefits to inferior beings. All this is apparent from the attitude of the different ministers toward the lower Government officials and employees, who are domineered over in an astonishing way. The right of organization by minor Government employees is severely frowned upon, and the harshest means are used to prevent it. If the political footsteps of the Government employee stray into the path of Social Democracy, they are quick to encounter serious obstacles. Count von Bülow has enunciated the principle that no Government employee can be a Socialist and every under official adopts that view.

The Government looks with scant favor on any sort of labor organization and steadfastly refuses to enact a law to permit labor unions to affiliate with each other in joint associations. That has long been one of the points of Socialist demand, and it is a permission strongly desired by the working classes generally. Last year a great congress of union socialistic workmen was held at Frankfort-on-the-Main. That congress represented 600,000 members, and it declared the solidarity of those members with the Socialists in respect to the demand for permission to affiliate the labor unions. Various resolutions have been passed in the Reichstag in favor of this extension of liberty to the workmen, but these resolutions have availed nothing. A delegation from the Frankfort congress presented their views in a petition to Count von Bülow, who promised to "take it into benevolent consideration."

There is a class of politicians in Germany, members of the two conservative parties and the National Labor party, who are called in the political jargon of the day the "Scharfmacher." They are men who want sharp, repressive measures against labor agitators, strikers, and particularly against Socialists. They are the stalwarts, the men of firm hand and implicit belief in relentless governmental authority. The "Scharfmacher" defend the excessively vigorous discipline in the army, and they approve of the action of the courts in their frequent punishment of lese-majesty.

The Socialist movement is thus seen to be a live political force in Germany, Belgium, France, Italy, and Austria, while in England, although it holds no position in national politics, it has accomplished more in the direction of municipal activities than has been done elsewhere. The general tendency is toward moderation. The revolutionary Socialists are everywhere in the minority in their party, and the tendency is further to reduce their influence. In general, the whole Socialist movement is becoming more opportunist, there is a growing disposition to be more practical, to endeavor to obtain such concessions as they can, and not hold out too strongly for the adoption of an entire programme and a general overturning of the present social order. The theoretical and academic socialism is giving way in some measure to a socialism which takes note of practical politics.

Beyond all question, many of the things which the Socialists are striving for are economically sound, ethically just, and politically desirable. They are fighting class privilege and the traditions of caste; they are struggling for a fairer franchise and

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more truly representative government. They are everywhere the party which upholds the rights of the weak, and more earnestly than any other party they seek to secure to every citizen political equality and individual liberty.

With such objects and aims, there is no wonder that the movement grows. But all that is not socialism; it is only liberalism at its best. Unfortunately, the Socialist parties are not made up altogether of moderate and fair liberals. While it is true that some of their demands will, when secured, mean that Europe has taken steps toward distinctly better government, those moderate and sensible measures form only part of their programmes. Other phases of their demands represent the spirit of unrest, of dissatisfaction with existing conditions, of class envy, of faith in those fallacies which lead men to believe that they can substitute legislation for thrift and industry, that a comfortable old age is a right to be demanded wholly from the state and without any contribution of economy and present sacrifice from the individual.

The whole Socialist movement is largely a class movement; it draws a line between property and poverty, and is constantly running the danger of listening to demagogue leaders who appeal to envy and passion, and under a guise of justice and equality propose measures that are unjust and inequitable. It is antagonistic to religion, not only contesting the power of the Church but openly avowing atheistic views. The movement has in it the promise of good and the danger of evil. The good is pretty certain to be accomplished, for in the end it will appeal to the fair-minded of all parties; the evil may be great or small in proportion to the fairness of the Socialists' opponents. All European government is certain to make ultimate progress toward an equality of rights for all citizens. If the conservatives, the agrarians, and the clericals raise in the way of that progress obstacles which will not give way, they may call into play some of the high explosives that are to be found in the programmes of the revolutionary branches of the Socialist parties. On the whole, however, I doubt if the Socialist movement is likely to do much permanent political harm to Europe, while it already has done and will continue to do considerable good.

It has seemed worth while going somewhat fully into the socialist movement, because the socialist parties of Europe present about the only political tendencies toward change which there are there. They are opposed by parties of reaction or parties anxious to maintain the *status quo*. The success of the socialist parties will in the main, for the present at least, mean the success of liberalism. Such success will not be likely to affect greatly commercial relations between Europe and America. Success in some of their endeavors will undoubtedly tend to raise the cost of production in Europe, but such tendency would probably be counteracted by the greater industrial efficiency which improved social conditions would bring.

One of the most striking differences between Europe and America is the persistence of racial type there and here the tendency to amalgamate all races into the American. Time seems to bring only increased bitterness to racial antagonisms in Europe, while with us the third generation, at the outside, is completely merged into the American type. I never have been able to understand just what it is that keeps the rancor of races at such a virulent pitch among near neighbors in Europe, when those same races will here renounce language, flag, and racial aspirations, and joyfully and completely merge into the American—all patriotic, all loyal to the Government, all in a generation more anxious to cover every trace of foreign characteristics with the mantle of sovereign American citizenship than they are to perpetuate a single one of those racial prejudices which for generations made enemies of their fathers.

In the case of races that are living side by side, that are occupied with the same general problems of life, and that would enjoy the same measure of benefit or endure the same degree of hardship as legislation is economically good or bad, one would suppose that time would soften the asperities of racial dislikes. In Europe it is not so. There are some nine races in Austria, for example, and the most beneficent piece of legislation that could be devised for the benefit of the whole country would be coldly received compared with the delight with which eight of these races might for a moment unite to bring discom-

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fort to the ninth. They never unite for the common good—it is only that they may at the moment feel a common hatred for some third race strong enough to bring them together in an attempt to harass the common enemy.

The economic importance of these racial antagonisms is enormous. With our homogeneous population it is hard for us to understand what a drag and a block an efficient government must follow when sentiment instead of sense must be appealed to in the legislative chambers. The government machinery of Hungary was practically paralyzed for a year because there was a deadlock over the question of whether the army should march to the command of "Vorwärts, marsch," or "Elöre, indulj," whether the word of command should be in the Magyar tongue or in the German.

The language question in itself is of enormous importance, and there seems no tendency toward it becoming less so. The most earnest efforts are made to continue separate schools for all the varied tongues that confuse and make difficult the life of Europe. The persistence of each type of language is in itself of great economic moment, for it is a most difficult barrier against that free commercial intercourse—intercourse where there is mutual understanding and confidence—which does so much to permit the rapid expansion of trade. A Europe with one language and without the barrier of internal tariff walls, a Europe which offered such a field for the free and natural expansion of commerce as does the United States, would be a Europe whose economic force was so increased that no one could say how vast the gain would have been.

The struggle between the two races in Bohemia—that is, between the Czechs and the Germans—is probably the most acute and typical example of the racial difficulties throughout Austria. There are in Bohemia 9,300,000 inhabitants, who are divided into 5,800,000 Czechs, 3,300,000 Germans, and 200,000 Poles. According to the budget of 1901, German Bohemia pays 250,542,000 crowns for taxes to the state; that is, 66 per cent. of the total for Bohemia; but the state expends only 32,992,000 crowns in the German districts, while it expends 104,945,000 crowns in the Czech part of the country, which pays only 128,494,000 crowns of taxes. The figures are so juggled, both by the Germans and the Czechs, that it is almost impossible to get a fair estimate of the real number of each in the country, of the amount they pay in taxes, or what they receive.

The Czechs say that the language struggle in Bohemia was provoked by the Germans, who placed over their shops and restaurants inscriptions such as "Forbidden to talk Czech" or "Entrance is Forbidden to Beggars, Dogs, and Czechs"; whereas the Germans say that although Prague is the capital of a bilingual country, the town councils do not allow German names to be used in the streets; and an amusing feature of the struggle is that the Slav Congress held in 1898 at Prague was obliged to use German as the official language of debate, as it was the only tongue which all the delegates understood.

Throughout Austria the struggle between Czechs and Germans is particularly keen over the schools. Two rival school associations, one German and the other Czech, use every means in their power, the one to Germanize the Czech children, and the other to teach them the cult of the Czech language and nationality.

Austria-Hungary and the Balkan countries we recognize as the home of racial antagonisms. Such a great percentage of the political life there is absorbed in these controversies that commercial and social interests have but scant recognition But we are not so apt to remember that in Germany one of the fundamental problems of government, and one of the most perplexing and important, has to do with the discontent of the fragments of the nationalities which are still unreconciled to the Imperial Government. These are the people of Alsace-Lorraine, the Danes of North Schleswig, the Hanoverians, and the Poles. In the conquered French provinces there has been some real headway in breaking down the old antipathies, but nowhere else is there much progress. The discontent along the Danish border is gaining in importance, thriving on the unwise policy of the Prussian Government in guarding too zealously against all petty demonstrations of Danish sympathy. The Government acted with great harshness a few years ago in expelling Danish house servants, farm

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laborers, and other humble folk because they sang Danish songs, and in other simple ways proclaimed their Danish sentiments, and only recently the Minister of the Interior has implied threats that such expulsions may be resumed. The Hanoverians have never been reconciled to the union of the old kingdom of Hanover with Prussia, and the Guelph party still elects half a dozen members of the Reichstag. In the last session of the Diet, Herr von Hammerstein, the Prussian Minister of the Interior, declared that the Guelphs, next to the Socialists, were the element most dangerous to the existence of the state.

All these racial discontents are nothing, however, compared with the race problem in the Polish provinces. In the province of Posen, some parts of East Prussia, and in the mining districts of Silesia, the Government meets one of the most serious of all its difficulties, and one that seems to become more serious with time. The Poles have lately been growing more radical, and instead of working in political harmony with the Clerical party, as they once did, they have drawn political lines strictly in accordance with their racial aims, and have even put candidates in the field against their old allies, the Clericals, and that with occasional success. Even the Polish Socialists, unlike the Socialists elsewhere in Germany, show a strong disposition to pursue paths of their own, rather than act with the Social-Democratic organization.

The pacification of the Poles has called forth enormous effort from the Prussian Government, and astonishing expenditures, but all, apparently, to little purpose. The scheme in which the Prussian Government put greatest faith, and for which it has made unstinted appropriations, has been the purchase of large estates in the Polish provinces for the purpose of dividing them into small holdings and settling Germans upon them, with the hope of thus Germanizing the country. Bismarck started the policy in 1866 with a fund of 100,000,000 marks; in 1898 that was increased to 200,000,000 marks, and in 1902, the appropriation being nearly exhausted, a further vote of 150,000,000 marks was made, with an additional grant of 100,000,000 marks for the purpose of acquiring Polish estates to be turned into state domains and forests. There has thus been an authorized expenditure of $112,000,000, with results that leave the population to-day as antagonistic to the Government as it was when Bismarck conceived the scheme.

The Poles are by no means poor, and they met this policy of "pacification by Reichsmarks" with a private organization. A great Landbank, provided with ample capital, has been established with the purpose of undoing the work of the Government. The Landbank buys land from the thrifty German settlers and returns the native Poles to till it. The Settlement Commission, which has charge of the Government's scheme for settling Germans on these Polish lands, meets with the greatest difficulty in buying land from Poles, but on the other hand, it is forced to buy out every German holder who wishes to sell, else his land will again fall into Polish hands. The commission bought more than 100,000 acres of land last year, and only about 7,000 acres of that was acquired from Polish owners, while well over 90,000 acres were taken over at high prices from Germans who wanted to leave the country or wished to abandon the farm for the town.

The Government has settled about 50,000 Germans upon these Polish lands since the policy was inaugurated. This artificial competition for land which has been going on between the Government Settlement Commission and the Polish Landbanks has resulted in absurd advances in prices. For some years after the Settlement Commission began its operation, land was bought at an average of $54 an acre. By 1902 the price had risen to $87 per acre, and last year to $111.

The two races have come to a deadlock in their relations with each other. Every year there is a great Polish debate in the Reichstag, but it only serves to bring out in bold relief the irreconcilable antagonism between German and Pole.

The significance of the language question is well understood by the European monarchs. In the Park Club in Budapest, the club of the Magyar aristocrats, which cannot be matched for artistic beauty of furnishing by any of the marble halls of our gaudy American clubs, there hang two portraits, and only two. One, of course, is that of the Emperor Franz Josef; the other is William II.

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I asked how it happened that the German Emperor was so honored.

"He has had his second son taught the Magyar language," answered my host. "That boy may sometime wear the crown of the Magyar kings."

And there might be stranger things.

Russia has her full share of racial difficulties, and in her conflict with Poles, Finns, and Jews has been led into injustice and barbarity of the sort that makes two enemies of the Government where there was one before.

Comparisons of the problems which beset the European governments with the difficulties that are met with in our own institutions cannot help but make us better satisfied with American citizenship.

We find there implacable racial differences, varied degrees of political development which it is vainly sought to unite into harmonious empires, relics of feudal authority, hereditary distinctions, and class prerogative quite out of line with a modern conception of representative government. There are diametrically opposed interests of agriculture and industry which can never be reconciled. We see a drawing of class lines in political life, and appeals to the passions of envy and greed, and to the prejudices of caste and ignorance. It is startling to note what enormous factors in the situation are the personalities of half a dozen hereditary sovereigns, and what significance and possibilities lie in the mere chance readjustment of a crown. We see the growing strength of the parties of protest, the vitality of the Socialist movement, the difficulties of government finance, the weight of taxes, the load of the military and naval establishments, the menace of war, the ever-living danger in close national neighbors who misunderstand motives and lack sympathy for the trials and ambitions of the others—and then, when we turn to our own political situation, we see a nation greater in numbers and vastly greater in resources than any of the nations of Europe, with a single language, and with but a single problem of race, and with a common patriotism that everyone knows is far above party differences. When the political conditions of Europe and America are so compared, the study can but make us thankful that we have such a sound foundation upon which to grow, and so few complications to intefere with our right development.

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# THE WHITE SLAVES OF HAICHENG

## BY JOHN FOX, JR.

HAICHENG at last! The Russians are only five miles away and they can drop shells on us, but they don't. The attachés were taken out on a reconnaissance yesterday, and we, too, if we are very good, will be allowed to see a Japanese soldier in a real ante-mortem trench.

We left Yoka-tong this morning at seven and in three hours reached dirty, fly-ridden Ta-shi-kao. The valley has broadened as we have come North. The Chinese houses are better and the millet-fields (kow-liang) stretch away like a sea on each side of the road. Soldiers were bathing in the river that we crossed to get to the gate of Haicheng and the stretch of sand was dotted with naked men. Every grove was in color, mingled black, brown and dirty white from the carts, horses and soldiers packed under the trees. We found the Captain of Gendarmes, by accident, straightway, and we had to take tea hot, tea cold and tea with condensed milk before he would lead us to our quarters in this mud compound. Lewis, Reggie and Scull greeted us with a shout and produced beer and Tansan and a bottle of champagne cider. Heavens, what nectar each was! The rest are coming, but the button on the dragon's tail—the Irishman on the bicycle—has come off. Nobody knows where it dropped. Reggie is newly mounted on a savage yellow beast that can

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be approached, like a cow, only on the right side—and Lewis told the story of the two. Davis answered with the story of our tribulations, his, Brill's and mine. He told it so well that Brill and I wished we had been there.

. . . We slept in our riding clothes for the third time last night. To-day we know our fate. We are to play a week's engagement here in a drama of still life—the title of which heads these lines. With a sleeve-badge of indentification on—the Red Badge of Shame we call 'em—we can wander more or less freely within the city walls. We can even climb on them and walk around the town—about two miles—but we cannot go outside without a written application from the entire company and then only under a guard. We are to have three guards, by the way, and our letters—even private ones—are to go to the censor and not come back to us. Thus no man will know what has gone, and what hasn't, or whether what went was worth sending.

The Three Guardsmen came to us last night and told us these things. One was thick-set, bearded and a son of Chicago University; one was smooth-shaven, thin faced—and an authority on International law—both of course, speaking English. The third carried a small moustache and talked very good French—so said Reggie. After the usual apologies, the bearded one said in partial excuse for shackling us:

"Some of our common soldiers, never having seen a foreigner before, are not able to distinguish between you and Russians. We wish to provide against accidents." And he laughed.

An incident on the way here, yesterday afternoon made this sound plausible. I was riding alone and hearing a noise behind me I turned in my saddle to see a Japanese slipping upon me with his bayonet half-drawn from his scabbard. I stopped Fuji and said: "Nan desuka?" (What is it?) and he too, stopped and turned back. Whether this was a case in point, or whether he was drunk and showing off before his companions, or whether my Tokio accent paralyzed him, I don't know, but later, the men who broke away from our guards and got among the soldiers testified that they received nothing but courtesy, kindness and child-like curiosity from the Japanese Tommy always.

"You saw Nanshan?" asked the bearded one.

"No" I said. "We want to see fighting, not battle-fields." He laughed again.

"You have had a very hard time but I think the fight at Liao-Yang will recompense you."

"Have you heard anything from Port Arthur?"

"Nothing."

"We heard the guns as we came by and it was very exasperating." He laughed again.

"We do not think much about Port Arthur. That is only a question of time. Liao-Yang will be decisive. The sooner the Russians give up at Port Arthur, the better it will be for them."

"But they not only lose their own ships, but free the Japanese fleet for operations elsewhere."

"That's true."

"And they free the investing army for operations up here."

"That's true." He shook his head. "But Liao-Yang will be decisive."

They got up to go then and the bearded one simply bowed. The other two shook hands all around and when they were through, the third said: "Well, I will shake hands, too," and he went the round.

Lewis has just come in—his face luminous with joyful news. General Oku has sent us over:

1 doz. bottles of champagne.
4 doz. bottles of beer.
1 package of fly-paper.
1 live sheep.

Liao-Yang is only about 29 miles away and the Three Guardsmen say we are not to be here very long. If the Russians can drop a shell on us here, I wish they would—just one, anyhow. Even one would save the faces of us a little.

. . . That poor Manchuria lamb of General Oku's died voluntarily this morning before the canteen-man could kill it—but the champagne, the beer and the fly-paper are all the heart could desire. This day has been interesting. The Three Guardsmen rounded us up this afternoon and took us to see General Oku.

We burnished up riding-gear and riding clothes and at three o'clock the compound was filled with squealing stallions and braying jackasses. It took three men to saddle Reggie's savage Mongolian. The Irishman, as usual, was not to be found—he and

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Scull had gone afoot, to the worry of the Three Guardsmen; but we rode out finally, single-file, a brave but strangely assorted company—Brill on his chestnut, Lewis on a milk-white charger, the Italian on an iron-grey, Davis on Devery, Laguerié on a little white donkey, Prior on his seventeen hand, weak-backed gray, and big Burleigh on a tiny savage pony that pasted Prior's horse, as we marched, with both heels.

"Why don't you go to the rear, Burleigh?" said Prior. "That beast of yours kicks."

"No, he doesn't," said Burleigh indignantly. "He only bites."

These two veterans and Davis wore ribbons on the left breast. Dean Prior, indeed, seemed to have his color-box there. I had a volunteer policeman's badge that came from the mountains of old Virginia. I was proud of it and it meant campaigns, too, but I couldn't pull it amidst the glory of those three. Lieutenant Satake, the authority on International Law, led. The bearded one guarded our centre and the third watched our rear. At the city gate a sergeant sprang to his feet:

"Hoo—!" he said and I thought he was going to give us a whole cheer but it was only a half. Still all the sentries sprang to attention and the solders at the gate stood rigid as their muskets. Over the stretch of white sand, across the yellow river and up a sandy road we went, past staring sentries, and then into a little Chinese village where we dismounted. No servants were allowed, so soldiers came forward to hold our horses. Fuji was curveting no little.

"Warui desu!" I said, which still means, "He's bad," and the soldier smiled and led Fuji far to one side.

We followed Satake into a court-yard. He seemed rather nervous and presently motioned us to halt. Presently he came back, called the roll and each man, after answering his name, stepped to one side and stood in line where there were two tables under grape arbors and covered with cigars and cigarettes. Satake looked relieved—not one of us had escaped; even the Irishman was there. Several officers stood expectantly about and, after a long pause, a tired-looking, slender man appeared, accompanied by a rather stout sleek-looking young one and followed by an officer with a beard and a rather big nose that in color, bespoke considerable cheer. When they got near, a sad-faced interpreter stepped forward and in a sad, uneasy voice said:

"I have the honor to present you to His Imperial Highness, Prince Nashimoto."

The sleek young man bowed and thrust out his hand. We all advanced, spoke each his own name, and shook. Prior said "Melton Prior."

Burleigh, bending low, said almost confidentially:

"Burleigh." Davis came last——

"Mr. Davis." Then the tired looking man, General Oku, and his aide with the nose of good cheer, shook hands: only it was they who went around the circle this time. The Prince retired behind one of the tables and General Oku stepped forward with his back to the Prince and through the sad interpreter said things:—

We had come thousands of miles and had endured many hardships getting to the front and he welcomed us. He was sorry that on the battle-field he could give us so few comforts, but he was glad to see us and would do all he could for us, etc., etc.

Such solemnity as there was! Aide stood behind General—staff behind the aide. Most of them kept their faces bent till chin touched breast, and never looked up at all. If a high priest had been making a prayer for the soul of a dead monarch while other priests listened, the scene could not have been more solemn. Straight through it was stiff, formal, uneasy—due, of course, to the absence of a common tongue and the uneasiness on the part of the Japanese in receiving us after the Occidental way; and I wondered if the scene would not have been the same had Occidentals been receiving the Japanese after the way of Japan. But I think not—American humor and adaptability would have lightened the gloom a little. I watched Oku keenly. Though I had seen him coming for twenty yards I recalled suddenly that I saw nothing but his face until he got quite near. It was sad with something of Lincoln's sadness. In profile, it was kindly, especially when he smiled; full-faced there were proofs that he could be iron and relentless. But his eyes! Big, black, glittering, fanatical, ever-moving they were, and you caught them never but for a moment, but when you did, they made you think of lightning and thunderstorms. He was dressed simply in olive-green serge, with one star on his cap and

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three stars and three stripes on his sleeve. His boots were good. His sword hung in his left hand—unclenched. His other hand looked nerveless. Not once did he shift his weight from his right foot—only the sole of his left ever touching the stone-flagging. He is the most remarkable looking man I've seen thus far among the Japanese, and I think we shall hear from him.

Then the aide with the cheerful nose spoke the same welcome and hoped we would obey the regulations. Dean Prior answered, thanking the General for the champagne, the beer, the fly-paper and the lamb, whose untoward demise he gracefully skipped; and said he had always been trusted by Generals in the field and hoped he would be trusted now. Then we smoked and the Irishman spoke halting French with the Prince, who (he looked it) had been educated in Paris. General Oku asked questions and we asked questions.

"How long have you been in Japan?"

"More than five months." He laughed and his teeth were not good.

"You must know Tokio well."

"I know every stone in Tokio," somebody said.

The General did not smile this time.

"Have you been to Nikko?" This was a malicious chance.

"We were afraid to leave Tokio for fear of not getting to the front."

"Shall we see much fighting?"

"I think so—from a high place. You cannot see in the valleys—the kowliang is too high to see over even on horseback. Yes, you will see the fight."

Then we shook hands again, saluted the staff and departed.

The Japanese soldier had Fuji behind a tree—and he was smiling.

"Warui desu!" he said, and he looked at me with approval that I dared ride him; for Fuji was Japanese and bad and Japanese are not good horsemen. At any rate he followed me to the gate and held Fuji twice more, before we finally got away. On the way back to captivity Laguerié turned a somersault over his white donkey's head. He rose, spluttering, between the donkey's fore legs. It looked for a moment, as though the donkey were riding Laguerié.

At sunset, next day, the Irishman said:

"Come with me," and I followed unquestioning because questioning was useless. Out the compound we went through narrow streets and up a rocky little hill in the centre of the village—where we could look over the low tiled roofs—here and there a tree was growing up through them—over the mud-enclosures, the high notched city-walls farther on and the stretch of white sand beyond, a broader stretch of green, slit with one flashing scimitar-like sweep of the river; and then over the low misty hills to the tender afterglow, above which wisp-like darkening clouds hung motionless.

"Greatest people in the world," said the Irishman with an all-encompassing sweep of his right arm. "All happy—all peaceful. The soldier lowest in the social scale. Home the unit. Tilled the same soil for countless generations—always plenty to eat. We forced opium on 'em with war in '52. To think they've got to be cursed with our blasted, blasting materialism."

I had been through that with the Irishman before, so we went on. From a gateway a cur barked viciously at us. An old man came out to call him in and the Irishman took the Chinaman by the arm and pointed to a walled enclosure on the extreme summit.

"I want to get in there." How, on sight, he wins the confidence of these people—men, women and children—how he makes himself understood, not knowing a word of Chinese, I don't know. He says he talks Irish to them. Straightway the old fellow went with us, the Irishman clinging to his arm, pounded on the heavy door and left us.

"What is it?"

"A monastery?" said the Irishman.

An ancient opened the portal, by and bye, and we went in—through an alley-way to a court-yard, stone flagged; and I almost gasped. Temples age-worn, old gardens tangled and unkempt and trees unpruned, dropped in terraces below us; and with them in terraces dropped, too, the notched grey walls that shut in the hushed silence of the spot from the noise of the outside world. Black-and-white magpies flew noiselessly about among the trees. Somewhere pigeons cooed and butterflies were fluttering everywhere. It was a deserted Confucian monastery—gone to wreck and ruin with only one priest to guard it but untouched by the

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hand of Russian or Japanese. Both use temples only when they must, and it seems that Occidentals have much to learn from Tartar and Heathen in reverence for the things that concern the universal soul. To escape that compound we should have pitched our tents there, I suppose, had we been allowed. But it was a place of peaceful refuge open to us all. An Irishman had found it, and sharing the discovery we sat there and dreamed in silence until the afterglow was gone.

. . . It is pretty mournful this morning—rainy, muddy, dreary dark. We have established a policing system—each man taking turn; but the mud in the court-yard deepens and the smells fade not at all. We have flies, mosquitoes, night-bugs that are homelike in species and scorpions that are not. Every man shakes his shoes in the morning for a hiding scorpion. A soldier brought in a dead one to-day, that yesterday had bitten him on the hand. He was bandaged to the shoulder and but for quick treatment might have lost his arm. It can't be healthy in here, but only Dean Prior and two others have been ill. What a game Dean it is, by the way! He laughs at his sickness, laughs when that big white horse with the weak back goes down in a river or mud-hole with him, and never complains at all. I have never seen such forbearance and patience and good-humor among any set of men. If a man wakes up cross and in an ill-humor—that day is his. He may kick somebody's water-pail over the wall, storm at his servant, curse out the food and be a general irritable nuisance; but the rest forbear, look down at their plates and nobody says a word for each knows that the next day may be his. This forbearance is one benefit anyhow that we are getting out of this campaign, which is a sad, sad waste thus far. But Reggie appears at the door. As he marches past us we rise and sing the Marseilles; when he marches back, we sing it again and that smile of his is reward enough. There is good news—*we* are to go out on a reconnaissance to-morrow, ourselves.

Holy Moses, but that reconnaissance was a terrifying experience. We went out past the station where the last fight was, along a dusty road and up a little hill, left our horses under its protecting bulk, sneaked over the top and boldly stood upright on the slant of the other side. Below us was a big rude cross over a Russian grave. Things were pointed out to us.

"You see that big camel-backed mountain there," said one of the Three Guardsmen. We levelled glasses. "Well, that's where the main body of the Russians are."

"How far away is that camel-back?" somebody asked innocently. The Guardsman had turned and was beckoning violently to the Italian (who was on top of the little hill, some thirty feet above us) to come down. Then he said:

"About ten miles."

"So desuka!" (truly) said the same voice lapsing with awe into Japanese.

"So desu!"—which is "truly" in response, said the Guardsman with satisfaction. We had a thrill. The Italian had blithely drawn near. He seemed unafraid, but perhaps he had been unaware of his peril on the sky-line only ten miles from a Russian gun.

Then we cautiously advanced along the road for another half a mile to an empty trench in a little camp near which there must have been all of twenty Japanese soldiers. One correspondent stepped across the trench and was gesticulated back with some warmth. Davis sat down on the trench and was politely asked to get up and move back—not that he would hurt the trench but because he was sitting on the half of it that was next the 10-mile-away enemy—and apparently the Guardsman had orders that we must not cross a carefully plowed line. Davis got up like a shot and hurriedly went away back to sit down.

The Major of the post there gave us tea and beer at his quarters nearby. He was a big fellow and was most kind and courteous. He had been a professor in a war-college and had asked the privilege of death at the front. He got it, poor fellow, and later I saw a picture of his body being burned after the fight at Liao-Yang.

We are getting pretty restless now. The Irishman and I were denied admittance at the monastery yesterday by the order of the Imperial Highness whom we met the other day. However, he relaxed it in our favor. Dean Prior started to go up on the city-wall to-day to sketch, and was stopped by a sentry who put a naked bayonet within two feet of his breast. He came back raging and wrote a scathing letter which I don't think he will send.

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This morning *Wong* came. At 10 o'clock, the Irishman appeared at the entrance of the compound leading by the hand a little Chinese boy some eight or ten years old. He was the dirtiest little wretch I ever saw but he smiled—and never saw I such teeth or such a winsome smile. The Irishman said simply and gravely:

"This is Wong," and no more. He led the boy behind the paling that enclosed our bathing-quarters, plucking a sponge and a cake of soap as he walked, which happened to be mine. Then I heard:

"Take it off!" And again! "Take it off, I say!"

Apparently he was obeyed. Then:

"Take that off, too, yes, that, too!" Evidently the boy had but two garments on for considerable splashing took the place of peremptory commands. By and bye, they came out together and still hand in hand passed out of the compound. In half an hour, the Irishman came back.

"I've just taken Wong down to Poole's," he said still gravely, "to get him a new suit of clothes."

"The trousers were too long and Wong objected. Poole told him that trousers were worn long this season and Wong compromised by rolling them up. He'll be here by and bye."

By and bye, Wong came back resplendent in new blouse, new trousers, new shoes and socks. On his breast was sewed a big white thing in the shape of a shamrock and on the shamrock was printed this:

WONG
*Cup-bearer and Page in Waiting*
to
—— ——, *Esquire.*

Straightway was Wong an habitué of the compound and straightway his education began. Wong was quick to learn.

"Attention, Wong!" the Irishman would say and Wong would spring to his feet and dash for a bottle of—Tansan.

"Make ready!" Wong would poise the bottle—"Aim—fire!" Wong would fire and then would come the command "When!" which meant "cease firing!" and Wong, perfect little soldier that he was, would cease, though his genial hospitality and genuine concern for the happiness of everybody made ceasing very hard. If his master ordered a bottle of wine at the table, Wong would pass it to every man. He was equally hospitable in the matter of cigarettes—anybody's; for he could never see that what belonged to one man did not belong to all. Essentially, in that crowd, he was right. But it was rather expensive for the Irishman, until one day he told Wong always to take the chits to "that fat man"—who was not Reggie—and thereafter the fat man got them.

Wong had caught the military salute from the Japanese soldiers, and every morning when he came in he would go around to each of us in turn, clicking his heels, hand at his forehead and always with that radiant smile flashing from his eyes and his beautiful teeth. The Irishman slept late. One morning he was awakened by an insistent little voice outside his mosquito net, saying over and over:

"Hello George! Wake up! Hello George, wake up!" Somebody had taught him that; but he saw straightway that it was not respectful and we could never get him to do it again.

After his second bath he went around pulling his shirt open to show how clean his yellow little body was. Indeed he got such a passion for cleanliness that one morning, he naïvely held out his exquisite hands to Lewis to be manicured—Lewis did it. Again when Tansan spouted into his face, he reached out, pulled a silk handkerchief from a man's pocket and mopped his face. All of us got to love that boy: and when we went away there was a consultation. We would make up a fund and educate him. His father was called in and an interpreter explained our design. Wong burst into tears and wept bitterly. There were answering drops in the Irishman's eyes.

"I tell you, all the blood shed in this miserable war is not worth those few precious tears. Greatest people on earth! Why should we want to leave them?"

Lovable little Wong! The first word the Irishman said when he came back through that town on our way home was spoken to a group of boys on the street.

"Wong!" he said simply and they raised a shout of comprehension and dashed away, the Irishman after them. Half an hour later he joined me in a restaurant. Wong was not in town he said gravely; he had bought a place outside of town with the money we had given him and had taken

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his family into the country for the hot season. Anyhow, we saw Wong, the gentle Wong, the winning no more.

A Major came this morning to give us a lecture on the battle of Tehlitzu—to while away the tedium, said one of the Guardsmen. The Major is smooth shaven and very broad between the cheek bones. His hair is clipped short, his eyes are large and his face is strong. He must have been a professor in a war college, for he stood up and drew mountains, hills, valleys, positions, trenches, trees and made figures—all with wonderful rapidity and skill, backwards. That is, he made them for us standing in front of him to look at. A certain division or a certain regiment at a certain time had done a certain thing. It was a perfect lecture except that all the really essential facts were skillfully suppressed.

The Major had been present only as an observer—a student—but at one hot place on which he had put his finger he had "Lost many friends there," he said, impassively.

At that place a young Russian officer led a charge and his men refused to follow him. The officer drew a dagger and smilingly killed himself.

"We all speak much of that man," said the Major.

At another place the ammunition gave out on both sides and Japanese and Russians fought with stones—men on both sides being severely wounded. While this was going on some Russian officers advanced, sword in hand, from another point, but they had no followers. One of them started forward and gave challenge. A Japanese sprang forward and a duel was fought while soldiers of both armies looked on. "The Japanese was fortunate enough to dispatch the Russian," said the Major modestly and dispassionately; "and we buried him with much ceremony and put a barrier over him. It was an interesting study—this battle—as to whether it is better to fight a defensive or an offensive enemy."

"Well I had rather have seen that rock-fight," said a correspondent, "and that duel than the whole battle."

The Major looked puzzled and shocked, and went on to tell how they had captured a fat Russian Colonel—whose horse was wounded and whose coat was gone.

"He said our artillery fire was——" the Major paused, used a Russian word and turned to the interpreter helplessly—and the interpreter said:

"Ungodly."

"Yes," said the Major, and he smiled. "The first thing the Russian asked for was a bottle of soda-water, which made us laugh. We do not carry such things in the fields. I gave him ten cigarettes."

"How many men did the Japanese have in that fight?" asked a correspondent.

"Just as many as they have now," was the illuminating answer.

I wonder if anybody but the Japanese know how many men they have really had in any fight—and whether in consequence their victories have been due to astonishing skill or overwhelming numbers. There is rumor of one lost Japanese division, the whereabouts of which nobody—but the Japanese—knows. It could have been in every fight thus far and nobody—but the Japanese—could know.

We are getting mighty tired now. Several of us concluded up at the monastery to-day that we would go home pretty soon unless there was a change. There we took pictures of temples, monoliths, stone-turtles. The Irishman appeared suddenly—coming down the long steps above us leading a Chinese child by the hand and carrying a younger one in his arms. How and where he gathers in children the way he does, I don't know. Then we took more pictures. Four officers came in. We communicated in a Babel of French, German, English, Chinese and Japanese. They got tea for us from the priest, and were very polite. Later two more came in. Davis and I were writing and they stood around and looked at us for a while. One approached.

"What are you doing there?"

"Writing," I said.

"Drawing?" he asked suspiciously.

"Yes, drawing," said Davis. "Why do you want to know what we are doing?" I don't think the officer understood—but he understood that something was wrong and he stood a moment in some awkwardness.

"Good-a-bye!" he said.

"Sayonara," he answered.

"I don't think it is anything but curiosity," I said.

"A good deal of it is—because they don't know that they oughtn't to show it. He put us at once in the attitude of being spies.

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I can't imagine what he thought we were drawing."

"We didn't have our badges on. He might have arrested us."

"That would have been some diversion."

The day has been warm, brilliant—the sky crystalline, deep and flecked with streamers of wool. At sunset now the rain is sweeping the West like a giant broom, the rush of wind and river is indistinguishable, the silent magpies are flying about, but there is still a mighty peace here. Back now to mud, flies and fleas.

It's one A.M. The fleas won't sleep and for that reason I can't. Even the drone of school-children chanting Chinese classics—as our little mountaineers chant the alphabet in a "blab-school"—and the barking of dogs have ceased. Somewhere out in the darkness picket fires are shining where the Sun-children and the White cubs are soon to lock in a fierce embrace. I like this Manchurian land and I like the Chinaman. Both are human and the country is homelike—with its corn-fields, horses, mules, cattle and sheep and dogs. The striking difference is here, you see no women except very old ones or little girls. Here is the absence of that insistent plague that disgusts the sensitive nose in Japan. The "fragrant summer time" would have been a satire if it had been written in Japan. But there is no charm here as there is everywhere in Nature and Man in Japan. Besides the Chinese, here at least, are filthy in person and in their homes,—the smell of the Chinaman is positively acrid—while the Japanese are beyond doubt the very cleanliest people in the world. I wish I could see for myself what they really are in battle. As far as I can make out at long distance the Japanese army and the individual Japanese soldier seem the best in the world: the soldier for the reason that he cares no more for death than the average Occidental for an afternoon nap—the army for the reason that the Buschido spirit—feudal fealty—having been transferred from Daimio and Samurai to Colonel and General—gives it a discipline that seems perfect. Imagine an army without stragglers or camp-followers, in which one man is as good as another and all boast of but one thing—a willingness to die. It looks as though for the first time in history the fanatical spirit of the Mussulman who believed that he would step, at death, from the battle-field into Paradise, was directed by an acute and world-trained intelligence. As to the soldier the point seems to be this: an Occidental and a Japanese quarrel and they step outside to settle matters. The Occidental thinks not only of killing the Japanese but of getting out alive. His energies are divided, his concentration of purpose suffers. The Japanese has no such division—he is concerned only with killing his opponent—and he doesn't seem to care whether or not he comes out alive or dead. I'm wondering, though, whether he would fight this way for England—whether he will ever fight again this way for himself.

It has been cold the last two days. The flies have almost disappeared and the fleas are less active—in numbers anyhow. Two officers came to see us last night—it's the first time we have been honored in this way. One had a long sword 400 years old—the other a short one 500 years old, and both were wonderful blades. Now the sword of a Samurai was his soul and the man who even stepped over it did it at the peril of his life. I was rather surprised that they let us handle them so freely.

"We are to leave here very soon," they said.

To-morrow we do leave—towards Liao-Yang.

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# ITALIAN RECOLLECTIONS

## MORE LETTERS OF A DIPLOMAT'S WIFE

By Mary King Waddington

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND FROM PORTRAITS REDRAWN BY C. S. CHAPMAN

FIRST PAPER

*To H. L. K.*

HÔTEL DE LONDRES, ROME,
February 24, 1880.

WE arrived last evening for dinner, dear mother, and are most comfortably settled. We have a nice apartment on the second floor—a large bright salon with a good bedroom on either side of it for me and W.,* and a very fair anteroom where Madame Hubert has just had another wardrobe put up. She interviewed the *gérant* and made it clear to him that it was impossible for her to unpack her mistress's dresses until she had something "convenable" to put them in. We found flowers and papers on the table from the Schuylers, Mrs. Bruce, and the proprietor of the hotel.

I thought we should never get away from Florence. We were so happy there with the Bunsens and Mrs. Waddington, and every day there was something to see or do. The weather was so divine for the last days—the hills were quite a pink-purple sometimes as we drove home after sunset, and quantities of roses climbing up all the old gray walls. We had a very easy journey—they had reserved a carriage for us, which was a good precaution, as the train was crowded. We got to Rome about six. W. was quite excited as we approached (it is too funny to think that he had never been here), and very anxious for the first glimpse of St. Peter's. I can't say we saw the dome from a great distance—I fancy it depends upon which way you enter Rome. We found the Schuylers at the station with a carriage, and drove at once to the hotel, where Gert had ordered tea and a "pannettone." If I hadn't known I was coming to Rome I should never have believed it on arriving at the station. It was so unlike the little old "Termine" of our Roman days—the funny little station so far away, with few porters or cabs, and comparatively few voyageurs. I was quite bewildered with the rush into this great, modern station, with porters and officials of all kinds, and all the bustle of a great city.

I looked in vain for some familiar landmarks as we came along. Nothing. The new streets, Via Garibaldi and Nazionale—an abomination, tall ugly *maisons de location* and official buildings so new and regular—awful! It wasn't until we got into the town and near the Piazza di Spagna that I really felt that I was back in Rome; that of course was unchanged. It brought back such a flood of memories as we passed 20, and all the first happy days in Rome came back to me, before father's illness, when he enjoyed everything so much, and wrote to Uncle John that "the hours were golden." The "Barca" looked just the same, with boys and women leaning up against the stones, flower-girls on the Spanish steps, and even old Nazzari's low, dark shop opposite looked picturesque. W. was quite surprised to see me so sentimental, though I had warned him that for me there was no place in the world like Rome.

The Schuylers stayed talking some little while, then had to go, as they were dining out, but promised to come in after dinner. W. asked me if I was too tired to go for a little stroll (the tea had refreshed us), so we started up the Spanish steps and on to the Villa Medici, where we had that beautiful view of Rome. I showed him the stone

*W. here and throughout these letters refers to M. William Waddington, Mme. Waddington's husband.



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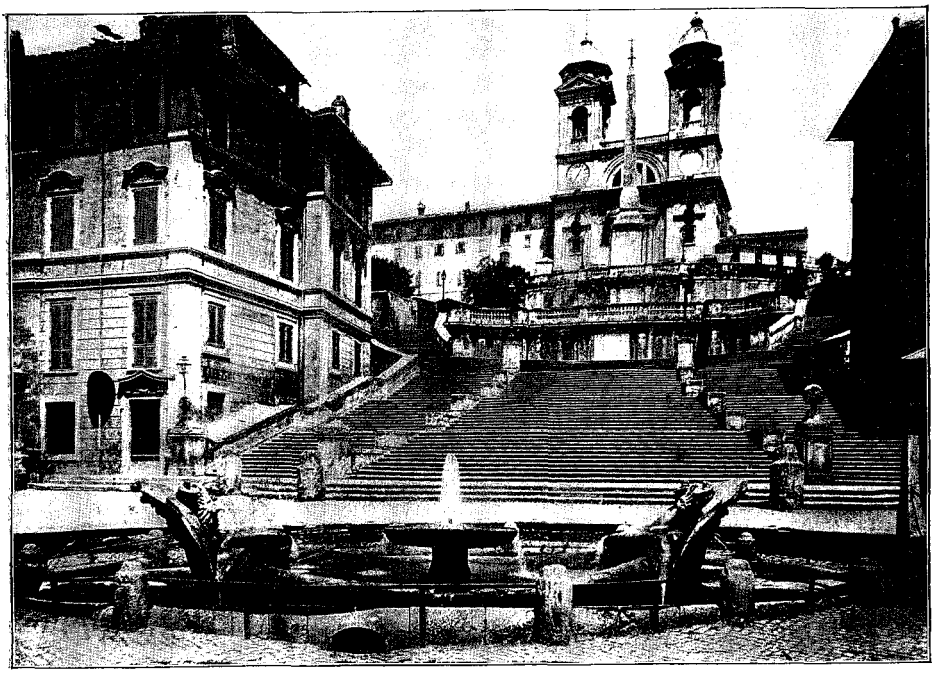

The Spanish steps.
In the Piazza di Spagna, Rome.

pines of the Doria-Pamphili, which stood out splendidly against the last bright clouds of the sunset—it was quite lovely. We stayed out quite late, and were received with respectful, but decidedly disapproving greetings from the *gérant* when we came in. It was not at all prudent for "Eccellenza" and Madame to remain out late, particularly as they must be very tired after a long journey. We dined downstairs in the big dining-room. There was a long *table-d'hôte* full—people about half through their dinner—and at the extreme end of the room five or six small tables, one of which had been reserved for us. I didn't see anyone I knew, but two men got up and bowed as we passed. The dinner was good—the head waiter hovering about us all the time, and of course always addressing W. as "Eccellenza." We had coffee upstairs. W. smoked and I read the paper and one or two notes. About ten the Schuylers appeared, very cheerful and full of propositions of all kinds. They have got a big reception for us on Sunday night—Roman and diplomatic—and we agreed to breakfast there to-day. Gert looked very well in blue, with her diamond necklace and feathers. They don't seem very pleased with Marsh—our Minister. Always the same old story and jealousy—the ministers consider themselves so far above a consul. But really when the Consul-General happens to be Schuyler and his wife King, one should think these two names would speak for themselves—for Americans, at any rate.

We told Schuyler how many compliments we had had both in Paris and Florence for his "Peter the Great"—so much in it, and yet the subject one that had been written about so often. They went off about eleven, and I was glad to go to bed; could hardly believe I was sleeping again in the Piazza di Spagna. I certainly never imagined when I left Rome tearfully so many years ago that I would come back as the wife of a French statesman—I had always said I could never marry a Frenchman.

I was busy all the morning unpacking and settling myself, and of course looking out of the window. It is all so delightfully familiar—all the *botte* standing in the middle of the street, and the coachmen trying so hard to understand when some English or American tourists give them some impossible address in Italian—you know the kind of



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people I mean, conscientious tourists who think they must always speak the language of the country they are in, learned out of a phrase-book. We have various invitations, from our two Embassies, Quirinal and Vatican, also the Teanos, and W. had a nice is a fine old palace with a large open court and broad stone staircase. San Carlo Borromeo is supposed to have lived there. It belongs to Mrs. Terry, wife of the artist, who had arranged it very comfortably, and the Schuylers have put in all their Turkish

King Humbert and Queen Margherita.

visit from Lanciani, who wants to show him all Rome. We took a *botta* to go to the Schuylers. It isn't far, but I wasn't quite sure of finding my way the first time. They have a charming apartment in Palazzo Altemps, near the Piazza Navona, not at all far really from our hotel, and now that I know the way I can often walk over in the mornings when W. is off sight-seeing seriously with some of his learned friends. It rugs, carpets, and *bibelots*, so it really looks very pretty. There are quantities of green plants and flowers about (they are both fond of flowers and are always making experiments and trying something new) and of course books, papers, reviews, and a piano.

I told Gert I thought I would write to Vera and have some singing lessons—I have done so little singing since I have been married. Eugene is a charming host, and

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Grounds of the Villa Doria-Pamphili, Rome.
From an unpublished photograph taken about 1869

he and W. had plenty to talk about. I inspected Gert's wardrobe while they were smoking. Her dresses are all right, and I think her maid is good. I wrote all this after I came in. The man of the hotel had engaged a carriage for us—a nice little victoria with a pair of grays. It comes from Tomba's stables—do you remember the name? The same *loueur* we had when we lived here. The coachman said he remembered me perfectly, had often driven the "signorine" to the meets, and hoped *la maman* was well. We were lucky to get such a nice little carriage. The d'Aubignys, a French couple, had just given it up, as they were leaving the Embassy here for Berlin.

We drove about a little—left cards for the Noailles, Desprez, Cairoli, and wound up in the Villa Borghese, which was again quite changed—such quantities of carriages and people walking, also Italian officers riding, and soldiers, *bersaglieri*, etc., about. We crossed the Wimpffens, looking very smiling, and saw in the distance, as we were coming out, the royal red liveries, but the carriage was too far off to see who was in it. Now we are going to dinner, and I shall be glad to get to bed early. I think I am more tired than yesterday.

HÔTEL DE LONDRES,
February 26, 1880.

I will begin again this afternoon, as I have a little time before dinner. The weather is divine, quite the same deep-blue sky and bright sun of our first Roman winter. We have had an enchanting drive out of Porta San Sebastiano and along the Via Appia as far as Cæcilia Metella—everything exactly the same as when we were there so many years ago. The same peasant carts blocking up the narrow gateway, everybody talking at once, white teeth gleaming, and quantities of little brown children with black eyes and jet black hair tumbling down over their eyes and outstretched hands for anything the *forestieri* would put into them. W. was a little disappointed at first. The road is narrow, an atrocious pavement, and high walls almost shutting out the view. However, as we got farther out there came gaps in the walls through which one saw the whole stretch of the Campagna with the Claudian Aqueduct on one side, and when we finally emerged into the open



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fields, he was delighted. How extraordinary all these old tombs and pyramids are, most of them falling in ruins, with roses and creepers of all kinds holding them together. On one of the largest round tombs there was a peasant house with a garden and vines, and smoke coming out of the chimney, perched quite on the top, with a steep, stony path winding down, where the coachman told me the donkey went up and down, as he too lived in the house with the family. Some of the tombs are very high—real towers. There is hardly a trace of marble or inscription left, but the original building so strong that the walls remain.

The queer old tombs, towers, and bits of ruins all along the road interested W. immensely; though he has never been here he knows them all from photographs and reproductions, and could tell me a great deal more than I could tell him. We went as far as the round tomb of Cæcilia Metella, and then got out and walked a little. I wanted to show him the low wall which we used to jump always when the meet was at Cæcilia Metella. Do you remember the first time you came out to see us jump, not at a hunt but one afternoon with Dyer practising to see what the horses and riders would do? You saw us start at a canter for the wall, and then shut your eyes tight until we called out to you from the other side.

This morning W. and I had our first regular turn at sight-seeing. We took a nice little *botta* on the Piazza, had our Baedeker—a red one, like all the tourists—and were quite happy. Some of the old colleagues were highly entertained seeing us driving about with our Baedeker; said it was W. under a wholly different aspect. We wandered about the Vatican for two hours, seeing quantities of things—Sistine Chapel, Stanze Raphael, Apollo Belvedere, etc., and always a beautiful view over the gardens. Later, he says, he must do it all regularly and intelligently with one of his men friends, as I naturally could not stand for hours recognizing and deciphering an old inscription. I left him from time to time, sat down on one of the stone benches, talked to the *custode*, looked at the other people, and gave them any information I could. It interested me to see the different nationalities — almost entirely English, American, German, very few Italian, and no French—yes, one artist, a rather nice looking young fellow who was copying something on the ceiling of one of the "Stanze," rather a difficult process apparently. There were many more women than men—groups of English spinsters doing their sights most thoroughly—the Americans more casual. The Apollo looked splendid, so young and spirited. We walked some little distance, coming home before we could get a *fiacre*, and I had forgotten how cruel that Roman pavement was. I don't believe any of my boots will stand it; I shall have to get somewhere here a pair of thick-soled walking shoes.

We had a quiet hour after breakfast. I have arranged a ladies' corner in the drawing-room. I was in despair the first two days over the room. I had never lived in small hotel quarters with a man, and I had no idea how disorderly they are. The table was covered with pens, papers—piles of them, three or four days old, thick with dust—cigars, cigar ashes over everything, two or three large, bulky black portfolios, very often a pot hat, etc. So we compromised; W. took one end of the room and I the other. I obtained from the *gérant* (thanks to Mme. Hubert, who is very pretty and on the best of terms with him) a small table, large china vase for a plant, a nice arm-chair, and a cushion for the sofa, borrowed a table-cloth from Gert, also some small things for my table, and my end looked quite respectable and feminine. The room is large, so we can really get on very well. We had a pleasant visit from M. de Noailles (Marquis de Noailles, French Ambassador to the Quirinal) before we went out. He has a charming, easy manner. We are to breakfast at the Embassy, Palazzo Farnese, tomorrow for me to make Mme. de Noailles's acquaintance. I wonder what I will think of her? The men all say she is a *charmeuse*. She is Polish born, was a beautiful woman—I think all Poles have a great charm of manner.

Trocchi came in, too—so pleased to see me again and to make W.'s acquaintance. The two senators talked politics, and Noailles put me a little *au courant* of Roman society and the two camps black and white. We went out at 3.30, as I said before, to Cecilia Metella, and stopped at Gert's for tea. W. walked home, and I stayed a little while with her talking over the arrangements for their reception on Sunday. Ev-

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eryone—Romans, diplomats, and Americans—they have asked has accepted; but their rooms are fairly larger and I don't think they will be crowded.

HÔTEL DE LONDRES,
February 29, 1880.

I am still tired from the quantity of people we saw last night at the Schuylers. Their reception was most brilliant; all the world—— However, I will begin at the beginning. We went to church on Sunday, as Dr. Nevin came to see us Saturday afternoon and said he hoped we would not fail to come. W. found him clever and interesting. He said he thought I would hardly recognize him in his new church. It is very pretty—English style, built by an English architect (Street) in the new quarter, Via Nazionale, utterly unlike the bare little room outside the Porta del Popolo, where we used to go and do the music. It makes me laugh now when I think of the congregation all embarked on a well-known hymn, when suddenly Henrietta would lower the tune one note—if I was tired, as often happened, as one of the gayest balls in Rome was Princess Sciarra's on Saturday night. When I had danced until say four o'clock in the morning (the test of the ball was how late it lasted) it was rather an effort to be at church at 10.30 Sunday morning and sing straight through the service. Henrietta had the harmonium and I led the singing. I will say that the effect of the sudden change was disastrous from a musical point of view. However, we did our best. I am afraid Henrietta was not always faithful to Bach and Beethoven

Pope Pio Nono.

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in her voluntaries. We had no music, and she played whatever she could remember, and occasionally there were strains of "Araby's Daughter" or "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," which were quite perceptible even through the minor chords. I liked doing it all the same, and like it still. I am so fond of the old hymns we used to sing as children, and would like to hear "Shout the Glad Tidings" every Christmas. I never have since we left America and Oyster Bay, where also we did the music, and where, when we were late sometimes for church, Faust, the big black Newfoundland dog, would come and bark when the bell had stopped, telling us quite plainly we were late—he knew all about it.

We made the regular Sunday turn in the afternoon—Villa Borghese and Pincio—sent the carriage away and walked home by the Villa Medici. W. loves the view from the terrace. We met Mrs. Bruce, also looking at the view, and walked home together. She told W. Cardinal Howard wanted to see him, had known him in England in the old days, also a young English monsignore—called *English* oddly enough. She will ask us all to dine together some night next week. I asked her if she remembered the famous dinner long ago with Cardinal Howard and Dean Stanley. The two divines were very anxious to cross swords. They were such a contrast. Dean Stanley, small, slight, nervous, bright eyes, charming manners, and a keen debater. The Cardinal, tall, large, slow, but very earnest, absolutely convinced. The conversation was most interesting—very animated—but never personal nor even vehement, though their views and judgments were absolutely different on all points. However, both were gentlemen and both large-minded. W. was much interested, as he knew Dean Stanley and his wife Lady Augusta well; they came often to Paris, and were *habitués* of Mme. Mohl's famous salon, where the literary men of all creeds and countries used to meet. It was there, too, that Dean Stanley and Renan used to meet and talk, the two great intellects finding points in common. I was taken there once or twice after I was first married. It was a curious interior; Mme. Mohl, a little old lady always dressed in white, with a group of men standing around her chair—many more men than women, and never more than twenty or thirty people. I suppose it was the type of the old French literary salon where people went to talk. I naturally listened in those days, not being sufficiently up in all the political and literary questions, and not pinning my faith absolutely on the "Revue des Deux Mondes." Mrs. Bruce, too, was often at Mme. Mohl's.

We stopped in a few minutes at the Trinità de' Monti, where there was a service of some kind going on. The nuns were singing a low, monotonous chant behind their grating; the church was quite dark, lights only on the altar, a few women kneeling and absorbed, and a few irreverent *forestieri* looking about and talking in whispers. We came down the Spanish steps, which were quite deserted at that hour—models, beggars, *flâneurs*, all resting from their labors.

I was glad to rest a little before dinner, and only dressed afterward, as I couldn't well go down to the public dining-room in a low red satin dress and diamonds. We went rather early—ten o'clock—to Palazzo Altemps, but found many people already there. The apartment looked very pretty, quantities of flowers and plants wherever they could be put. Gert looked very well in yellow satin, and Eugene is always at his best in his own house—very courteous and receiving people as if it were a pleasure to him (which I think it is). We found quantities of old friends—Pallavicinis, Teanos, Lovatellis, Calabrinis, Bandini, Pagets, Mrs. Bruce, Hooker, Grants, etc., and quantities of people we didn't know, and whose acquanitance we made of course—Mmes. Minghetti, Cairoli, Despretis, and almost the whole of the Corps Diplomatique.

W. enjoyed it very much, did his manners very well, and never looked stiff or bored. I was delighted to see the familiar faces once more. I almost felt as if we had never been away. Mme. de Noailles was astounded at the number of people I knew—I think she hadn't realized how long I had lived in Rome as a girl. She had heard W. say it was his first visit to Rome, and thought I, too, was here for the first time, and she was naturally surprised to hear me talking to Calabrini about the hunts, cotillons, his coach, and *tempi passati* generally.

I have accepted so many invitations that I never can remember them, but the ladies promised to send a card. Aunt Mary

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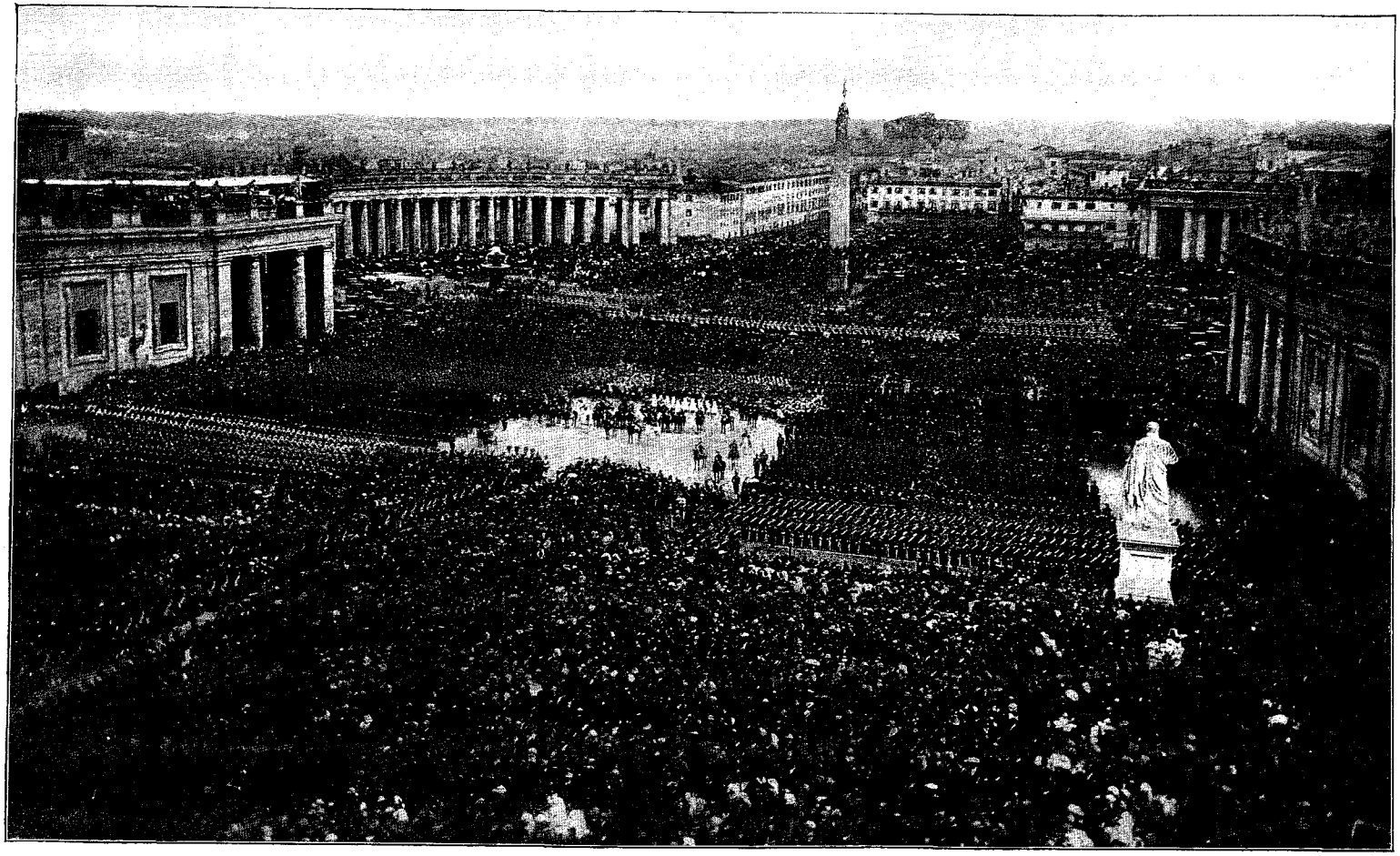

Last benediction of Pope Pius IX from the balcony of St. Peter's.

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Gracie was rather put out with me because I wore no necklace (which couldn't be said of the Roman ladies, who all wore splendid jewels), but I told her it was the last *chic* in Paris to wear your necklace on your bodice, not on your neck.

We stayed on after all the *beau monde* had gone with Aunt Mary, Hooker, a Russian friend of Schuyler's, and Count Palfy, had a nice little supper, champagne and sandwiches, and talked over the party, saying of course (as they say we Kings always do) how pleasant our party was. W. was much interested in the various talks he had. He found Minghetti charming—so intelligent and well up in everything. Cairoli, too, he had been anxious to see; also Visconti Venosta. He was naturally (like all the men) charmed with Mme. Minghetti. She must have been beautiful, and has an extraordinary charm of manner. The Cairoli are a very big couple. He is tall and broad, fine eyes—she, too, on a large scale, but handsome. Of course there were many inquiries from all the old friends for *la maman* and the family generally. Mrs. Bruce says she never drives in the Doria-Pamphili without thinking of you driving about in your plain black dress and bonnet, with two or three daughters (not quite so plainly dressed) in the carriage, and all always talking and laughing, and enjoying life together. I told her about Florence, where the King of Italy always bowed to you in the Cascine, evidently taking you for the superior of some religious order (he must have thought the novices were lively), and the children in the street used to run up to you and kiss your hand. "He was quite right, to bow to you," she said, "my grand old Republican."

*To H. L. K.*

Rome, Hôtel de Londres,
March 8, 1880.

The Piazza is delightful this morning, dear mother; it is bright and warm, and there are lots of people starting for excursions with guide-books, white umbrellas, and every variety of wrap. The coachmen of the little *botte* look so smiling and interested, so anxious to make things easy and comfortable. Vera came to see us yesterday, and told me he was hailed by one of the coachmen from the top of his box, just as he was crossing the Piazza, who said to him: "*Sai Maestro, una di quelle signorine King è tornata col marito?*" (Do you know, master, one of those King young ladies has come back with her husband?) He was much amused—told him he was quite right, and that he was going to see that same signorina. I daresay he had driven us often to one of the gates to meet the saddle horses.

Yesterday was our *udienza particolare* (special audience), and most interesting it was. Mme. Hubert was madly excited dressing me. I wore my black satin, long, with the Spanish lace veil I had brought in case I should be received by his Holiness, and of course no gloves, though I had a pair with me and left them in the carriage. We started at 12.30, as our audience was at one, and got there quickly enough. I had forgotten all the queer little courts and turns at the back of the Vatican. Everything was ready for us; we were received really in royal state—Swiss Guard, with their extraordinary striped yellow uniform (designed, someone told us the other day, by Michel Angelo), tall footmen attired in red damask, Guardia Nobile, chamberlains, and two monsignori. The *garde noble de service* was Felice Malatesta. He really seemed much pleased to see me again, and to make W.'s acquaintance—swore he would have known me at once, I was so little changed; but I rather suspect if he hadn't known we were coming he wouldn't have recognized me. We had a nice talk the few minutes we stood waiting in the room adjoining the one where the Pope received us, and he gave me news of all his family—Emilio (still unmarried), Francesco, etc.; then a door was opened, a monsignore came out, bowed, and said his Holiness was ready to receive us. We went in at once, the monsignore closing the door behind us and leaving us alone with the Pope, who came almost to the door to receive us, so that the three regulation courtesies were impossible. There were three red and gold arm-chairs at one end of the room, with a thick, handsome carpet in front of them. The Pope sat on the one in the middle, put me on his right and W. on his left. He is a very striking figure; tall, slight, a fine intellectual brow and wonderfully bright eyes—absolutely unlike Pio Nono, the only Pope I had ever approached. He was most gracious, spoke to

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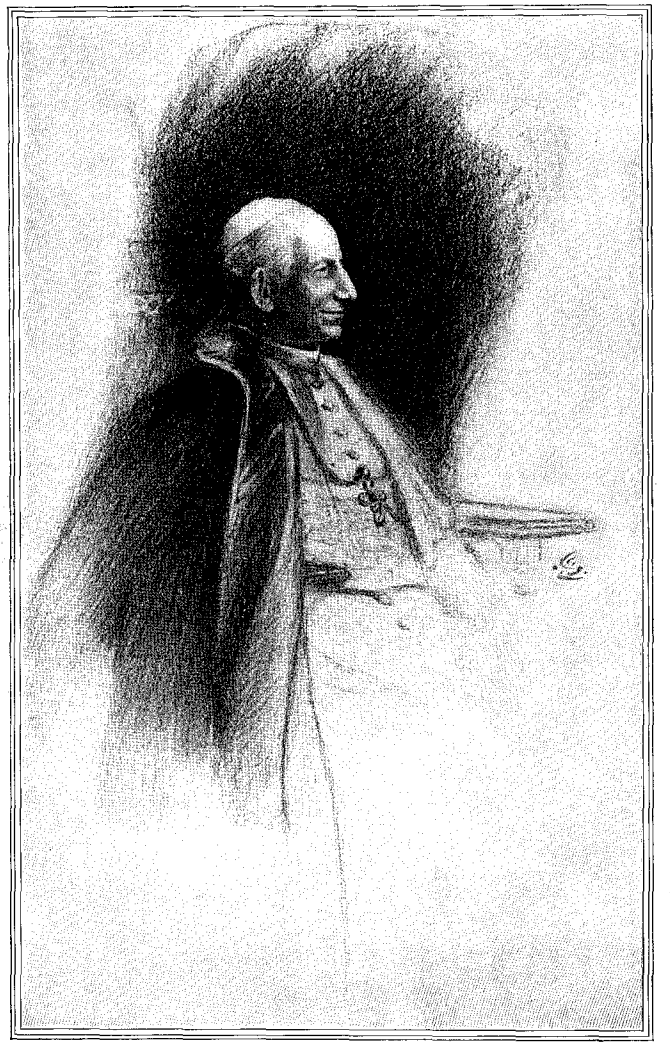
me always in Italian, said he knew I was an old Roman, and that we had lived many years in Rome; spoke French to W., who, though he knows Italian fairly, prefers speaking in French. He asked W. all sorts eyes, saying: "Je vous en prie, M. Waddington, parlez sans réserves."

We stayed about three-quarters of an hour, and the talk was most interesting. Evidently he had been curious to see W.,



Pope Leo XIII.

of questions about home politics and the attitude of the clergy, saying that as a Protestant his opinion would be impartial (he was well up in French politics, and knew that there were three Protestants in W.'s ministry: himself, Léon Say, and Freycinet). W. was rather guarded at first (decidedly *banale*, I told him afterward), but the Pope looked straight at him with his keen, bright and I think he was pleased. It was quite a picture to see the two men—the Pope dressed all in white, sitting very straight in his arm-chair with his two hands resting on the arms of the chair, his head a little bent forward, and listening attentively to every word that W. said. W. drew his chair a little forward, spoke very quietly, as he always does, and said all he wanted to say

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with just the same steady look in his blue eyes.

From time to time the Pope turned to me and asked me (always in Italian) if politics interested me—he believed all French women were keen politicians; also if I had found many old friends in Rome. I told him I was so pleased to see Felice Malatesta as we came in, and that we were going to meet Cardinal Howard one day at breakfast. I shouldn't think he took as much interest in the social life of Rome as Pio Nono did. They used always to say he knew everything about everybody, and that there was nothing he enjoyed so much as a visit from Odo Russell, who used to tell him all sorts of *petites histoires* when their official business was over.

He also talked a good deal to W. about his uncle, Evelyn Waddington, who lived in Perugia, where he was *sindaco* (mayor) for years. He married an Italian lady, and was more than half Italian—curious for a man called Evelyn Waddington. The Pope had known him well when he was Bishop of Perugia.

We both kissed his hand when we took leave, and he said again to W. how much he had been interested in all he told him. We lingered a few minutes in the anteroom, as there was some idea Cardinal Nina would receive us, but it had not been arranged. It seemed strange to be in those high, bare rooms again, and reminded me of our visit to Cardinal Antonelli years ago with father, when he showed us his collection of gems. I remember so well his answer to Bessie Curtis (now Marquise de Talleyrand-Perigord), who was looking out of the window, and said it was such an enchanting view, would help one in "des moments de découragement." "On n'est jamais découragé, mademoiselle."

I imagine Leo XIII has very difficult moments sometimes.

W. wouldn't come out again as he had letters to write, so I stopped for Gert, and we had a lovely turn in the Villa Pamphili. Quantities of people—it looked very gay. We got home about six, and had visits until it was time to dress for our dinner at the Wimpffens. D'Aunay came first, very anxious to hear about our audience at the Vatican; and Tagliani, the *auditeur* of the old *nonce;* also Dr. Nevin.

King Humbert of Italy.

Our dinner at the Wimpffens was very pleasant. Their apartment looks very handsome lighted. There was a fine, pompous old porter at the door downstairs, and plenty of servants and a *chasseur* upstairs. We had all the personnel of the Embassy, the Calabrinis, Bibra (Bavarian Minister), Van Loo (Belgian), and an Austrian whose name I didn't master, who had been a minister in Andrassy's Cabinet. After dinner we all adjourned to the smoking-room, which is very large and comfortable, lots of low

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arm-chairs. The Austrian ladies smoked, and I talked to Bibra and Van Loo, who told me all the diplomats had been rather struck with the cordiality of our reception—that in general the Romans troubled themselves very little about strangers. W. talked to Wimpffen and his Austrian friend, who was much interested in hearing about our audience with the Pope, and a little surprised that W. should have talked to him so freely, both of them saying that his being a Protestant made things much easier.

Queen Margherita of Italy.

The Romans went off early, so W. went to Geoffroy (director of the Ecole de Rome —French Archæological Society), who receives Thursday evenings at the Farnese Palace. He has an apartment quite up at the top of the palace over the Noailles, and I went to Gert, who also received Thursday. I found a good many people there—principally Americans, and some young diplomats. So many people were introduced to me that I was quite exhausted, and went and sat down by Aunt Mary (Mrs. Robert Gracie), who looked very handsome. She has taken off every vestige of crape, and was shining in black satin and jet.

March 11, 1880.

The King gave W. his audience to-day at one. He went off most properly attired, *with* his Italian ribbon. He generally forgets to put on his orders, and was decidedly put out one day in Paris when he arrived at a royal reception *without* the decoration the sovereign had just sent him. The explanation was difficult—he could hardly tell the King he had forgotten. W. got back again a little after two, and said the interview was pleasant enough—the King very gracious, and he supposed, for him, talkative; though there were long pauses in the conversation—he leaning on his sword, with his hands crossed on the hilt as his father always did—spoke about the Queen, said she was in Rome, and he believed Mme. Waddington had known her when she was Princesse de Piedmont. I never was presented to her—saw her only from a distance at some of the balls. I remember her quite well at a ball at the Teanos in a blue dress, with her beautiful pearls. I hope she will receive us. He talked less politics than the Pope; said France and Italy, the two great Latin races, ought to be friends, and deplored the extreme liberty of the press; knew also that W. was in Rome for the first time, and hoped he would have fine weather. He did not ask him anything about his interview with the Pope. W. said the reception was quite simple—nothing like the state and show of the Vatican. There was a big porter at the door of the palace, two or three servants on the stairs, and two officers, aides-de-camp, in the small salon opening into the King's cabinet.

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Soon after he came in we had visits—Hooker, Monsignor English, a French priest, head of St. Louis des Français, and Del Monte, whom I hadn't yet seen. He was so nice and friendly—doesn't look really much older, though he says he feels so. I told him it seemed unnatural not to have a piano. He would have brought his cello, and we could have plunged into music and quite forgotten how many years had passed since we first played and sang the "Stella Confidente."

Queen Margherita and the Prince of Naples (present King of Italy) in 1880.

After they had all gone we started out to the "Tre Fontane," taking Gert with us to see the establishment of the French Trappists who are trying to *assainir* the Campagna by planting eucalyptus trees. It is an interesting experiment, but rather a dangerous one, as several of the fathers have died. The summer here, with that deadly mist that rises from the Campagna must be fatal, and the two monks we saw looked yellow and shrivelled with fever. However, they will persevere, with that extraordinary tenacity and devotion of the Catholic priests when they undertake anything of that kind. I carried off a bottle of Elixir of Eucalpytus, for I am sorry to say these last bright days have given me an unpleasant souvenir in the shape of a cold chill every now and then between the shoulders, and evidently there is still truth in the Roman proverb "Cuore di donna, onde di mare, sole di Marzo non ti fidare." (Don't trust a woman's heart, the waves of the sea, nor the March sun.)

We got home about half past six, had tea and more visits—Calabrini, Vitelleschi, and Princess Pallavicini, who was most animated, and talked politics hard with W. We dined at home and had a little talk, just as we were finishing dinner, with Menabrea, who was dining at a table next ours. They say he will go to the Paris Embassy in Cialdini's place. W. wouldn't go out again, so I went alone to Gert's, who had a few people—Mrs. Van Rensselaer, clever and original; Countess Calice, an American; her husband, a cousin of the Malatestas; Vera; young Malatesta, a son of Francesco; a Russian secretary, and one or two others. It was rather a pleasant evening. They had tea in the dining-room—everybody walked about, and the men smoked.

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March 12, 1880, 10.30 P. M.

We are just home from our dinner at the Portuguese Embassy, so I have got out of my gauds and into my tea-gown, and will finish this long letter. It was most interesting—a great deal of *couleur locale*. We arrived very punctually—three or four carriages driving up at the same time. There was of course a magnificent porter downstairs, and quantities of servants in handsome liveries; a good deal of red and powder. Two giants at the foot of the staircase, with the enormous tall candles which are *de rigueur* at a black Embassy when cardinals or ambassadors dine. They were just preparing to escort some swell up the staircase as we arrived; there was a moment's halt, and the swell turned out to be M. Desprez, the new French Ambassador to the Vatican (replacing the Marquis de Cabriac). He was half embarrassed when he recognized us; W. had so lately been his *chef* that he couldn't quite make up his mind to pass before him—especially under such novel and rather trying conditions. However, there was nothing to be done, and he started up the great staircase between the tall candles, and W. and I followed modestly in his wake. We found several people, including two or three cardinals, already there. The apartment is very handsome. The Ambassador (Thomar) looked very well—*très grand seigneur*—standing at the door of the first salon, and one saw quite a vista of large, brilliantly lighted rooms beyond. All the *invités* arrived very quickly—we had hardly time to exchange a word with anyone. I saw the Sulmonas come in. I recognized her instantly, though I hadn't seen her for years. She was born Apponyi, and they were married when we were living in Rome. Also Marc Antonio Colonna, the d'Aunays. And then almost immediately dinner was announced. Sulmona took me in and I had a cardinal (Portuguese) on the other side. I didn't say much to the cardinal at first. He talked to his neighbor, and Sulmona and I plunged, of course, into old Roman days. He was much amused at the composition of the dinner, and wondered if it would interest W. He asked me if I remembered the fancy ball at the Palazzo Borghese. He had still the album with all the photos, and remembered me perfectly as "Folie" with short skirts, bells, mirror, etc. I remember it, of course, quite well. Some of the costumes were beautiful, particularly those copied from portraits. After a little while the cardinal turned his attention to me. He was a nice old man, speaking either French or Italian (both with a strong accent), and much interested in the *convives*. He asked me if I belonged to the *corps diplomatique*. I said no—we were merely strangers spending the winter in Rome. He thought there were a good many strangers at table—he didn't know half the people, not having been long in Rome; but he knew that there was one man dining whom he had a great desire to see, Waddington, the late French Premier; perhaps I knew him, and could point him out. He had always followed his career with great interest, but there were some things he couldn't understand, "par exemple son attitude dans la question." Then as I didn't know what he might be going to say, I interrupted, and said no one could point out that gentleman as well as me, as I was Mme. Waddington. He looked a little uncomfortable, so I remarked, "Il diavolo non è tanto nero quant è dipinto," (The devil is not so black as he is painted), to which he replied, "Eh, no, punto diavolo" (no devil)—was rather amused, and asked me if I would introduce him to W. after dinner. We then, of course, talked a little about France, and how very difficult the religious question was. He asked me where I had learned Italian, so I told him how many years we had lived in Rome when my brother was the last Minister from the United States to the Vatican. Sulmona joined in the talk, and we rather amused ourselves. Sulmona, of course, knew everbody, and explained some of the people, including members of his own (Borghese) family, who were very black and uncompromising. Still, as I told him, the younger generation is less narrow-minded, more modern. I don't think they mean to cut themselves off from all participation in the nation's history. After all, they are all Italians as well as Romans. The foreign marriages, too, make a difference. I don't think the sons of English and American mothers could settle down to that life of inaction and living on the past which the Black Party means in Rome.

As soon as I could after dinner I got hold of W. (which was difficult, as he was decidedly *entouré*) and introduced him to my cardinal, whose name I never got, and I



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went to recall myself to Princess Sulmona. We had a nice talk first about her people—her father, Count Apponyi, was Austrian Ambassador in Paris when MacMahon was President, and their salon was very brilliant, everybody going to them; the official world and the Faubourg St. Germain meeting, but not mingling. Then we talked a little about Rome, and the future of the young generation just growing up. Of course it is awfully difficult for families like Borghese and Colonnas who have been bound up in the old papal world, and given popes to Italy, to break away from the traditions of centuries and go in frankly for "Italia Unita." Do you remember what they used to tell us of Prince Massino when some inquisitive woman asked if they really called themselves Fabius Maximus, he replied that it had been a family name for 1,400 years.

The present Prince Massino is one of the most zealous supporters of the Pope. The great doors of his gloomy old palace have never been opened since the King of Italy came to Rome. One can't help admiring such absolute conviction and loyalty; but one wants more than that in these days of progress to keep a country alive.

The evening wasn't long; the cardinals never stay late, and everyone went away at the same time. We again assisted at the ceremony of the big candles, as of course every cardinal and the Ambassador had to be conducted downstairs with the same form. It was altogether a very interesting evening and quite different from any dinner we had ever been at. I don't think the French cardinals ever dine out in France; I don't remember ever meeting one. Of course the *nunzio* went everywhere and always had the *pas*—but one looks upon him more as a diplomatist than a priest.

W. enjoyed his evening very much. He is now settled in his arm-chair with his very disreputable pipe, and has been telling me his experiences. He found my old cardinal very intelligent, and very well up in French politics, and life generally. He liked Sulmona, too, very much; made her acquaintance, but didn't have a chance to talk much to her, as so many people were introduced to him. There is certainly a great curiosity to see him—I wonder what people expected to find him? He looks very well, and is enjoying himself very much. I am so glad we did not stay in Paris; he would have had all sorts of small annoyances, and as it is, his friends write and want him to come back. He is quite conscious of the sort of feeling there is about him. First his appearance—a great many people refuse to believe that he is a Frenchman; he certainly is not at all the usual French type, with his fair hair, blue eyes, and broad shoulders; and when they realize that it is him the cautious, doubtful way in which the clericals begin a conversation with him, as if they expected red-hot anarchist declarations to fall from his lips, is most amusing. Cardinal Howard always seeks him out for a talk—but then he doesn't mince matters—goes straight to the subject he wants to discuss, and told him the other day he couldn't understand how a man of his English habits and education should ever have dropped (he didn't say degenerated, but I think he thought it) into a French republican government.

W. is very pleased to see the cordial way in which everybody meets me, and I must say I am rather touched by it myself. I have never had a moment's disappointment, and I was a little afraid, coming back in such changed circumstances after so many years. Everybody asks after you, and some one the other day—Countess Malatesta, I think—asked if you still wore in Paris your plain black dress and bonnet. I suppose she thought that you couldn't have resisted the Paris modiste. It would seem strange to see you in a hat and feathers.

Good-night, dearest; W.'s pipe is out, and we are going to bed.

### *To H. L. K.*

Saturday, March 27, 1880.

It was raining this morning, and I was very glad. The dust was getting most disagreeable in one's eyes and throat, and covering everything. I am glad, too, that it is cool, decidedly, as I wanted to wear my blue velvet. If it had been a bright warm day it would have looked dark and heavy. It is four o'clock—we have just come in from our audience, and I will write at once while the impression is fresh. W. has a *rendezvous* with some of the French Institute people, and I shall not see him again until dinner time. We got to the palace (a great ugly yellow building, standing high) quickly enough, as there was no one in the streets at

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that hour, and drove into the court-yard to a handsome entrance and staircase. There were a few soldiers about, but not much movement. A carriage came in behind us, and just as we were going upstairs someone called my name. It was Bessie Brancaccio (Princess Brancaccio, born Field), who had also an audience with the Queen. She had come to thank her for her appointment as "dame de palais." I was glad to have just that glimpse of her, as they are not in Rome this winter. Their beautiful house is not ready for them, so they have been spending the winter in Nice. We walked through a large anteroom where there were three or four servants and an *écuyer*, and in the first salon we were received by the Comtesse Marcellio, one of the Queen's ladies, a Venetian and a great friend of Mary's (Mme. de Bunsen), and the gentleman-in-waiting, whose name I didn't master. We talked for a few minutes—she said a lady was with the Queen. The room was handsome, prettily furnished and opened into another—three or four, in fact, all communicating. After about ten minutes we saw a lady come out of the end room, the door of which was open, so Comtesse Marcellio ushered us through the suite. We went to the corner room, quite at the end, where the Queen was waiting standing. We went through the usual ceremony. The Comtesse Marcellio made a low courtesy on the threshold, saying, "I have the honor to present his Excellency M. Waddington and Mme. Waddington," and instantly retired. The Queen was standing quite at the end of the room (a lovely, bright corner room, with lots of windows and a magnificent view over Rome—even on a dull day it looked cheerful and spacious). I had ample time for my three courtesies. She let us come quite close up to her, and then shook hands with us both and made us sit down—I next to her on the sofa, W. on an arm-chair in front. I found her rather changed since I had seen her. She has lost the girlish appearance she had so long, and her manner was nervous, particularly at first. When she began to talk and was interested and animated she was more like what I remembered her as Princess Marguerite. She was dressed in bronze satin, with a flowered brocade *casaque*, and one string of splendid pearls. She told W. she was very pleased to see him, remembered that I had lived in Rome before my marriage, and asked if I still sang, as Vera used to talk so much about the music in Casa Pierret, and the trios we used to sing there with Lobatelli and Malatesta. The talk was most easy, about everything, generally in French, but occasionally breaking into English, which she speaks quite well. W. was delighted with her—found her most interesting and *très instruite*—not at all the banal talk one expects to have with sovereigns—in fact, I quite forgot we were having a royal audience. It was a very pleasant visit to a charming woman, in a pretty room with all sorts of beautiful pictures and *bibelots* about. While we were still there the Prince of Naples (the present King) came in. We both got up; she told him to shake hands with W. and to kiss me, and to ask me how old my little boy was, which he did quite simply and naturally. He told his mother he was going to ride. I asked him if he had a nice pony, to which he replied in English, "Oh, yes, jolly," and asked if my little boy rode. I said not yet; he was only two years old. The child looked intelligent, but delicate. They say his mother makes him work too much, is so ambitious for him; and he has rather that look. The Princes of Savoy have always been soldiers rather than scholars, but I suppose one could combine the two. The Queen also spoke about the Bunsens, and "little Beatrice," (now Mrs. Charles Loftus Townshend, of Castle Townshend, Ireland); said she was very fond of Mary (Mme. Charles de Bunsen, born Waddington). I was very sorry when the audience was over and she dismissed me, saying she had people waiting.

We found Bessie and one or two other ladies in the first salon when we came out, waiting their turn. Comtesse Marcellio was delighted with all W. said about the Queen. He was very enthusiastic, for him, as he is not generally gushing. I told her she had remembered that I had lived some years in Rome as Mary King, and she said: "Oh, yes, she remembered you and all your family perfectly, and knew that you had married M. Waddington."

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"We want you," she exclaimed.—Page 228.

# MR. LUCILE GRANT PARKER

## By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"NOT the husband of Lucile Grant Parker! Oh, I am crazy to meet her! which one is she? Do tell me about her. I simply love her poems—I can recite them by the yard. And you are her husband!"

Mr. Parker eyed the speaker thoughtfully for a moment, then he answered, concisely and without enthusiasm, "I am." It was as though he had meditated some different reply, but had given it up. He was a small man, noticeably bald, with a deeply lined face that looked dull, but might have been only discouraged. His dingy mustache curled in a single thin line about the corners of his mouth, his spectacles seemed to sag heavily on his nose, his shoulders tempted the militant to run a corrective finger down his spine and so bring them into position. He listened to the enthusiasm of the young woman with helpless docility, but his little gray eyes were vacant between their thick lids, as though they meditated other things.

When chance broke a lane through to his wife, he hastily led up the new admirer and introduced her, then backed up against a wall and let the tea surge about him as it would. Someone put a cup into his hand, and he held it patiently until someone else took it away. Through an occasional break in the crowd he could see his wife smiling largely on changing batches of young women, pressing their white gloves between her big, soft hands, murmuring her "How good of you to say so!" in a deep, throaty voice that gave the stereotyped phrase a special value for each in turn. After hearing that voice it was a disappointment to look into the large, handsome face and discover that the smile was only a widening of the lips. Those who did not



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make the discovery came away radiant, with a sense of special and exclusive favor upon them.

Presently one of the seven other men who were skulking in corners and behind doors came and leaned against the wall beside Mr. Parker. He was short and stout, with a smooth red face meant for jollity, but rendered heavy by a look of permanent sulkiness.

"You are the husband of Lucile Grant Parker, I believe," he said. His tone was dully congratulatory, but Mr. Parker shot a resentful side glance at him from beneath his glasses.

"I am," he said shortly; and then, for the first time in fifteen years, it came out—"if you care to put it that way!" A gleam of intelligence transformed the other's lowering face. He turned quickly.

"I am the husband of Mrs. Gertrude Alice Weal, President of the Local Federation," he said, and held out his hand. Mr. Parker responded with an eager clasp. When the hands fell reluctantly apart they dropped back against the wall with deep breaths of mutual understanding. Mr. Weal passed his handkerchief about his brief inch of neck.

"Awful, isn't it?" he exclaimed cautiously. "I've had three years of it."

"I've had fifteen," said Mr. Parker.

"Hell!" muttered Mr. Weal.

They did not exchange another word, yet the twenty minutes of silent understanding that followed were the very marrow of intimacy. When they parted, at a gesture from Mrs. Parker, their shamed eyes could not meet, so vast was their mutual comprehension.

"I simply love her poems—I can recite them by the yard."—Page 220.

"I have to run away, if these dear people will excuse me," said Mrs. Parker. "Get the carriage, Rupert—I will follow at once."

Mr. Parker got the carriage. Once inside it Mrs. Parker let her smile fade with a sigh of weariness and took a memorandum slip from her card-case.

"Well, that is over," she reflected. "Tomorrow afternoon there is the Civic League reception, and Friday the Authors' Reading and the—well, that simply means that I shall have to begin on those proofs to-night, tired as I am. With this evening and two

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mornings, I ought——" her voice trailed off abstractedly.

"It will be an interesting day to-morrow," Mr. Parker ventured. "You know we are to have the final decision about Aunt Gloriana's estate. If I win the case——"

"Um," said Mrs. Parker. "I have got to sandwich two interviews in some way. Dear me, why they want to keep on interviewing me——"

"Evidently the other side has little hope now," Mr. Parker persisted faintly. "I noticed that Mrs. Seaton Danfurth did not seem to remember me this afternoon. I regret that she takes it personally. If I win——"

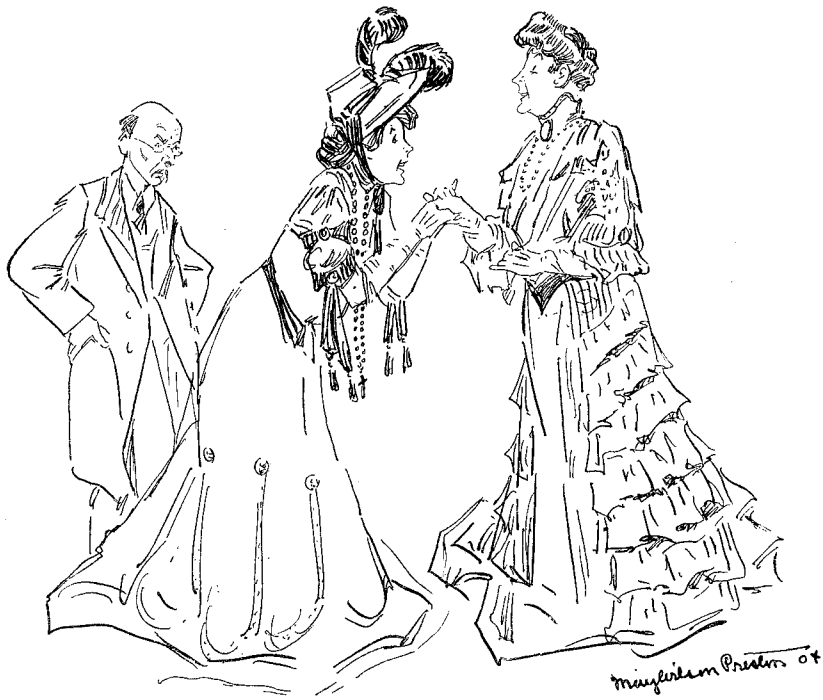
"Oh, of course you will win. Don't interrupt me now, Rupert, I have something to think out." And Mrs. Parker retired behind her large white eyelids. Mr. Parker gave it up and scowled sullenly out of the window the rest of the way home.

At the house he let his wife in, then, with a muttered excuse, turned back and paced up and down the block in the wintry dusk, his head sunk between his shoulders.

"It is perfectly just," he told himself with bitter logic. "She has made herself felt in the world; I have not. The fittest shall survive. Precisely. I am a good average lawyer, an every-day citizen—mated to a genius. What else can I expect?"

His mind went back to the first year of marriage, when he used to clip Lucile's poems from the newspapers and the minor weeklies and carry them about in his pocketbook to show to friends, or, indeed, to anyone who gave him a chance to lead up to his artful, "Oh, by the way, speaking of that, have you seen a little poem of my wife's in the *Sunday-school Gazette?*" He had watched for acceptances as eagerly as she in those days, had grown red and angry over rejections, had tiptoed away when he saw the mood of inspiration approaching. And how proud he had been when the letters began to come in, bearing testimony to touched hearts from Maine to California! The thought of the letters made him wince now. He went into the house and tried to slip quietly past his wife's door.

"Rupert!" called an absorbed voice from



Led up the new admirer and introduced her.—Page 220.

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He held it patiently.—Page 220.

within. "I put another bundle of letters on your desk. I wish you would attend to some of them to-night—they are piling up unnecessarily."

"Very well," said Mr. Parker between his teeth. His face was more dully discouraged than ever as he drew up to his desk and opened the top letter of the pile before him, a purple sheet with a white border, inscribed in white ink. After a brief glance through it, he took a card and wrote,

Thanking you for your sweet words of encouragement,
Faithfully yours,
LUCILE GRANT PARKER.

The next demanded more effort. Mr. Parker writhed and muttered over its closely written seven pages, kicked at the legs of his chair, but finally seized a sheet of note-paper and wrote:

MY DEAR MRS. SMOOT: It is very beautiful to know that one has reached the heart of a fellow-creature. To feel that someone has found help and strength from my words is indeed the sweetest reward that life can offer. I earnestly hope that your little one may be spared to you and "the way made clear."

With deep appreciation, dear Mrs. Smoot, of the words written to me at such a time, believe me,
Loyally yours,
LUCILE GRANT PARKER.

With a flush of shame Mr. Parker threw down the pen and wheeled abruptly from the desk, letting his face drop into his hands. And it had seemed so amusing, so pleasantly intimate, when he had begun to do this for Lucile, fifteen years before! Now the task was the very badge of his humiliation.

"I have got to make good!" he muttered through his hands. "Some way or other—I don't care how—I have got to make good. Precisely."

His thoughts drifted to the lawsuit that was coming up for decision in the morning. He had little doubt of the issue. The first will, leaving the property to her beloved nephew, Rupert George Parker, was a sound and business-like document, such as Aunt Gloriana Parker was wont to execute. The more recent will, whereby all that good

"Awful, isn't it?" he exclaimed cautiously.—Page 221.

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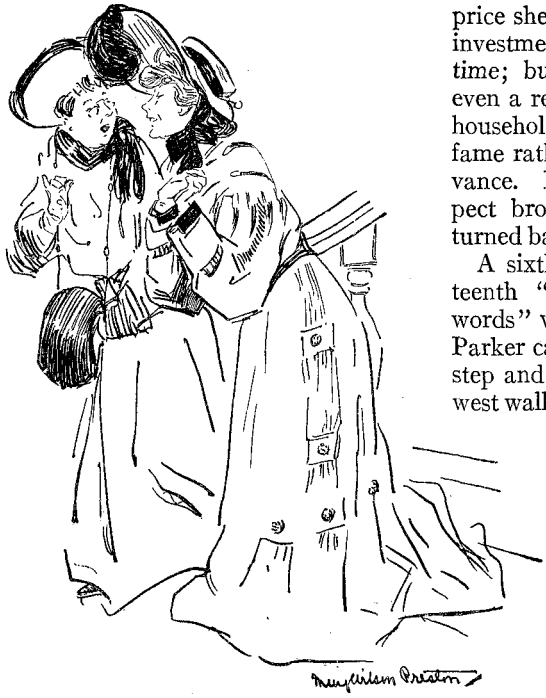
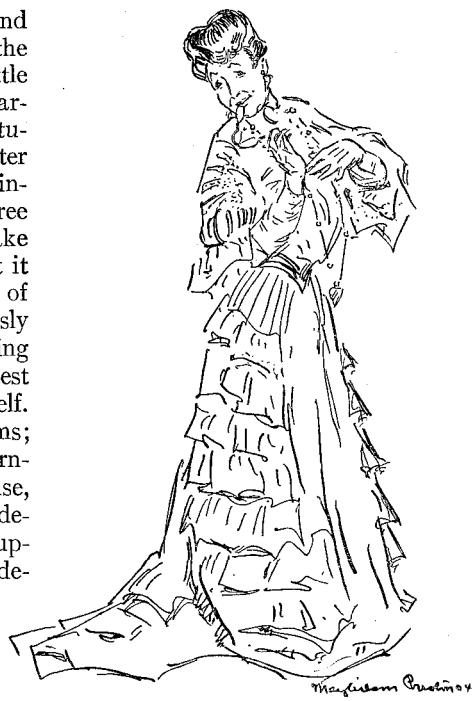


Came away radiant, with a sense of special and exclusive favor upon them.—Page 221.

property, to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, went to the Ladies' Auxiliary of the State Indigent Relief Association, was little more than a rambling memorandum, bearing testimony to a faltering mind and actuated by indignation at some of Lucile's later poems, which the stanch old lady had interpreted as giving encouragement to free love. Fifty thousand dollars would make a vast difference to Mr. Parker, in that it would put his income markedly ahead of his wife's; his shoulders unconsciously straightened at the idea. He had a feeling that a superior income could in a modest way hold its own even against genius itself. He and his wife together earned large sums; but it was in their code that Lucile's earnings were entirely for her own personal use, and were never to be drawn on for the demands of the household. This was supposed to be Mr. Parker's unshakable decree, and no doubt it had been, fifteen years before, when the poetry was bringing in perhaps a hundred and fifty dollars a year, and they kept one servant. Now Lucile's lightest word in prose or verse brought any price she chose to ask, and the care of her investments made serious inroads on her time; but Mr. Parker had never achieved even a respectable bank account, for their household expenses had grown with her fame rather than with his professional advance. Fifty thousand dollars—the prospect brought a long sigh of relief. He turned back to the letters with new courage.

A sixth "Loyally yours" and a seventeenth "Thanking you for your sweet words" were signed and sealed when Mrs. Parker came in with stately and abstracted step and appeared to ponder seriously the west wall of the library. Her smooth, white brow never frowned, but there was a faint pucker of deliberation about her handsome eyes. She studied the wall from different aspects without appearing aware of her husband's presence, though presently she sank with large grace into a luxurious chair and uttered her decision.

"Rupert, when you get your Aunt Gloriana's money, I think



"Get the carriage, Rupert."—Page 221.

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I should like to have that wall built out into some kind of a curved window—I shall get some big man to design it. This room has never quite satisfied me. I shall have a new chimney-piece, too—something really handsome. That is so banal."

Mr. Parker was staring at her with the sick eyes and half-open mouth of dismay.

"But—but, Lucile, I thought—if that money were well invested——" he broke in uncertainly on her musing.

"Oh, we would much better enjoy it," she answered tranquilly, her eyes still busy with her prospective improvements. "We need a new carriage, and there are numberless other things; but I am too tired to talk of them to-night." She pressed her hand to her forehead, showing a large, smooth wrist that suggested someway the era of bracelets—flexible gold bands with little dripping fringes; just as her evenly crimped hair seemed to call for earrings. "I must go and dress. Don't be late for dinner, please." She trailed her elaborate but soundless draperies out of the room, leaving her husband, with bent head and fixed gaze, sunk down in his chair like an old man.

In the morning the expected decision was handed down by the court, whereby the beloved nephew of Gloriana Parker received his inheritance, and the members of the Ladies' Auxiliary sadly gave up their cherished plan of a home for convalescent crippled children of Protestant faith between the ages of ten and fourteen. They were a powerful body socially, the Ladies' Auxiliary, and their president, Mrs. Seaton Danfurth, had expected to rise in a Paris gown and announce the acquisition of fifty thousand dollars to the assembled State Indigent Relief Association at their yearly meeting the next day. She was sorely disappointed, for the gown was a dream, and the little crippled Protestants between ten and fourteen were getting well any way they could in careless homes after the hospitals were through with them. What was fifty thousand dollars to Lucile Grant Parker!

Mr. Parker lunched alone downtown in deep abstraction. There was none of the

"Don't interrupt me now, Rupert, I have something to think out."—Page 222.

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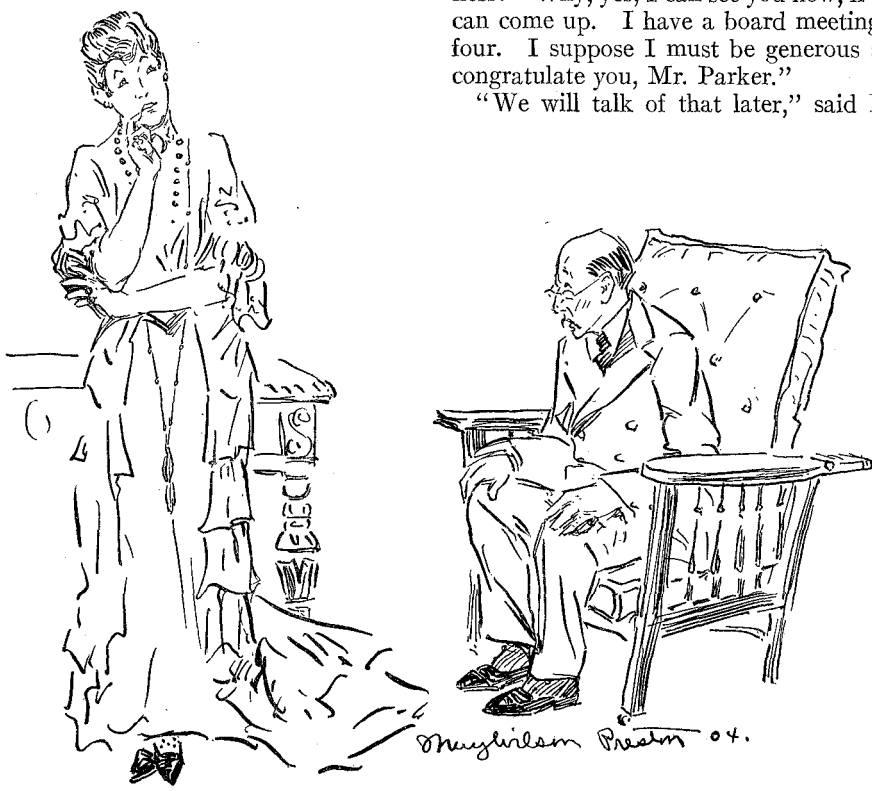
elation of good fortune in his bearing. When an acquaintance paused to offer congratulations he shook hands mechanically, but obviously had no attention to spare from some inner problem. He sat an hour balancing his spoon between his fingers, then pushed away his cold coffee with a sigh.

"There is no other way; and if I don't make good now, I never will," he muttered. Glancing about the room for the first time, his eyes fell on a sulky red face over by the window. Remembrance smote him sharply: "I am the husband of Mrs. Gertrude Alice Weal" and a long handclasp of mutual understanding. A faint flush rose in Mr. Parker's face and he slipped out by a side door to avoid recognition. But as he turned to his office his step had a new resoluteness.

He was met by the news that his wife had called up to know the result of the suit, and was anxious to speak to him. Mr. Parker sat down at his desk and wrote a brief but earnestly considered letter, then went to the telephone with a squaring of his frail shoulders and called up the President of the Ladies' Auxilliary.

"Mr. Parker?" repeated the puzzled voice of Mrs. Seaton Danfurth. "Oh, Lucile Grant Parker—yes, of course." Mr. Parker had flushed up to his retreating hair, but the voice went on in total unconsciousness: "Why, yes, I can see you now, if you can come up. I have a board meeting at four. I suppose I must be generous and congratulate you, Mr. Parker."

"We will talk of that later," said Mr. Parker firmly. He left the office without calling up his wife.




She studied the wall from different aspects.—Page 224.

When the executive board of the Ladies' Auxiliary assembled that afternoon, they were met by a flushed and tremulous president with an open letter in her hand.

"My dears, it is the most wonderful thing that ever happened," she exclaimed. "Oh, don't stop for the minutes and things—I simply can't wait. I have just had a call from Mr. Parker."

"Mr. Lucile Grant Parker?" asked someone.

"N-o," said Mrs. Seaton Danfurth slowly, as though arriving at a new idea. "No; I should say it was Mr. Rupert George

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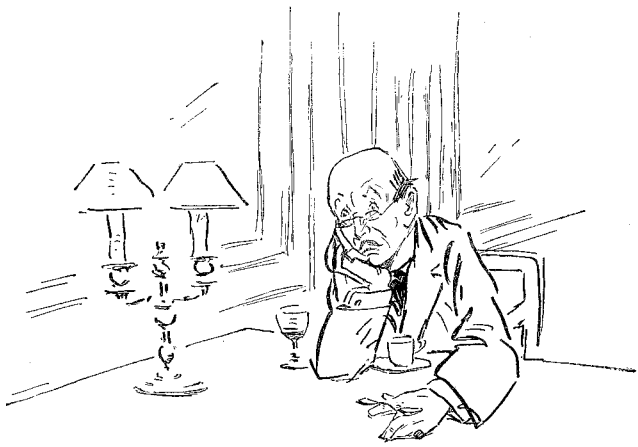

None of the elation of good fortune in his bearing. —Page 225.

Parker. Well, it is all in his letter. Now listen:

*"To the Ladies' Auxiliary of the State Indigent Relief Association:*

"MRS. PRESIDENT AND LADIES: Although I entered into the suit for the possession of the late Gloriana Parker's estate in all good faith, firmly believing the rights of the case to be on my side, during the progress of the suit I have come to look on the matter from another side—from the moral rather than the legal aspect, if I may so express myself. On mature consideration, it seems to me that my aunt's express wishes as to the disposal of her property should carry more weight than the decision of a court of justice. I will therefore make over to your society all my rights and claims to the aforesaid estate, amounting to fifty thousand dollars, with my best wishes for the progress of your noble work.

"Sincerely yours,
"RUPERT GEORGE PARKER."

There was a momentary silence, broken by a tremulous exclamation of "The dear lamb!" "And now we can have the home!" added another voice, and an eager babel of plans and gratitude followed. None of the board could eat any dinner that night, and Mrs. Seaton Danfurth carried copies of the letter to the newspapers with her own hand, in a blue brougham with two men on the box.

Mr. Parker was detained downtown by business that evening and did not get home until his household was asleep. Business also took him away very early in the morning, before the arrival of the daily papers. He bought them all on the way downtown and opened them in the seclusion of his office. There it was in every one—Rupert George Parker's benevolent act; the letter in full, and the eulogistic reply of the Ladies' Auxiliary; at the end, in crowded print, a mere reminder that Mr. Parker's wife was the well-known writer, Lucile Grant Parker. His wife—and he was not once mentioned as anyone's husband. Mr. Parker threw his chest high and went out for a hearty breakfast.

It was, nevertheless, an apprehensive morning. Every time the telephone rang Mr. Parker's sank and his mouth became dry. He had to reread the articles very often to keep himself from undignified flight. It was nearly noon, and the strain was beginning to tell on him when the door of his office opened impetuously and his wife swept in. She was pale, and her clothes were imperfectly adjusted. A morning paper was clutched in a half-gloved hand.

"Rupert, what is this idiotic nonsense?" she burst out. All Mr. Parker's prepared and assorted sentences vanished at his need. His eyes fell guiltily to the desk.

"What—what nonsense, my dear?" he stammered. He knew that was very poor, but he was helpless. Mrs. Parker sank into a chair and panted for breath.



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"Have you really been capable of this quixotic folly? Tell me at once," she commanded. Mr. Parker was miserably aware that he looked more like a naughty boy than a public benefactor, and felt a gush of ignoble relief at the entrance of his office boy. A committee from the Ladies' Auxiliary wished to see him.

"Show them in," he exclaimed thankfully, starting from his seat. "A little business, Lucile—you won't mind waiting."

There was a momentary silence, broken by a tremulous exclamation of "The dear lamb!"—Page 227.

Three ladies came, with a little rush, Mrs. Seaton Danfurth leading in her Paris gown, with both hands outstretched.

"We want you," she exclaimed. "There is no time to explain—you must come at once. The big annual meeting of the State Indigent Relief is going on and they have sent us down to get you. You are to come to the luncheon. Oh, Mrs. Parker, how do you do—you must come too, of course. You must be very proud of your husband to-day!" And Mrs. Seaton Danfurth swept them down to waiting carriages, Mr. Parker tiptoeing nervously among their trailing skirts and Lucile following in dazed silence.

The business of the meeting was evidently just over as they entered the committee rooms. Hands were being shaken across the rows of chairs and the chairman was conferring with an officer on the platform. Mrs. Seaton Danfurth laid her hand on Mr. Parker's arm and led him forward. The chair rapped hastily for attention.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I have the honor of presenting to you——"

"Mr. Parker!" cried a voice. "Rupert George Parker!" they took it up. A patter of gloves mingled with a burst of masculine applause, during which Mr. Parker, bowing frantically, was led to the platform. Lucile Grant Parker stood for a moment quite forgotten; then some one gave her a chair, and she sat down with compressed lips, tugging tremulously at her unfastened glove.

When quiet was restored and Mr. Parker, very red, had bowed sufficient acknowledgment and shrunk into his conspicuous seat, the chairman made a brief speech about his generous and public-spirited act, and then the secretary of the Ladies' Auxiliary was asked to read aloud the resolutions formed in separate session that morning.

The society had resolved on a vote of thanks to Mr. Rupert George Parker; on a home for convalescent crippled children of Protestant faith between the ages of ten and fourteen, to be called the Rupert George Parker Home; on a bust of Rupert George Parker for the entrance hall of the

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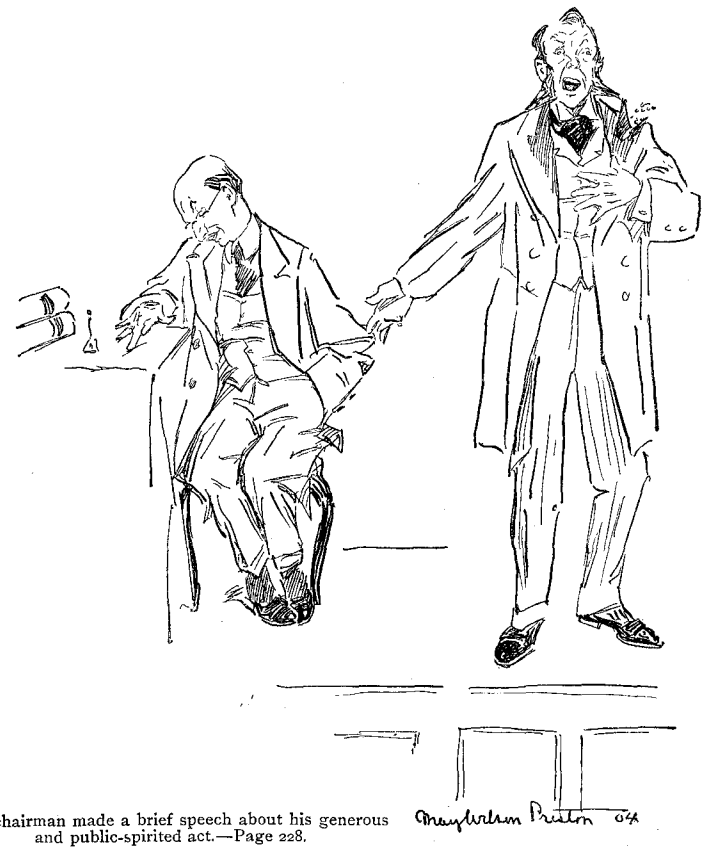

The chairman made a brief speech about his generous and public-spirited act.—Page 228.

aforesaid home; on a request that Rupert George Parker would honor the society by personally laying the corner-stone of the home, and that he would allow himself to be enrolled as a trustee of an institution that would keep his name in the hearts of his fellow-citizens as long as the town stood. There was a very storm of applause, and Mr. Parker, the blood tingling in his veins, had his hand shaken and shaken again by the leading citizens of his town.

When he left the platform he turned to Lucile, smiling. He felt braver than he ever had in his life before, or perhaps ever would again.

"It was right, my dear. I had to judge this matter for myself," he said kindly but firmly. "We won't discuss it, you and I. Now we are going out to luncheon. My dear, I think your hat is not quite straight." Lucile, still looking strangely bewildered, straightened her hat and followed him without a word.

Their progress to the luncheon room was a triumphal one. Mr. Parker breathed very deep and introduced everybody to "my wife" with a growing satisfaction. Introductions in their family had nearly always been to "my husband." He was holding the centre of a distinguished group when he caught sight of a heavy red face approaching. He broke hastily from the others and met Mr. Weal half-way. There was frank admiration on the sulky countenance.

"Say, that was a fine thing you did," Mr. Weal exclaimed. "If there were more men like you, by George——" Mr. Parker had flushed guiltily.

"Sh!" he said impulsively. Mr. Weal stared, then a look of intelligence dawned in his eyes, spreading slowly to a wide grin.

"Oh, I say!" he muttered. His eyes passed to the congratulatory group and Mrs. Parker tugging at her glove as she listened in pale silence. He thrust out his hand. "Oh, *bully* for you!" he gasped, as they exchanged a long, shamed look of mutual understanding.



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# THE EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE OF BARON DE VILLE

By Arthur Train

Illustrations by F. C. Yohn

## I

"I WANT you," said Barney Conville, tapping Mr. McAllister lightly upon the shoulder.

The gentleman addressed turned sharply, letting fall his monocle. He certainly had never seen the man before in his life—was sure of it, even during that unfortunate experience three years before, which he had so far successfully concealed from his friends. No, it was simply a case of mistaken identity, and yet the feller—confound him!—didn't look like a chap that often *was* mistaken.

"Come, come, 'Fatty'; no use balkin'. Come along quiet," continued Barney, with his most persuasive smile. He was a smartly built fellow with a black mustache and an unswerving eye, about two-thirds the size of McAllister, whom he had addressed so familiarly.

"*Fatty!*" McAllister, *bon vivant*, clubman, prince of good fellows, started at the word and stared tensely. What infernal luck! That same regrettable resemblance that had landed him in the Tombs over Christmas once before was now again bobbing up to render him miserable. He wished, as he had wished a thousand times, that Wilkins, his erstwhile valet, alias "Fatty" Welch, now professional crook and burglar, had been sentenced to twenty years instead of one. He had evidently been discharged from prison and was at his old tricks again, with the result that once more his employer was playing the part of Dromio. McAllister had succeeded by judicious bribery and the greatest care in preserving inviolate the history of his incarceration. Had this not been the case doubtless one word now to the determined individual with the icy eye would have set the matter straight, but he could not bear to divulge the secret of those horrible thirty-six hours which he, under the name of his burglarious valet, had spent locked in a cell. Maybe he could show the detective he was mistaken without going into that lamentable history. But of course McAllister proceeded by exactly the wrong method.

"Oh," he laughed lightly, "there it is again! You've got me confused with 'Fatty' Welch. We do look alike, to be sure." He put up his monocle and smiled reassuringly, as if his simple statement would entirely settle the matter.

But Barney only winked sarcastically.

"You show yourself quite familiar with the name of the gentleman I'm lookin' for."

McAllister saw that he had made a mistake.

"No more foolin', now," continued Barney. "Will you come as you are *or with the nippers?*"

The clubman bit his lip with annoyance.

"Look here, hang you!" he exclaimed angrily, dropping his valise, "I'm Mr. McAllister of the Colophon Club. I'm on my way to dine with friends in the country. I've got to take this train. Listen, they're shouting 'All aboard' *now*. I know who you're after. You've got us mixed. Your man's a professional crook. I can prove my identity to you inside of five minutes, only I haven't time *here*. Just jump on the train with me, and if you're not convinced by the time we reach 125th Street I'll get off and come back with you."

"My, but you're gamer than ever, 'Fatty,'" retorted Barney with admiration. Thoughts of picking up hitherto unsuspected clews flitted through his mind. He had his man "pinched," why not play him awhile? It seemed not a half bad idea to the Central Office man.

"Well, I'll humor you this once. Step aboard. No funny business now. I've got my 'smoke wagon' right here. Remember you're under arrest."

They swung aboard just as the train



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started. As McAllister sank into his seat in the parlor car with Barney beside him he recognized Joe Wainwright directly opposite. Here was an easy chance to prove his identity, and he was just about to lean over and pour forth his sorrows to his friend when he realized with fresh humiliation that should he seize this opportunity to explain the present situation the whole wretched story of his Christmas in the Tombs would have to be divulged. He would be the laughing stock of the club, and the fellows would never let him hear the last of it. He hesitated, but Wainwright took the initiative.

"How d'y', Chubby?" said he, getting up and coming over. "On your way to Blair's?"

"Yes. 'Most missed the confounded train," replied McAllister, struggling for small talk.

"Who's your friend?" continued the irrepressible Wainwright. "Kind of think I know him. Foreigner, ain't he? Think he was at Newport last summer."

"Er—ye—es. Baron de Ville. Picked him up at the club—friend of Pierrepont's. Takin' him out to Blair's—so hospitable, don'cher know." He stammered horribly, for he found himself sinking deeper and deeper.

"Like to meet him," remarked Wainwright. "Like all these foreign fellers." McAllister swore softly to himself. He certainly was in for it now. The 125th Street idea would have to be abandoned.

"Er—*Baron*"—he strangled over the name—"*Baron*, I want to present Mr. Joseph Wainwright. He thinks he's met you in Paris." Our friend accompanied this with a pronounced wink.

"Glad to meet you, Baron," said Wainwright, grasping the detective's hand with effusion. "Newport, I think it was."

The "Baron" bowed. This was a new complication, but it was "all in the day's work." Of course, the whole thing was plain enough. "Fatty" Welch was "working" some swell guys who thought he was a real high-roller. Maybe he was going to pull off some kind of a job that very evening. Maybe this big chap in the swagger flannels was one of the gang. Barney was thinking hard. Well, he'd take the tip and play the hand out.

"It ees a peutifool evefning," said the "Baron." The train plunged into the tunnel.

"Look here," hissed McAllister in Barney's ear. "You've got to stick this thing out, now, or I'll be the butt of the town. Remember, we're going to the Blairs at Scarsdale. You're the particular friend of a man named Pierrepont—feller with a glass eye who owns a castle somewhere in France. . . . Are you satisfied yet?" he added indignantly.

"I'm satisfied you're 'Fatty' Welch," Barney replied. "I ain't on to your game, I admit. Still I can do the Baron act awhile if it amuses you any."

The train emerged from the tunnel, and McAllister observed that there were other friends of his on the car, bound, evidently, for the same destination. Well, anything was better than that confounded story about the Tombs should get around. He had often thought that if it ever did he would go abroad to live. He couldn't stand ridicule. His dignity was his chief asset. Nothing so effectually, as McAllister well knew, conceals the absence of brains. But could he ever in the wide, wide world work off the detective as a baron? Well, if he failed, he could explain the situation on the basis of a practical joke and 'save his face' in that way. Just at present "the Baron" was getting along famously with Wainwright. McAllister hoped he wouldn't overdo it. One thing, thank Heaven, he remembered;—Wainwright had flunked his French disgracefully at college and probably wouldn't dare venture it under the circumstances. There was still a chance that he might convince his captor of his mistake before they reached Scarsdale, and on the strength of this he proposed a cigar. But Wainwright had frozen hard to his "Baron" and accepted for himself with alacrity, even suggesting a drink on his own account. McAllister's heart failed him as he thought of having to present the detective to Mrs. Blair and her fashionable guests and—by George, the feller hadn't got a dress-suit. They never could get over *that*. It was bad enough to lug in a stranger—a "copper" at that—and palm him off as the distinguished friend of a friend, but a feller without any evening clothes—impossible! McAllister wanted to shoot him. Was ever a chap so tied up? And now if the feller wasn't talkin' about Paris! *Paris!* He'd make

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some awful break, sure, and then—Oh, curse the luck, anyway!

Then it was that McAllister resolved to do something desperate.

## II

"I'm perfectly *delighted* to have the Baron. Why didn't you bring Pierrepont, too? How d'y' do, Baron? Let me present you to my husband. Gordon—Baron de Ville. I'll put you and Mr. McAllister together. We're just a little crowded. You've hardly time to dress—dinner in just nineteen minutes."

"Zank you! It ees so vera hospitable!" said the Baron, bowing low, and twirling his moustache in the most approved fashion.

"Come on, de Ville." McAllister slapped his Old-Man-of-the-Sea upon the back good-naturedly. "You can give Mrs. Blair all the *risque* Paris gossip at dinner." They followed the second man upstairs. Although an old friend of both Mrs. Blair and her husband, McAllister had never been at the Scarsdale house before. It was new and massively built. They were debating whether or not to call it "Castle Blair." The second man showed them to a room at the extreme end of a wing, and as the servant laid out the clothes McAllister thought the man eyed him rather curiously. Well, confound it, he was getting used to it. Barney lit a cigarette and measured the distance from the window to the ground with a discriminating eye.

"Well," said the clubman, after the second man had finally retired, "are you satisfied? And what the hell is going to happen now?"

Barney sank into a Morris chair and thrust his feet comfortably onto the fender.

"Fatty," said he, as he blew a multitude of tiny rings toward the blaze, "you're a wizard! Never seen such nerve in my life—and you only 'out' two months! You've got the clothes, and what's more, you've got the real 'chappie' lingo. It's great. I'm sorry to have to pull in such an artist. I *am*, honest. An' now you've got to go behind prison bars! It's sad—positively sad!"

"Look here!" demanded McAllister. "Do you mean to tell me you're such a bloomin' ass as to think that I'm a *crook*, a *professional burglar*, who's got an introduction into society—a what-do-you-call-him? Oh, yes,—'Raffles'?"

Barney grinned at his victim, who was just getting into his dress-coat.

"Don't throw such a chest, 'Fatty'!" he said genially. "I think you've got 'Raffles' whipped to a standstill. But you can't *fool* me, and you can't *lose* me. By the way, what am I goin' to do for evenin' clothes?"

"Dunno. Have to stay up here, I guess. You can't come to dinner in those togs. It would queer everythin'."

"I'm goin', just the same. Not once do I lose sight of you, old chappie, until you're safely in the 'cooler' at headquarters. Then your swell friends can bail you out!"

It was time for dinner. The little Dresden china clock on the mantel struck the hour softly, politely. McAllister glanced toward the door. The room was the largest of a suite. A small hall intervened between them and the main corridor. His hand trembled as he lit a "Philip Morris," for he was nerved to action.

"Come on, then," he muttered over his shoulder to Barney, and led the way to the door leading into the bath-room, which was next the door into the hall and identical with it in appearance. He held it politely ajar for the detective, with a smile of resignation.

"Apres vous, mon cher Baron!" he murmured. The "Baron" acknowledged the courtesy with an appreciative grin and passed in front of McAllister, but had no sooner done so than he received a violent push into the darkness. McAllister quickly pulled and locked the heavy walnut door, then paused, breathless, listening for some sound. He hoped the feller hadn't fallen and cut his head against the tub. There was a muffled report and a bullet sang past and buried itself in the enamelled bedstead. Bang! Another whizzed into the china on the washstand.

McAllister dashed for the corridor, closing both the outer and inner means of egress. At the head of the stairs he met Wainwright.

"What the devil are you fellers tryin' to do, anyway?" asked the latter. "Sounds as if you were throwin' dumb-bells at each other."

McAllister lighted another cigarette.

"Oh, the Baron was showin' me how they do '*savate*,' that kind of boxin' with their feet, don'cher know!" Chubby was entirely himself again. An unusual color suffused his ordinarily pink countenance

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"I think you've got 'Raffles' whipped to a standstill."—Page 232.

as he joined the guests waiting for dinner. He explained ruefully that the Baron had been suddenly taken with a sharp pain in his head. It was an old trouble, he informed them, and would soon pass off. The nobleman would join the others presently, —as soon as he felt able to do so.

There were murmurs of regret from all sides, since Mrs. Blair had lost no time in spreading the knowledge of the distinguished foreigner's presence at the house.

"Who's missing beside the Baron?" inquired Blair, counting heads. "Oh, yes, Miss Benson!"

"Oh, we won't wait for Mildred. It would make her feel so awkward to have us do so," responded his wife. "She and the Baron can come in together! Mr. McAllister, I believe I'm to have the pleasure of being taken in by you!"

"Er—ye—es!" muttered Chubby vaguely, for at the moment he was calculating how long it would have taken the famous Baron Trenk to dig his way out of a porcelain bath-tub. "Too beastly bad about de Ville, but these French fellers, they don't have the advantage of our athletic sports to keep 'em in condition. Do you know, I hardly ever get off my peck? All due to takin' regular exercise."

The party made their way to the dining-room and were distributed in their various places. As McAllister was pushing in the chair of his hostess his eye fell upon a servant who was performing the same office for a lady opposite. *Could* it be? He adjusted his monocle. There was no doubt about it. It was Wilkins—"Welch"—his ex-valet for whom he had been mistaken by the detective. And now the detective was locked in the bath-room, and the burglar, his own double, would probably pass him the soup.

"What a jolly mess!" ejaculated the bewildered guest under his breath, sinking into his chair and mechanically bolting a *caviare hors-d'œvre*. He drained his sherry and tried to grasp the whole significance of the situation.



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"I do hope the Baron is feeling better by this time!" he heard Mrs. Blair remark. He was about to make an appropriately sympathetic reply when Miss Benson came hurriedly into the room, paused at the foot of the table and grasped the back of a chair for support. She had lost all her color and

right on a book on the dressing table!" cried another.

There was a general movement from the table.

"O Gordon! Do you think there are burglars in the house?" called Mrs. Blair to her husband.

McAllister quickly pulled and locked the heavy walnut door.—Page 232.

her hands and voice trembled with excitement.

"It's gone!" she gasped. "Stolen! My mother's pearl necklace! I had it on the bureau just before tea! Oh, what shall I do!" She burst into hysterical sobs.

Two or three women gave little shrieks and pushed back their chairs.

"My God!" exclaimed a man.

"My TIARA!" screamed a woman.

"And my diamond sun-burst! I left it

"Heaven knows!" he replied. "There may be. But don't let's get excited. Miss Benson possibly may be mistaken, or she may have mislaid the necklace. What do you suggest, McAllister?"

"Well," replied our hero, keeping a careful eye upon Wilkins. "The first thing is to learn how much is missing. Why don't these ladies go right upstairs and see if they've lost anything? Meanwhile, we'd all better sit down and finish our soup."

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*Drawn by F. C. Yohn.*

"It's gone!" she gasped. "Stolen! My mother's pearl necklace!"—Page 234.

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"Good idea!" returned Blair. "I'll go with them."

The three hurriedly left the room, and the rest of the guests, with the exception of Miss Benson, once more seated themselves at the table.

Everybody began to talk at once. By George! The Benson pearls stolen! Why, they were worth twenty thousand dollars thirty years ago in Rome. You couldn't buy 'em *now* for love or money. Well, she had better sit down and eat something, anyway. A glass of wine just to revive her spirits. Miss Benson was finally persuaded by her anxious hostess to sit down and "eat something." Mrs. Blair was very much upset. How awkward to have such a thing happen at one's first house party!

The search party presently returned with the word that apparently nothing else had been taken. This had a beneficial effect on the general appetite.

Meanwhile McAllister had been watching Wilkins. Wilkins had been watching McAllister. Since that Christmas in the Tombs they had not seen each other. The valet was unchanged. He moved silently from place to place, nothing betraying the agitation he must have felt at the realization that he was discovered. People were all shouting encouragement to Miss Benson. There was a great chatter and confusion. The tearful and hysterical Mildred was making pitiful little dabs at the viands forced upon her. Meanwhile the dinner went on being served. McAllister's seat commanded the door, and he could see, through the swinging screen, that there was no exit to the kitchen from the pantry.

Wilkins approached with the fish. As the valet bent forward and passed the dish to his former master McAllister whispered sharply in his ear.

"You're caught unless you give up that necklace. There's a Central Office man outside. *I* brought him. Pass me the jewels. It's your only chance!"

"Very good, sir," replied Wilkins without moving a muscle.

The guests were still discussing excitedly Miss Benson's loss. McAllister's thoughts flew back to the time when, locked in the same cell, Wilkins and he had eaten their frugal meal together. He recalled how it had been himself, McAllister, who had started Wilkins on his criminal career, by sending him to State's prison for stealing his scarf-pin. He could never bring himself now to give him up to that detective feller—that ubiquitous and omniscient ass! But Wilkins was approaching with the *entrée.* As he passed the *vol au vent* he unostentatiously slipped something in a handkerchief into McAllister's lap.

"May I go now, sir?" he asked almost inaudibly.

"Have you taken anything else?" inquired his master.

"Nothing. Absolutely."

"On your honor as a gentleman——'s gentleman?"

Wilkins smiled tremulously.

"On my honor, Mr. McAllister."

"Then, go!—You seem to have a *penchant* for pearls," McAllister added half to himself, as he clasped in his hand the famous necklace. Common humanity to Miss Benson demanded his instant declaration of its possession, but the thought of Wilkins, who had slipped unobtrusively through the door, gave him pause. Let the poor chap have all the time he could get. He'd probably be caught, anyway. Just a question of a few days at most. And what a chance to get even on the Baron!

But meanwhile the service had halted. The butler, a sedate person with white mutton-chops, after waiting nervously a few minutes, started to pass the roast himself.

Miss Benson had been prevailed upon to finish her meal, and after dinner they were all going to have a grand hunt, *everywhere.* Afterward, if the necklace was not discovered, they would send for a detective from New York.

Suddenly, however, two pistol shots rang out just beside the window. Men's voices were raised in angry shouts. A horse attached to some sort of vehicle galloped down the road. The guests started to their feet. A violent struggle was taking place just outside the dining-room door. McAllister sprang up just in time to see the "Baron" break away from Blair's coachman and cover him with his pistol. The jehu threw up his hands. He was a sorry spectacle, collarless, and without his coat. Damp earth clung to his lower limbs and his defiant eyes glowed under touseled hair, while a bloody, swollen nose protruded between them.

"Here! What's all this?" shouted Blair.

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McAllister whispered sharply in his ear.—Page 236

"Put up that pistol! Who are you, sir?" Then the host rubbed his eyes and looked again.

"By George! It's the Baron!" yelled Wainwright.

"The Baron! The Baron!" exclaimed the others.

"Baron—nothin'!" gasped Barney, still covering the coachman, while with the other hand he tried to rearrange his neckwear. "I'm Conville of the Central Office, and this man has aided in an escape. I'm arrestin' him for felony!"

The detective's own features had evidently made a close acquaintance with mother earth, and one sleeve was torn almost to the shoulder. His eye presently fell upon McAllister, and he gave vent to an exclamation of bewilderment.

"You! You! How did you get out of that wagon so quick? I've got you *now*, anyway!" And he shifted his gun in McAllister's direction. The women shrieked and crowded back into the dining-room.

The coachman, who had not dared to remove his eyes from the detective, now began to jabber hysterically.

"Hi think 'e's mad, I do, Mr. Blair! Hi think we all are! First hout comes Mr. McAllister, whom I brought from the station only an 'our ago an' says as 'ow 'e must go back at once to New York. So I 'arnesses up 'Lady Bird' in the spyder an' sends Jeames to put hon 'is livery. Just as Jeames comes back an' Mr. McAllister jumps in, hout comes *this* party *'ere* an' yells somethin' about 'Welch' an' tries to climb in arter Mr. McAllister. Jeames gives the mare a cut an' haway they go. Then this 'ere party begins to run arter 'em and commences shootin'. *Hi* tackles 'im! *'E* knocks me down! *Hi* grabs 'im by the leg, an' 'ere we are, sir, axin' yer pardon—— Hello, why *'ere's* Mr. McAllister *now!* May Hi ask as 'ow you *got* 'ere, sir?"

But Barney had suddenly dropped the pistol.

"Damn!" he shouted wildly. "Quick, harness another horse. We've still got time. I can't lose my man this way!"

"Well, who *is* he? Who *was* it you shot at?"

"Welch! 'Fatty' Welch!" shrieked the "Baron." "There's two of 'em! But the one I want has started for the station. I must catch him!"

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted the old butler, who alone had preserved his equi-



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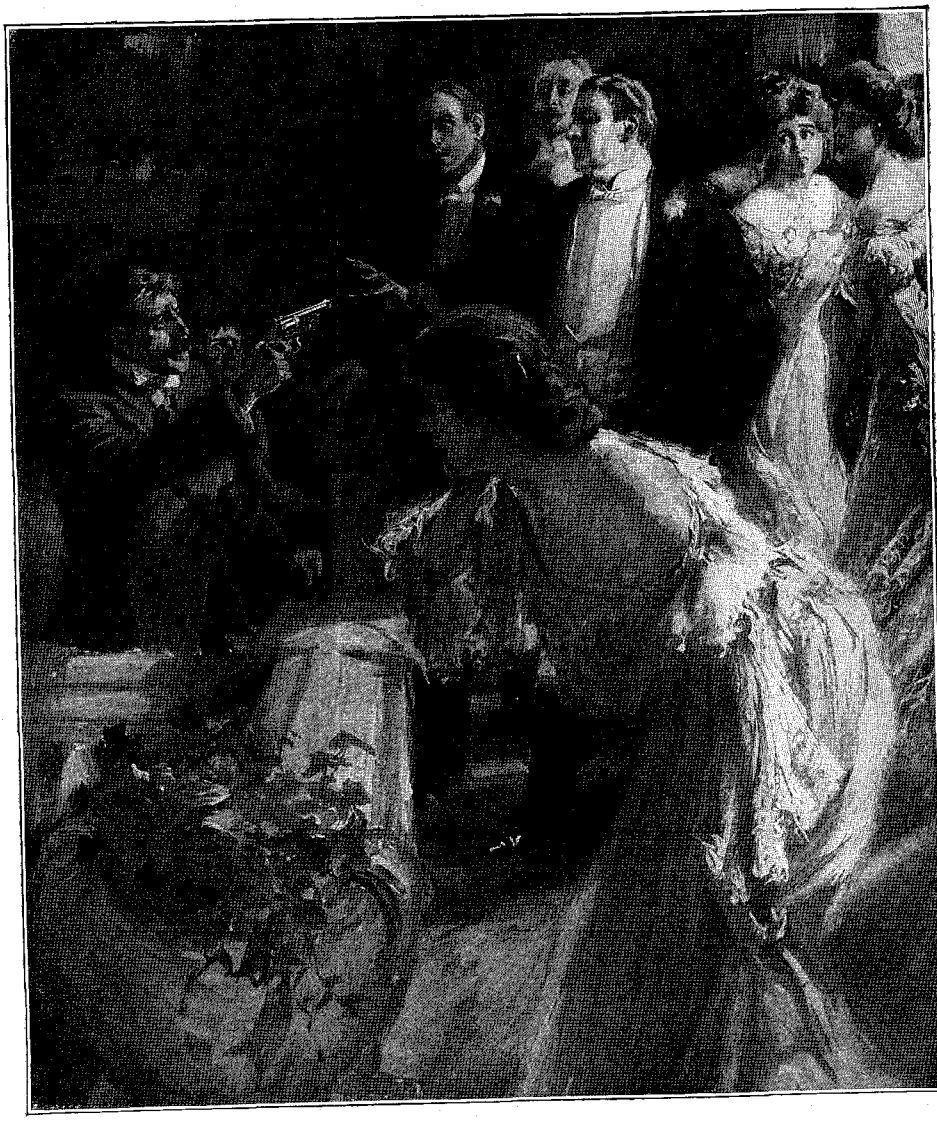

He shifted his gun to McAllister's direction.—Page 237.

poise, addressing Mr. Blair. "My impression is, sir, that it must have been Norton, sir—the new third man, sir. I saw him step out. He must have taken Mr. McAllister's coat and hat!"

There was an immediate chorus of assent. Of course that was it. The man had disguised himself in McAllister's clothes.

"He's got the necklace!" wailed Mildred. "Oh, I *know* he has!"

"Yes! Yes!"

"Of course he's got it!"

"After him! After him!"

"Necklace! What necklace?" inquired Barney, more bewildered than ever.

"My mother's pearl necklace! She bought it in Rome. And now it's gone. He's got it."

Barney made a move for the door.

"Run and harness up, William!" directed Blair. "Put in the Morgan ponies. Hustle now. The train isn't due for fifteen minutes and you can reach the station in ten. Don't spare the horses!"

William, with a defiant look at the detective, hastened to obey the order.

Barney was running his hands through



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his hair. He certainly had stumbled on to somethin', by Hookey! If he could only catch that feller it would mean certain promotion! He had to admit that he had been mistaken about McAllister, but this was better.

"You see, I was right!" remarked our hero to the detective in his usual suave tones. "You should have done just what I said. You stayed too long upstairs. However, there's still a running chance of your catching our man at the station. Here, take a drink, and then get along as fast as you can!"

He handed Barney a glass of champagne, and the detective hastily gulped it down. He needed it, for the fifteen foot jump from the bath-room window had shaken him up badly.

"Trap's ready, sir!" called William, coming into the hall, and Barney turned without a word and dashed for the door. The whip cracked and McAllister was free.

"Well, well, well!" remarked Blair. "Don't let's lose our dinner, anyway! Come, ladies, let's finish our meal. We at least know who the thief is, and there's a fair chance of his being caught. I will notify the White Plains police at once! Don't despair, Miss Benson. We'll have the necklace for you yet!"

But Mildred was not to be comforted and clung to Mrs. Blair, with the tears welling in her eyes, while her hostess patted her cheek and tried to encourage a belief that the necklace in some mysterious way would return.

"No, it's gone! I know it is. They'll never catch him! Oh, it's dreadful! I would give anything in the world to have that necklace back!"

"*Anything*, Miss Benson?" inquired McAllister gayly, as he rose from his place and held up the softly shining cord of pearls. "But perhaps if I held you to the letter of your contract you might claim *duress*. Anyhow, allow me to return the necklace. It's a great pleasure, I assure you!"

"Hooray for 'Chubby'!" shouted Wainwright. The company gasped with astonishment as Miss Benson eagerly seized the jewels.

"By George, McAllister! How did you do it?" inquired his excited host.

"Yes, tell us! How did you get 'em? *Where* did you get 'em?"

"Who was the Baron?"

"How on earth did you know?"

They all suddenly began to shout, asking questions, arguing, and exclaiming with astonishment.

McAllister saw that some explanation was in order.

"Just a bit of detective work of my own," he announced carelessly. "I don't care to say anything more about it. One can't give away one's trade secrets, don'cher know. Of course that assistant of mine made rather a mess of it, but after all, the necklace was the main thing!" And he bowed to Miss Benson.

Beyond this brilliant elucidation of the mystery no one could extract a syllable from the hero of the occasion. The "Baron" did not return, and his absence was not observed. But Joe Wainwright voiced the sentiments of the entire company when he announced somewhat huskily that McAllister made Sherlock Holmes look like thirty cents.

"But, say," he muttered thickly an hour later to his host as they sauntered into the billiard-room for one last whiskey and soda, "did you notice how much that butler feller that ran away looked like McAllister? 'S livin' image! 'Pon my 'onor!"

"You've been drinking, Joe!" laughed his companion.

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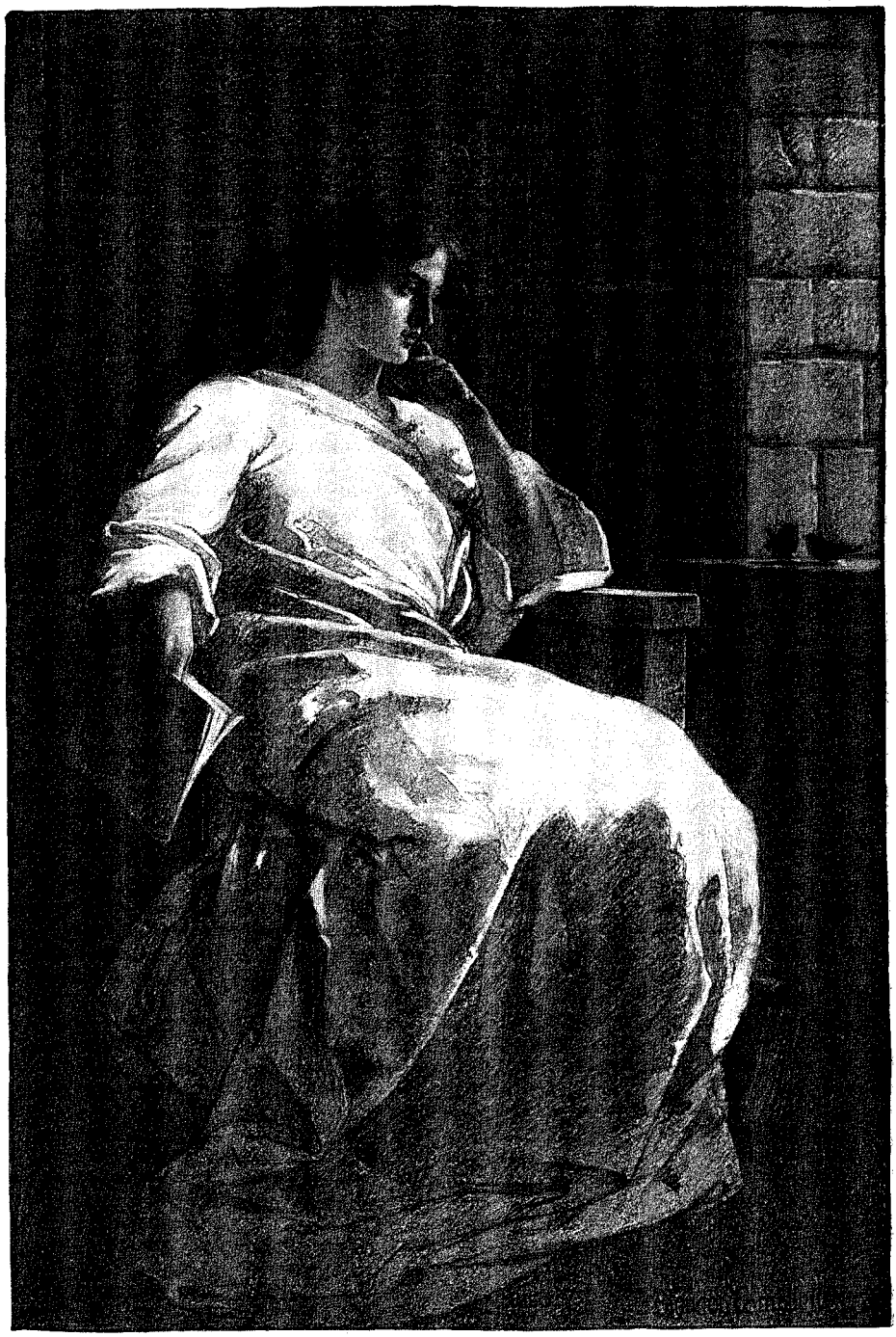

*Drawn by Blendon Campbell.*



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# SONNETS

## By Georgia Wood Pangborn

ILLUSTRATION BY BLENDON CAMPBELL

### I

A THOUSAND years ago a little wren
  Was broken-hearted for her ravished nest
  And yearned a night and day with aching breast
To feel her fragile nothings warm again.
The trouble of the world is new since then;
  The years obliterate each other's tread;
  A thousand years her mate and she are dead
And with them all that cycle's birds and men.

So grieve not, Sweet, for what is sad to-day,
  Nor for to-morrow's woes, when these are not;
  Since all the world's complainings are forgot
When centuries have taken them away;
To-night's dead loves or birds—its tears and blood
Are next year's whirl of dust and growing bud.

### II

The narrow moon had stumbled to her knees
  Beyond the mountains where the night was deep.
  Except myself, the world was all asleep
And nothing stirring but the breathing trees;
(But Mars was wakeful, and the Pleiades)—
  Upon my window-pane soft wings' complaint,
  A fire-eyed moth, with long rebellion faint;
I let him go, and gave his wild heart ease.

And Thou, whose lanterns are the moon and Mars,
  As all Thy glimmering shows of midnight pass,
  Hear'st not the fret of wings behind the glass?
Thy moth that longs to fly among the stars,
  Would swim with Neptune, sport with Saturn's rings,
  And in Arcturus burn his foolish wings.



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# THE WAR CORRESPONDENT AND HIS FUTURE

By Thomas F. Millard

OF the many interesting and significant questions brought into prominence by the great war in the Far East, it is doubtful if any is of greater import to humanity than that involved by the methods of the belligerents in dealing with the men sent by the press of the world to report its progress. Through complaints made by correspondents, public attention has been attracted to the numerous and unusual disabilities imposed upon them by the Russian and Japanese Governments, and opinions have been advanced that this war will mark the passing of the war correspondent.

This view is not without reasonable foundation. After a period of unprecedented and constantly widening liberty, the press finds military force again raising a barrier to its enterprise in certain fields, and that force apparently backed, or at least passively acquiesced in, by enough of public opinion in civilized countries to justify its application. The press itself has not only made no united and determined effort to break this barrier, but many influential journals have defended military censorships as warranted by extraordinary conditions.

It seems, indeed, strange that it should be still necessary, among enlightened peoples, to contend for the freedom of the press. As an abstract proposition this principle is no longer denied, or even seriously controverted, by any thought sufficiently influential to be a moving power in shaping the destiny of mankind. And it is probable that comparatively few of the persons who unthinkingly accept the doctrine of military restriction upon publicity under certain circumstances detect in it the first long step toward a reactionary policy that strikes at the foundations of human liberty and progress. Yet a military censorship, such as is exercised over even the most enlightened nations when there is a war nowadays, is such a step, however clever its disguise. Here power intervenes, and under the pretence of preventing military secrets from becoming known to the enemy, practically dictates to the whole world what may, within a certain limit of time, be known about events which are transpiring. I use the word *pretence* advisedly; for the assumption that military plans and secrets can be protected by a press censorship capable of being enforced is only a pretence founded upon a scintilla of truth.

This will, I know, seem to many an extraordinary and untenable assertion. However, I do not make it lightly. It is justified by innumerable facts and circumstances which have come within my personal observation and knowledge as a correspondent with armies in the field, and is based upon serious consideration of the subject in its various aspects. Governments cling to censorships not to prevent military information from reaching an enemy, but because they afford an opportunity to temporarily conceal things which civilization has a right to know and an interest in knowing, and may be used to cover up incompetence and the inhumanity that invariably attends even the most humane war. A military press censorship, like war, is a relic of barbarism, and it is perhaps fitting that the two should go hand in hand. When an insurrection begins in any of our more or less disorderly South American neighbor states, the first act of the government, as I know from experience, is usually to suspend the publication of all newspapers. This is the theory of a military censorship carried to its logical conclusion. Publicity is war's most formidable opponent, a fact which war-making powers fully recognize. I do not doubt that the United States or Great Britain would to-day follow the example of San Domingo, Venezuela, or Russia if they dared. The forthcoming international peace conference could effect a real detriment to war by adopting a clause abolishing military press censorships.

Nothing more untenable than the claim that press censorships are necessary to pre-



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vent information from reaching an enemy, and are able to prevent it, can be easily conceived. A minute familiarity with the circumstances which surround armies in the field, and the details of a war news service, affords an indefinite number of instances which demonstrate this. For years I have been collecting facts bearing upon this subject, and probably some of them may better illustrate it than assertion or argument. In selecting some demonstrations of the practical operation of military censorships I adhere chiefly to those directly affecting our own and the British Governments, as not only more nearly concerning us, but because in these two nations the art of publicity has attained a development not generally approached elsewhere. However, no matter what nationalities are involved in its application, the principle of a military censorship is the same and works to the same ends.

Rarely has the real motive underlying such censorships been better demonstrated than during the war in South Africa. In that war the British Government imposed a censorship upon telegraphic despatches sent by correspondents with the British and Boer armies for publication in England and throughout the world. Let us examine the conditions under which such despatches were transmitted. At that time the only available telegraph line open from the Transvaal was by way of Delagoa Bay, where despatches must be handed over to the east coast cable. This cable loops its way up the coast and touches at Aden, a British possession. The British Government established a censor at Aden, and there a majority of reports sent from Pretoria and Johannesburg while those cities were held by the Boers were "killed" or mutilated. Why? Does any intelligent man believe that those reports were suppressed to prevent the information they contained from reaching the Boers? The excuse was advanced that the British Government was justified in cutting off communication between the Transvaal and the world in order to prevent Kruger from corresponding with agents of the republic in Europe and with sympathizers disposed to lend it aid. But could not such messages be stopped (and the ethics of even such procedure is open to question) without also stopping fair and unobjectionable press reports? No telegraph communication could leave the Transvaal except by passing through British hands; neither could any enter. Yet correspondents with the British army had their despatches censored. Why was this done? If the object of the censorship was to prevent important information from reaching the Boers, why was it necessary to hinder despatches from reaching London, when not a word could enter the Transvaal by telegraph without passing through British hands at Aden or Durban? Is it not clear that no actual military necessity existed for a censorship of press despatches from the scene of war in South Africa? The enemy, if any, that England wished to keep in ignorance of the happenings of that war was civilization. Had the Boers, bleeding at every pore, wished to raise a cry to humanity they were voiceless.

That the world was informed about the brutal war waged by the allied forces in North China in 1900 was due to the fact that under the circumstances it was impossible to maintain a censorship. The official reports contained nothing about the atrocities which set civilization to shuddering.

Admitting for sake of the argument that correspondents should be prevented, even were they disposed to do so, from predicting military movements, reporting preparations of armies actually in the presence of the enemy, and speculating upon future operations —which is the sole legitimate prerogative of a military censorship, if it has one—it can easily be demonstrated that an enemy can get no information from such sources that can be used to advantage. Imagine a general basing the strategy of a campaign upon newspaper reports, which come to him second-handed. This is no reflection upon the general accuracy of news reports. They are made up of the events of the day, which constitute in themselves a mass of contradictions. What is true to-day is false to-morrow. News about a war may be divided into two general classes: that which is sent by correspondents from the scene of action, and that which is given out, either officially or unofficially, by the opposing governments. Any intelligent person who has paid attention to war news must have been impressed by the fact that the "official" news is frequently diametrically opposite to that from the front, while the news given

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out by the opposing governments rarely coincides. To add to the confusion, an immense amount of comment and speculation is interwoven with the news. Newspapers have a habit of engaging some military man to keep pace with the news with articles that explain, analyze, and criticise. Few, indeed, are the possibilities that will not be thus set forth, and the fact that respectable ex-officers are not prevented by professional ethics from discussing the conduct of campaigns while they are actually progressing shows that they know the purely military fortunes of an army cannot be materially affected, except beneficially, by newspaper comment. Has experience shown that lack of news has a tendency to curtail speculation and conjecture? Who will pretend that out of all this mass of statements any safe guidance for a general in the field can be gleaned? Generals in the field are guided, and always must be guided, by the reports of their officers and agents present on the scene of operations. So far as I know, a bureau of press clippings is not yet a part of the field-staff of any modern army.

Furthermore, it is well known that spies and secret agents abound in time of war, and that no means have ever been devised to fully frustrate their operations. They march in the ranks of every army, and have ears at the keyhole of every governmental cabinet. Nor will a time ever come when this factor can be eliminated. To suppress the correspondents, who work in the open, while failing to interrupt this underground current of information is utterly useless. Moreover, the day is rapidly approaching—is even now here—when invention, unless forcibly restrained, will nullify the efforts of the military censor. When the wireless telegraph reaches the perfection it seems certain to attain, its mechanism will be compact and capable of being put in operation anywhere. It seems that the hidden resources of nature are determined to advance and extend publicity. If in the moral scheme of the universe the military censor has a genuine justification, let him prove it by summoning some power to defend him from the encroachments of science. That those reactionary forces in government which regard with suspicion and distrust the opening of all new avenues of communication are already alarmed is shown by the German Emperor's action in suggesting an international conference to regulate and curtail this latest aid to publicity.

I do not think that anywhere in modern times was the real character of military censorships so clearly defined as in the Philippines during the earlier period of the insurrection against American authority. For nearly two years after the occupation of the islands a censorship of almost unparalleled rigor was imposed upon reports cabled from Manila for publication in the United States. It will throw much light on the subject to trace the transmission of such reports. At that time, before the Pacific cable was laid, telegrams went first to Hong-Kong, and thence by way of the Eastern cable to London and New York. To be of any presumptive military advantage to the insurgents the news contained in such despatches must somehow get into their hands in some one of the islands of the Philippine group. Assuming a "leak" in the cable office at Hong-Kong, and the securing of the despatches by the Filipino junta there without waiting for them to be published, it would require at least five days to carry them back to Luzon and deliver them to an insurgent general, even if the blockade was successfully evaded. Long before that time had elapsed, all the important information contained in the reports (supposing they contained any that could be utilized in a military way, which was seldom) could easily have been carried direct from Manila by Filipino agents. It was perfectly well known in Manila in those days that the insurgents had spies and sympathizers everywhere in the employ of the United States, and that information about important military movements was carried to the Filipino generals in a few hours. And, as a rule, the news despatches did not contain anything not already fully known to the insurgents before the despatches were filed at the cable office. For instance, on one occasion the correspondents were prevented from sending news of the capture of an entire company of United States troops until weeks after that interesting event had occurred. It is difficult to conceive that the Filipinos, having inflicted the defeat, were ignorant of it. What justification was there, then, for preventing the people of the United States from knowing what had happened? This is, of course, a trivial incident, but it illustrates the principle involved. Time af-

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ter time correspondents were refused permission to send perfectly well-authenticated facts concerning events which had transpired until the *official* report had been forwarded to Washington. Often the official reports were withheld indefinitely.

Is this not equivalent to asserting the general right of certain individuals in whom governing power is temporarily and arbitrarily vested to tell the public just as much or as little about public affairs as they choose? As a matter of fact, the military press censorship in the Philippines, like all such institutions, was maintained for the sole purpose of protecting the administration and army from popular criticism, or, in other words, *for political purposes only*. This was so thinly disguised that it becomes obvious under the slightest scrutiny. Again, as illustration, correspondents were not permitted to use the word "ambushed" in describing an action, for that would imply negligence on the part of the military authorities. And so on, *ad infinitum*. Now if the American people wish to permit their Government to maintain a censorship of the press for political purposes, that is another matter, and has nothing to do with war. But a censorship for purely military reasons is a hollow sham, and should be stripped of its sheep's clothing.

In his last book, Archibald Forbes lamented that the increasing activity of the censor was curtailing the usefulness of the modern war correspondent, but he did not protest. "As a member of a nation which may prefer victories to news," he said, "far be it from me to object to the new order of things." Now this is simply nonsense, and shows that Forbes, with all his ability, had little conception of the true function of publicity in civilization, and its relations to war. Battles have never been fought and won in the newspapers, and never will be. If that was possible, Spain would have thrashed us unmercifully in our late unpleasantness. Her armies and fleets won great victories in the columns of the Madrid and Havana press. I remember how the censor prevented the correspondents with the United States army in Cuba from giving a needed spur to the Government, through popular indignation, by picturing the real condition of the force in front of Santiago. We were not permitted to tell that fever was becoming a serious factor or that the commissary and medical supplies were inadequate. Military censors, sitting at their desks in New York or Tampa, decided, doubtless, that such news would encourage the enemy. Let us examine this proposition, for it represents one of the main props upon which military censorships rest. These despatches which the censor so rigorously expurgated had been filed in Jamaica, whence they could reach Europe and Havana without touching the United States. The condition of our army was as well, if not better known in Port Antonio or Kingston than in Washington. Both places were filled with Spanish secret agents, who lost no time in forwarding to their Government, via Halifax, all the news they could get. We knew most of them by sight, and often, when we ran over to file despatches, took great delight in "filling them up." Did you really think, Censor, that in preventing the American people from learning what, for patriotic reasons, they should have known without delay, in order to stimulate the Government with their own invincible spirit, you were keeping that knowledge from the Spanish Government? And even if you had been able to keep the information those despatches contained from reaching Spain or Havana, would it have had the slightest military effect upon anything? Lacking such knowledge entirely, would the Spanish people and army have been denied the encouragement to be derived from such assurances? As a matter of fact, long before the fever appeared among our troops, they had been afflicted with all the ills that flesh is heir to in the columns of the Spanish press, which daily depicted them dying by thousands of sickness and starvation. Was not the truth already discounted by the vivid coloring of invention? And contrast the results, in real victories, attained by a nation steeped in the gloom of *official information* with those reaped by a people whom the best efforts of the military censor could not keep altogether in darkness. Can we, with our theory of government, assume on the part of any administration an intelligence and patriotism superior to those of the people who form the backbone of the nation and fight its battles? That some men of statesmanlike qualities hold this view is true, and in great Russia's present dilemma we may notice some of its effects both on the political and military life of a nation. Let us de-

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ceive our enemies by all means, if we can, but we should neither deceive ourselves nor permit our governments to do so. No deep-seated national strength, political or military, can be based upon deception of the people.

A story is related, as an argument in favor of military censorships, of how, during a critical period of the Franco-Prussian War, Marshal von Moltke was very anxious to know the exact whereabouts of the French army under Marshal MacMahon. After being in doubt for several days, so the story runs, von Moltke chanced to see a paragraph in a London newspaper, with a Paris date-line, stating that MacMahon's army was concentrating near Sedan. Acting on this information, von Moltke designed the campaign which resulted in the total destruction of the French army. Is not this story preposterous on its face? Can you imagine the astute and profound von Moltke basing the strategy of a great campaign on a paragraph in a foreign newspaper, emanating from the capital of the enemy, and which might have been inserted to deceive him? I refuse to believe that the great soldier ever committed such a foolish action. The world will demand sounder reasons than this before it will consent to sacrifice the freedom of the press to the doubtful benefit of making war.

I confess to a feeling of surprise, even amazement, at the disposition shown by some English and American newspapers, in commenting upon the attitude of the Russian and Japanese Governments toward correspondents in the present war, not only to justify it, but even to sound a note of applause. With all respect for the intelligence of these writers, I think that this attitude is based upon radical misconception of the principles and facts involved. Russia and Japan are able to assume their present attitude with better grace than most nations could, for even in time of peace the press of both countries is subject to severe governmental regulation and repression. But who, in freer countries, will advocate such a policy? And in so far as it is applied to the military situation in Manchuria, the censorship does not differ essentially in either methods or results from the British censorship in South Africa and Egypt, or our own in Cuba and the Philippines. By this I mean that its military effect is nil, and that political considerations are the real reason for its maintenance.

In this connection, I recall a conversation I had recently with a Russian staff officer in Liao-Yang. I had submitted a story to be censored, and when it was returned to me with practically everything of any interest or value eliminated I protested, pointing out that the story was intended for the mail and could not possibly be published until three months after that time; and that, besides, it contained nothing that could be of the slightest value to the enemy if a Japanese general could read it that moment. This led to a discussion, carried on politely on both sides and in an academic vein. The officer was a man who had spent much time in America and England.

"Do you not know," I said, "that information of every important move made by your army is carried direct to the Japanese generals, through Chinese sources, within a few hours after it develops?"

"Undoubtedly," he replied. "We know that perfectly well; and notwithstanding that we shoot a score or so of them every week they continue to do it. It is practically impossible to prevent it. As long as the Japanese offer money enough men will undertake the work. These Orientals will readily risk death to secure a competence for their families. Besides, there are undoubtedly many Japanese inside our lines disguised as Chinese. We know it, and are as vigilant as possible, but cannot detect them all."

"And, doubtless," I said, "you endeavor to make use of the same material."

"Certainly. One must fight fire with fire, you know. I do not doubt that often the same man will carry information both ways, getting rewards from both sides. One of our disadvantages in fighting in this country is that the Japanese are better able to make use of the Chinese population. But we are not entirely out of that game."

"Then why," I said, "will you not permit us to send out fair accounts of the great events that are transpiring?"

"Frankly," he replied, "our manner of dealing with you gentlemen is in my opinion ridiculous. For my part, I think you should be permitted to see all you can and telegraph the news freely. If we are beaten we may be quite sure the Japanese know it, and they will not neglect to inform the rest

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of the world. But there are political considerations involved, and I have no doubt that the St. Petersburg Government wishes to keep the control of news from this side in its hands. Out here we simply obey orders, and very stupid orders I find them. I realize the impatience and irritation of you gentlemen, and if you become prejudiced against us we will have only ourselves to blame. In the long run we will reap what we sow, and if we win a bloody victory only to be deprived of its fruits by the pressure of popular international opinion against us it will be a great pity."

This officer had a diplomatic training, and some just appreciation of the power of publicity. He did not consider it worth while in conversing with an American newspaper man to advance the shallow pretence of preservation of military secrets. I might have reminded him, had it been advisable, that it was easy to have telegraph communication with the outside world by the Chinese telegraph lines, and could have told him what perhaps he did not know, that it was quite possible to send telegrams direct from Moukden to any point in the world, including Japan, without the Russian military authorities knowing anything about it. I had been in Moukden but a few weeks before I was approached by a Chinese who offered, for a consideration, to send any messages for me to Peking without the knowledge of the Russian authorities, guaranteeing that they would reach their destination within three hours after I handed them to him. He also proposed to provide me with copies of all telegrams received or sent over the Chinese wire between Moukden and Peking. Knowing that the Russians had soldiers and operators in the office of the Chinese Telegraph Company, with orders to send no messages that were not stamped by the censor, I expressed doubt of his ability to deliver the goods. He invited me to make a test. I wrote a short private telegram and gave it to him. Within *two* hours he brought me a reply which carried on its face convincing proof of its authenticity. I did not question him further, and did not take advantage of his offer, as I considered myself bound by my pledge not to send any letters or telegrams without the knowledge of the censor. But what I could do a Japanese spy could do, and I have no doubt did do. Even had the Russian authorities entirely suppressed the operation of this wire, it is only thirty-five miles to Sin-min-tun, across the Liao River, in the neutral zone, from where runs a censor-free wire to all parts of the world. Every day hundreds of Chinese pass to and fro between Moukden and Sin-min-tun, and any effective espionage over them is so out of the question that it is not even seriously attempted. Correspondents with the Russian army could have reached a free wire at any time within a few hours at most, and it is perhaps worth recording that none of them thought of violating his obligation as long as he remained attached to the army, although he well knew that what he was prevented from doing was being done by Japanese agents almost every day, whose messages have to travel only a few miles to Shan-hai-kwan to be in the hands of Japanese diplomatic and military officers.

I protest against the assumption, running through all arguments in support of a military censorship, that the war correspondent is an officious meddler, perpetually endeavoring to thrust before the world something which had better be left in the background. If war, involving, as it does, the slaughter and mutilation of thousands of human beings and dumb animals, the looting and burning of homes, the desecration of altars and firesides, the annihilation of wealth and destruction of nations; being, as it is, the greatest of all human dramas and the final and desperate arbitrament of all human disputes, is not a legitimate field for the best work of the journalist, I know of none nor can conceive any. The primary volition that sends correspondents thousands of miles to report a war does not spring from newspapers. The expense is enormous, and increase in circulation, if it materializes, brings no adequate pecuniary compensation. What really takes correspondents to the front is the desire of people who must remain at home to have from a presumably unprejudiced source information of events about which the whole world is concerned. For no war can be fought nowadays, if indeed one was ever fought, in which the whole world is not concerned. The time has passed when any nation or combination of nations should be permitted to draw a curtain before the eyes of civilization and fight a war behind it. Such action

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is morally indefensible, and a nation which commits it gives a *casus belli* to humanity.

When I contend so strenuously for the freedom of the press in reporting wars I mean a freedom abridged, as all freedom must and should be, by deference to propriety. I am not blind to certain excesses of the press in this matter, but cannot discuss them here. As personal liberty, in free governments, only means liberty on the part of the individual up to the point where it interferes with the liberty of others, so does the freedom of the press mean only freedom which does not conflict with the rights of individuals and the broader rights of nations. Legal enactments applying to the press in general define certain limitations to its freedom, while unwritten law, as in social customs, closes, in the name of recognized propriety, many paths of publicity. Recognizing the justice of such limitations in time of peace, the press should also recognize the limitations of propriety in war. When it does, and acts in accordance therewith, the principal prop that now upholds military censorships will be removed.

In any event, I cannot accept the suggestion that the day of the war correspondent is ended. In any true light thrown upon him he is the representative of civilization at events which deeply concern humanity. The war correspondent will endure as long as the world needs him, and that means so long as war exists upon the earth.

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# THE BROKEN GLASS

## By John White Chadwick

WHEN it was whole, across this mirror fine
  What images of strength and beauty passed!
  Here was the loveliness of woman glassed,
Of children, too, and, only less divine,
The forms of rocks and trees, the glorious shine
  Of suns and stars, and, wondrously amassed,
  The journeying clouds; beneath them, ocean's vast
Illimitable surge of restless brine.

'Tis shattered now, and all these things and more—
  Great thoughts, imaginations strong and free—
  Are in this glass reflected brokenly;
Crazed is the dance upon that polished floor.
  Poor useless frame that held this sacred trust,
  Too soon thou canst not crumble into dust!

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# THE POINT OF VIEW

APPRECIATION of a growing sense of insecurity in ordinary American life—something brought home to the people of every large city when undergoing the process of "extensive improvement"—leads a writer in the *International Quarterly* to discuss the need in every considerable community for a committee of public safety. Starting with the Iroquois and *Slocum* disasters as a text, he regards it as beyond question that "the departments of health, of the police, of building, and of factory inspection are not efficient organs of administration." The question is how far such official laxity would be remedied, at least permanently, by the independent supervision of a committee appointed to "guard the guardians," as Juvenal phrased it; or how soon the committee would itself become an example of official laxity. Illustration of a like sense of insecurity, and of a like need for some new "safety device," is found in a quite general demand for more conservative management in railroading. As one current comment, in closing a summary of fatalities due to a series of railroad accidents, puts it: "It is becoming as perilous to travel by rail in the United States as it may be to participate in actual warfare." Curious justification of so seemingly extravagant a comparison—as a matter of totals, of course, and not of percentages—appears in the latest report of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The statement there made is that the loss of life, including trespassers on railroads, for the year ending June 20, 1904, was 9984, or greater than that in the Spanish War. In fact, it is the greatest loss of life for any year since 1888, when the commission first began to keep a record of railroad fatalities.

The Problem of Official Laxity.

The significance of an official laxity thus disclosed as a menace of every-day experience lies in its being outside the domain of elective public office, where the average American is wont to condone it as an expected incident of the system. In such a case official laxity is seen not to fall within any of the recognized exceptions of politics. It does not concern a "deal" in police administration; nor the enforcement of some half-understood sanitary theory like the segregation of cases of tuberculosis; nor a concession to "graft and greed" in modifying regulations for tenement-building and factory inspection. But, evidently, it does concern a matter of immediate moment to all, regarding whose importance all are practically agreed. It is, in short, a striking illustration of a case where public opinion is not divided, and yet where public opinion seems to be impotent. Government by public opinion, as President Hadley has pointed out, exists independently of the laws enacted by the majority, and extends to departments of community enterprise other than the technically governmental. Its machinery, he adds, "is a vast and complicated thing which will not run itself. It has to have force behind it." For that force we have come to depend more and more on the influence of an enlightened self-interest. The great cost to a railroad of an accident in its possibilities of destruction to life and property, running in exceptional instances into the hundreds of thousands of dollars, would seem to be the best possible safeguard against a laxity of administration which invites such an accident. Yet, apparently, that safeguard is proving increasingly ineffective, thus calling out intervention by the aroused force of government by public opinion—to compel, for example, observance of the primary, self-evident rule that employees must not be incapacitated by too long hours of continuous service. The truth is, one suspects, that, disregarding clear cases of "graft and greed," and giving the lax official the benefit of honest doubt, collective self-interest, like collective wisdom, often fails because it is overweighted. The demand for the exceptionally competent man far outruns his ability to meet it. He cannot keep in touch with detail in each of many enterprises, looking, as he does, to all



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for results in the large. In the familiar case of the wrecked bank, of whose board of directors the "leading financier" is often collectively in control, the invariable popular outcry is, Why did not the directors direct? It is forgotten that if directors were held responsible for the direction that pertains to mastery of detail, the bank board would miss from its place the "leading financier," while, on the modern theory, the bank would suffer in general direction of policy—what directors are for—and in loss of profitable business connections. Besides, for purposes of scrutiny and detection, is not the public represented, it is asked, by its own committee of safety in the person of the bank examiner? It may quite probably be that he, poor man, has more banks assigned to him than he can be expected to examine properly. If so, it is further justification for the additional committee of safety which, though not under that name, has been devised to supplement the administration of certain kinds of public office. Societies for giving legal aid to the poor in case of fraud, for instance, perform a duty that theoretically may devolve upon the public prosecutor. His official laxity in neglecting this duty is excused on the ground of pressure of more important duties.

When, then, it is proposed to correct official laxity by referring the duty of correction to a committee of public safety created for the purpose, it is merely a case of extending the scope of an old idea and attaching to it a rather formidable name, wherein lies the danger. For the more modest and unpretentious is an experiment in reform the more workable as a rule it proves to be. Thus the simple device of laying before the voters a plain, carefully verified record of the various candidates, stating who they are, what they have done, and what they stand for, has contributed not a little to promoting clean government in cities where it has been tried. It has challenged the average citizen's easy-going laxity in the discharge of his official duty of casting a ballot, and has changed his more or less careless act into one of informed and deliberate choice between the worthy and the unworthy. The success of this device lies in its constantly effectual appeal to first principles to the conscience of the individual citizen. Similarly, the device of a Committee of Public Safety will depend for its success on the degree to which, with the novelty worn off, the committee's findings can hold popular interest no less than receive perfunctory popular approval. The test is superiority to the inertia of popular indifference, which is "the" problem in government by public opinion; the difficulty, as has been said, of persuading people to do collectively what all, individually, are ready to acknowledge should be done for the collective good. The hopeful thing is that the leader and his little group who stand consistently for some unappreciated form of collective good are often, in the end, unexpectedly justified by a popular verdict.

A Parallel?

IT happened to me to read for the first time Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways" at a moment when the centenary of George Sand had turned my thoughts anew toward the story of that gifted and hardy explorer in the outlying regions of intellectual and sentimental experimentation. I was struck with the possible influence of the all too well-known career of the French authoress upon the mind of Diana's creator. There are some points of analogy between his heroine and Madame Sand worth attention, and points of contrast not less suggestive; and it is tempting to surmise what each might have been in the *milieu* of the other.

To begin with the analogy. Meredith gives Diana Irish blood and direct inheritance from a father endowed with an extravagant measure of the Celtic traits connecting the Irish most obviously, if not most intimately, with the French—joyousness, wit, the social appetites, impetuous carelessness, and capacity for affection. Diana is started in life in the first flush of her early blooming tied to an uncongenial husband, as alien to her by his stiff and narrow British nature as poor M. Dudevant was to his wife by age and training. Each wife longs to throw off the weary ties in which she is caught, and when independence, partial in the one case, complete in the other, is attained, each turns to the writing of fiction, drawing more or less freely for material on the characters surrounding her and on her own experience. Each has harassing money cares and is driven to extraordinary methods to escape them. Each is beset by lovers and has a passion for the compensations and consolations of male friendship. Each passes through a series of experiences more or less inspiring or troubling under the domination of that passion. Finally

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each emerges, Diana into wedded life with the most patient and loyal of the men she had drawn to her, Madame Sand into a tranquil existence on which the fires of passion —such as they were—leave no apparent scars and, if one may venture the suggestion, only literary traces.

The points of contrast, of differentiation, at least, are not so easily defined. The most obvious, and the one that would prove most interesting to the inventor, or discoverer, of Diana lies in the environment which forbade to the Irish girl in London what was permitted to the French lady in Paris. It is in a crisis of half-realized passion and fully realzied revolt at the galling sway of convention that Diana gives her lover the promise to flee with him to the Continent. In a crisis less acute, so far as we can trace it, Madame Dudevant abandons her rural home to seek a companion and literary collaboration in Paris. This and subsequent transfers of her affections and literary comradeship are made with curiously slight reference to accompanying social stigma and with emotions not too strenuous to discourage analysis or to forbid recording. The tragedy in the life of Diana comes largely from the terrible risks she runs, in British society, in following the impulses of her ardent heart, for which freedom in loving is even more precious than loving in freedom. Madame Dudevant finds much of the bitterness of her existence in the disappointments she encounters from those for whom she indulges her affection, with little fear, and little occasion for fear, of social restraints defied.

Of course it is more or less whimsical to inquire whether Meredith had these points of comparison in the back of his head when he was weaving the subtle web of Diana's character and career. It was the gossip of London that he fashioned that fabric in some sort on the experiences, literary and matrimonial, of the brilliant and unhappy granddaughter of Sheridan and the parallelism of incident is sufficiently striking. But it is not inconceivable that his thoughts turned also toward the more distinguished heroine of *Elle et Lui*. And whether or not he essayed to apply to British law and conventions the touchstone of their influence on a nature akin to that of George Sand, it is not wildly extravagant to imagine the traces of such a purpose in his fascinating novel. One may be pardoned, as I have intimated, for wishing to know what would have resulted had he elected to work out the evolution of Diana in the *milieu* of Nohant, Paris, Venice, *et le reste*. Would she have found peace sooner? Would the adjustment of her temperament to the surroundings and conditions of her life have been reached with less strain and torment? That is at least a permissible conjecture. Meanwhile it is an unconscious tribute to the vital force of Meredith's genius that in these musings I find Diana as real as Madame Sand and the interest in her fortunes, recounted or surmised, as keen.

## A Ritual of Life

WHAT to an Oriental is the distinguishing mark of our civilization? This is by no means a question so inconsequential as it would once have seemed, open as it is to doubt whether we are appreciably nearer a convincing answer, despite the increased familiarity of many new contacts. Impenetrable has always proved the secret of the Oriental nature, though sought in the simple case of an individual, a man, perhaps, like Disraeli, born and bred in the England whose empire he was destined to rule. How far more impenetrable, then, must be that secret in the complex case of a civilization. The difference is that we no longer approach the question of the Oriental's attitude to us, of his estimate of our civilization, for example, as a matter of academic discussion. We recognize that his attitude has a vital interest for us, an importance compelling revision of the one-time view of unconcern—as of something "to be left to missionaries"—appreciation of which has been greatly quickened by Japan's sensational *début* as a world-power. We recognize, too, that what may be involved is part of the larger question of race antagonism, whose sharp recrudescence in brutal cruelties, now to a Jew in Russia, or now to a negro in America, seems charged with a sinister significance.

To those who followed the literature of the Boxer outbreak, one clever little book will of a certainty come to mind *à propos* of any attempt to get at the Oriental point of view, a book named, perhaps by a pseudonym, "Letters from a Chinese Official." Its contention is summed up in the single phrase in which the writer characterizes the civilization of England and America as conspicuously lacking "a ritual of life." The phrase is, of

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itself, and divorced from this special association, singularly suggestive. It is a phrase one could easily imagine Matthew Arnold as delighting in—the sort of phrase to which he might recur again and again with his peculiar genius for impressive reiteration. For "ritual of life" seems to fit in so appropriately with Arnold's apportionment of three-fourths of one's time to conduct and one-fourth to culture in accordance with his scheme for well-ordered living. What seemed to Arnold a vital defect of his own civilization, irresponsiveness to idealism in ethics and literature, an obtuse neglect by his "Barbarian" and "Philistine" alike of the best that has been thought and said in the world, must seem to the observer of an alien civilization the defect to be seized upon as characteristic—to the observer from China most of all. For in China the idealism which must once have been a ritual of life has hardened into a code. The most familiar illustration is the development of the natural love of family into an artificial cult of ancestors, with its doctrine so strictly enforced of subjection of all members to the patriarchal head—a doctrine whose dominance over Chinese life finds final expression in the conformity of the government of the empire with the patriarchal ideal. Or, to borrow a minor illustration from Chester Holcombe (for so many years attached to the Pekin legation), a curious respect still perpetuates the tradition of the four grand class distinctions natural to a primitive society, but long since grown artificial. Under this accepted rule of precedence scholars are placed first, as representing brains and the official class; next are placed farmers, as the producing class on whom all depend for life itself; then artisans and laborers, as the class that gives value to things often comparatively valueless; last of all, merchants, as the class that merely trades on what others produce. Fine it was undoubtedly in its inception to order the life of a great people in accordance with the ideal of family obligations, to apportion respect on the basis of primitive distinctions of service, and to evolve the many significant conventions that obtain in China. But the observance that developed into an inviolable custom obviously ceased to be a ritual of life and became a restrictive and repressive code. Far closer to such a ritual seems the freer idealism of Japan, with its insistence that a place be made for beauty as a recognized part of ordinary and every-day living, and with its poetry of patriotism that pauses in matter-of-fact despatches from commanders at the front to apostrophize the illustrious virtues of the Emperor as the source, no less than the inspiration, of achievement.

The philosophy of our own civilization, especially in those aspects in which it most strikes the Oriental as materialistic and chaotic, is to be found in a growing insistence on individual initiative. How far the departure has gone, in obedience to the spirit of the Declaration of Independence, even Americans are hardly aware. A pat illustration is a little distinction of definition, which, without pretence to accurate discrimination, does imply more than a slight variation in phrase. Guizot, who, though he died about thirty years ago, belonged to the present day, defined civilization as a bettering of conditions due to "the establishment of a social order in place of the individual independence" of primitive life. The last word on modern civilization, that of an English authority given only the other day, defines it as that social order which confers "the maximum of bodily comfort on the average man"—a conception peculiarly alien to Oriental thinking. To make the increase of average bodily comfort the first purpose of civilization is an evident sacrifice of idealism to materialism, emphasized by the deference to individual independence in seeking to improve surroundings rather than to secure adaptation to an environment. If this sacrifice be counted also a loss in the spirit of reverence, of which ritual is the expression in visible form, the embodied symbolism, then the new social order marks the passing from life of something that lends charm to living no less than gives it meaning.

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# THE FIELD OF ART

*THE RECENT COMPARATIVE EXHIBITION OF NATIVE AND FOREIGN ART.*

LET it be admitted that the exhibition which was open in the Fine Arts Building between November 15th and December 11th of last year was comparative. It need not be assumed that a definite and final comparison between Europe and the United States was made possible thereby.

There were 88 foreign pictures and 104 of domestic make, but of the foreign pictures all but two or three were French of the accepted Paris school; nearly all were landscapes; there were no large figure pieces, no Bastien Lepage, no Jules Breton; no war pictures by Detaille, de Neuville, or Berne-Bellecour; no canvases which might give the last word of what we call impressionism. Of the American group the limitations were equally notable. Therefore, as there were no portraits except one by a painter not otherwise represented, and as there were no mural paintings nor studies for decoration, it appears that the European part of the show was incomplete. Then again, inasmuch as there were notable omissions in the list of American painters, as indeed there were only six, or perhaps seven artists included, whose position is accepted and beyond the chance of doubt, so again the United States was not adequately represented. There was nothing from Blashfield, nothing from Charles Y. Turner, nothing from Sargent, nothing from Crowninshield, Cox, Simmons, Reid, or Vedder. Granted that these are men whose names are mainly known as mural painters or as portrait painters, does it follow that their work can be wholly excluded from an exposition like this, a comparative exhibition, and leave no gap which people of experience must recognize?

These considerations did not in any way prevent our enjoyment of what there was, and there was, indeed, very much. If not a comparative exhibition in a large and complete sense, it was at least such a show as the French make up once in a while as a *Salon Triennal* or an *Exposition Décennale;* in other words, it was a summing up—a revision of what had gone before. Such an opportunity is always peculiarly important to the American who loves French art, because, while there are many and important French pictures in the country, they are not often brought to the light of day. Call the exposition what you will, each opportunity which brings these pictures into a semipublic gallery is to be welcomed, and the makers of the show are to receive the meed of our heartiest thanks. Those of us who fell in love with Daubigny at the exposition of 1878, or learned to admire Jules Dupré at the exposition of 1889, or who accepted new sensations of what the modern landscape painter could do in the presence of the great Harpignies collection of 1900, came to this exposition to renew their sense and their feeling for what is noble in landscape art. The Daubigny worshippers and the disciples of Dupré were partly rewarded. The Harpignies men suffered from the absence of their great examplar except as he was shown in the small and on the whole inadequate "Night," No. 69; but even this little picture might serve to remind the student of the touch and the handling of the great landscape painter. What with the memories called up in this way, and what with the actual living presence of this picture, he might find himself the more ready to weigh with that counterpoise the landscape art of the Americans. So far as this goes the exhibition was "comparative."

To step from that painting across the large room where the two large canvases by Homer Martin hung on the western wall, or to the still more beautiful one on the southern wall, was in a way unfair to the French picture, because the best of Martin's hung so near what is not the best of Harpignies'; but for the study of Martin the opportunity was not less valuable. Perhaps we might like to see our favorite landscape painter tested by a fiercer trial. There were six Homer Martins in the collection, and without exception, or with but one exception, they were fine—even fine in compari-



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son with the accumulated work of that powerful painter who had so much to say and knew so well how to say it. For indeed Homer Martin was one of the most original of modern men. He painted what he himself saw and knew and felt; he loved to paint; his energy and his force went into his paintings, and there was never in history a more wholly self-centred and simple-hearted working painter than he. He worked among the Adirondacks, caring mostly for the strong color he found in the scenery of the lakes and the clouds, of midday or of sunset, poised above them. For this we might go to No. 103 in this exposition, called, indeed, "Adirondack Scenery." He worked in western France, and there he painted No. 102, "The Old Church." He worked in Westchester County, New York State, and there he painted such superb compositions as No. 101, "Westchester Hills," which indeed is a faultless and almost perfect landscape. In it the most is made of a simple hill country in the autumn—an open country, pasture-land for the most part, seen with a touch of autumn already upon the hillside groves and with the luminous autumn sky over all. Without much searching for a romantic situation or a rare point of view, the simple beauty of the countryside is made the most of. Distance is there, the flatness of the country which stretches away beneath the clouds, the great mass of the two-mile-distant hills. The color of the landscape is there, those beautiful half-tones which the eye has to be trained to discover, whether in the out-of-door landscape or in the painting, but which in their full charm are the special discovery and joy of recent art. Most of all, the luminous sky is there, a sky thickly covered with clouds—from which clouds, however, there seems to emanate light; that is, in short, the condition of the brilliant American atmosphere when clouds conceal the blue dome itself.

If we wished for the sight of French landscape painting of correlative rank, we had to pass into the dark little East Room and look at the noble Monet which hung there, No. 116, "La Seine à Lavacour." This canvas was only to be seen by electric light; but the picture in question is not wholly new to New York students, and the memory of the past was there to help the glance of the moment. The picture is dated 1880, and one is a little at a loss to account for the simple, even the realistic treatment of landscape. It breathes the spirit of the open-air workman, without any of that attempt to insist upon colored shadows or strange unexpected lights which the impressionists, so-called, tried hard to convey to the public. This is as simple, and also as brilliant a piece as the Martins with which we compare it. To say more than that would be to go beyond what is reasonable in the analysis of any one landscape picture. For indeed there is no better landscape picture in the world than this or that single one of the French *pleinairiste* or of the American self-taught landscape painter; and to get a sense of a loftier art than this one must consider together the accumulated work of a very great man, considering him as shown in his many canvases rather than any one of his canvases. Claude Lorrain is a greater composer than any man of the nineteenth century; Turner is an immeasurably more powerful and varied master of landscape than any man who has lived since 1830; but it does not follow that, picture by picture, either Turner or Claude excel Martin or Monet. And there was in the very next frame to the great Monet one of the very beautiful pictures by J. Francis Murphy, No. 124, "A Hillside Farm," a beautiful work with nothing against it except a comparative lack of interest. For, indeed, if one wished to see what this artist can do he had to go through to the South Gallery and see that still more attractive picture, "Meadowland," No. 125. There is no rebate to the charm of that picture except the doubtful expediency of the vaporous tree-trunks. A more masterly picture may be imagined, in which the effect of hazy New England weather would not carry with it the introduction of saplings with no firmness in their woody skeletons.

In this room, however, there was one landscape which has been accepted as unique among modern landscape pictures. And, indeed, how it could be so very unlike other landscape paintings is a marvel when we are not in its presence and are trying to consider what the elements of a landscape painting are. That is one of the mysteries of the human intelligence, the way in which the point of view determines the character of the work—the same in verse as in music or in painting. The picture we are talking of is La Farge's "Paradise Valley," one of the only two large landscapes in oil among his easel pictures; for although we know La Farge as a land-

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scape painter in the high-wrought backgrounds of his mural paintings, and again in those little water-colors which fifteen years ago were the joy of the visitor to the accidental expositions here and there, no one has seen any other large landscapes of his painted for the single purpose of rendering his impressions of the out-of-door world. In the picture we are considering, the spectator stands looking seaward across a flat green field broken by those irregular stone walls and picturesque little clumps and groves of trees which diversify the American landscape where there is no high farming to be looked for. On either side of this flat plain rise the rocky hillocks which send off those promontories into the sea which make the Newport shore so famous. The sea fills the distance, but the clouded sky obscures the horizon. The vapors of our landscape are not quite so impervious to the sunshine as those of western Europe, but they veil and also adorn the horizon, and this would have been no Newport picture had the distant waves come sharp against the sky. It is in this picture, too, that there lies that famous lamb in the foreground—that well-known animal who was put there to provide scale for the composition, and draws the eye as the living creature would have drawn the eye in the actual landscape. It was such a pleasure to see this picture again that one talks about it in the garrulous way in which one is apt to greet an old acquaintance who is dearly loved; but indeed everything is in it—color and light, distance and the sense of foreground detail, insight into rock formations and the way in which hills are built up, sense of the distant play of the reflections between transparent gray clouds and tranquil summer sea.

In the West Gallery, which also has to be lighted artificially, the Winslow Homers were brought together, and if there was ever an unfortunate combination it is that by means of which one of the most brilliant of living colorists was doomed to show his pictures without the daylight which might make them understood. There were there together three pictures of boiling surf and ragged rock, namely, No. 71, "Maine Coast"; No. 75, "High Cliff, Coast of Maine" and that more tranquil and summer-day picture in which bathing ladies are being dragged ashore through the shallow water by the men who have gone to their rescue. There was in addition, the romantic and popular "All's well," in which there is seen only the ship's bell against the night sky with nothing about it more than the bulkhead, the inevitable strained cordage, and, in the foreground, the head of the old quartermaster, the face seen between the sou'wester and the unkempt beard, and the raised right hand which emphasizes involuntarily the hourly cry of safety. It seems absurd to speak of these pictures in connection with an opportunity for seeing them which was indeed so little of an opportunity; but the need of Homer in any exhibition of American landscape must always be emphasized. He and Martin are the two almost wholly unconcious absorbers of European knowledge and European practice. To say that they have painted exactly as they would have painted were no French school in existence is to say too much, for indeed the influence of the French school is in the air which we breathe, but they were not aware of it—or at least they never sought it; they painted always as nature suggested and as their intelligence made them to paint. There are no men of their time more original than they, because of this independent way of looking, and the no less independent way of painting, which their own instincts and their own experience brought them to.

The picture by Louis Eugène Boudin, "Marine, Sur la Meuse," was in that same unlucky West Gallery, and it did seem too bad, too inhospitable, to expose in that way a large and really noted picture by an artist not much known to Americans. The still water is full of seagoing vessels, for this is at the mouth of the broad river, and not merely fishing-boats with red sails, but barks and full-rigged ships as well, are reflected in the slightly modulated mirror upon which they rest. There is a summer sky filled with soft bosses of cloud.

The special honors of this exhibition were given to Whistler, for a group of ten of his canvases occupied the middle of the far north wall—that which may be considered the place of honor of all these galleries. And what we have seen of the landscape work of Martin and Monet bring us, by a more direct route than one would suppose, straight to these very wonderful studies of landscape effects by the great composer who died in 1903. An admirable judge of art who is also an able and self-centred painter has said that it is not the way to make a great artist of one's self,

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to limit one's efforts so readily to single effects of light and color. "It was not in that way that Correggio or Rubens gained either their power or their reputation." But the general tendency of the nineteenth century was away from figure painting, from the complete statement of facts about anything, from completely realized truth of representation, from record in all its forms—was strongly toward the putting down of single impressions which may or may not have been drawn through the eyes from nature, which may well have come from within and from the retentive mirror of the spirit. So with Whistler; he has painted a "Nocturne in Black and Gold," No. 184 of the catalogue, and the sub-title of that picture is "The Falling Rocket." That means that a dusky effect of trees fills the picture, for we are in some pleasure-garden where the growth is strong and rich; and relieved against these dark masses is the whole constellation of stars from the exploded firework above. They drift slowly down like a new Milky Way, and that, with their background and the echo of the falling stars in the colored light on the water, is the picture. Why should that not be the picture? Was there any reason why the nineteenth century should not set its own task to its own painters? Or consider that magnificent work, No. 183, called from its obvious character a "Symphony in Gray and Green." Its subtitle is "The Ocean," but that is indifferent. If Whistler had received the same impression from the sight or the memory of a flat firmament of cloud as seen from a height over flat-lying land, it might equally well have been "a symphony in gray and green." The point is that it was the effect of light and color that he wanted, and that he was comparatively indifferent to the ocean as such and to the clouds as such, and this is indeed the charm of Whistler's work—frank abandonment of his whole power, great as it was, and varied as it was, to one effect at a time. The astounding beauty of the result obtained by such a devotion of his whole spirit and the whole strength of his hand to one simple, slight, quickly furnished composition, was unhindered and unmodified by any even remote or lingering desire in his mind to tell any story except that single relation about the gray and the green which filled his intelligence for the time being—that beauty is the only *apologia* which the friends of Whistler's work need offer.

There is no space to spare; and yet a word must be said of the very famous men of an earlier time. When we ask why Turner and Sir Thomas Lawrence were included, the obvious answer is that there are so few English pictures in America. But indeed the one Turner in the exhibition, though a very small one, is in many ways of great interest, and is in good preservation for an artist whose work in oil has gone to pieces in such a terrible fashion. It is of the subject which is treated so often, "Venice, the Dogana and Santa Maria della Salute." Here, too, was the work of the great Troyon, to show us how cattle ought to be painted, for it is a curious lesson and one that is much needed, as it appears, how to paint the smooth and shining flanks of the domestic cattle and give them the charm that is truly theirs if you know how to detect it. It seems to be the critical test; the man who can paint such a bull as one in this exhibition is past master of effects and of the handling of the brush. It seems as if there was nothing more often treated in a slovenly way and nothing which requires more intelligent care to paint aright.

Théodore Rousseau was represented by one great and important canvas, a picture which is unfinished and can show the painter more than it can reveal to the non-professional—"The Great Oaks of Bas Bréau." Eugène Fromentin was seen at his best in the picture of Arab Horses, No. 62. It is well to study the handiwork of the greatest of all critics of painting, and to see how very different is his work from that of his beloved Flemings and still more beloved Dutchmen—how frankly modern and how deliberately tending away from the great old standards. Eugène Delacroix was to be seen in four large and rather perfunctory pictures, to which was devoted the whole of the Octagonal Gallery—"Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," and "Winter," and also in a perhaps more important picture, small as it was, "Christ on the Lake of Gennesareth." We need say nothing here except to remind ourselves how greatly recent art is what Delacroix has made it. His answer to the question, How should the artist see and how shall he paint? has prevailed, and what is best in the French as in the French-American school has come of the continual study by our painters of the practice of this master.

RUSSELL STURGIS.

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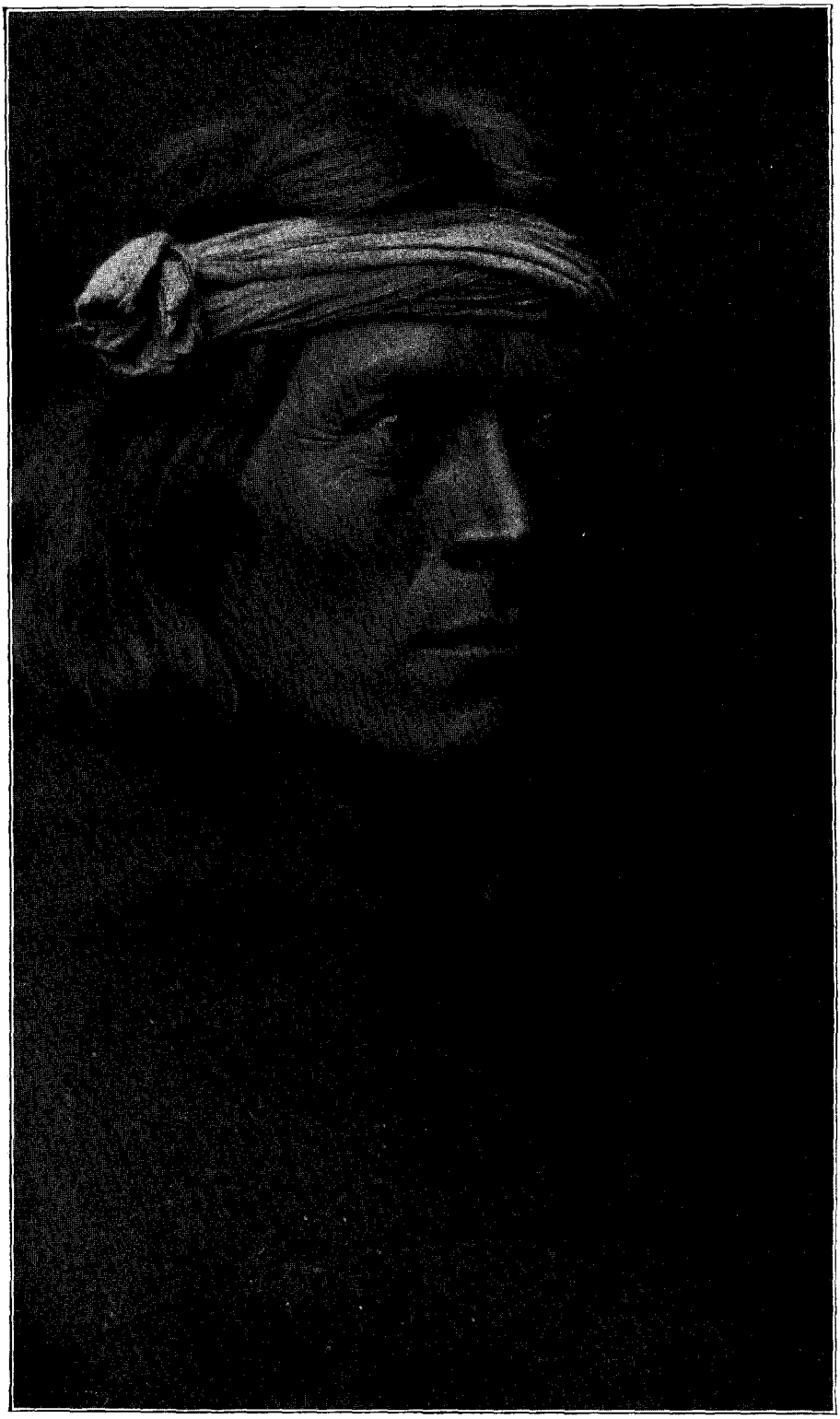

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SAT SA, A YOUNG ZUÑI GOVERNOR.

A fine type of the Zuñi men.

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